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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XIV.

Published Monthly

No. 7.

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

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A Chat with our Readers

It almost seems unnecessary to talk to our good friends, our readers, about The Western Home Monthly, and yet we believe it is worth while speaking and writing about. In this opinion we venture to think that we are shared by at least 40,000 readers who readily spend their good money in order that not a single copy of the magazine should fail to reach them during the twelve months. Few, if any of them, would be happy without it, and with the passing years their interest and regard have wonderfully increased, so that now great numbers consider it their duty to bring its merits under the notice of their friends. While people complain that at present the West is undergoing a period of stringency, nothing of that nature is noticeable in our subscription department. Our mail bag is bigger than ever and cheerfully optimistic. Old and new subscribers are remitting daily from farm, ranch, village, town and city all throughout the West, and sometimes from very remote corners of it. For instance, one subscriber wrote us today, sending us not only his own yearly subscription, but that of five others. He is in the remarkable position of living two hundred miles from a railroad. In his isolation he finds The Western Home Monthly a cheerful and never-failing friend, and while comrades are few time does not hang wearily. Letters appreciative of the progress of the publication reach us by every mail, and we feel that the appearance and character of this very issue is the highest evidence yet shown of what we are accomplishing in presenting a healthy Canadian magazine that is of interest to man, woman and child. Our increasing circulation is naturally most gratifying and encouraging to us, for circulation is the life and pulse of every periodical: it is the fundamental without which no great structure can be erected. The Western Home Monthly was founded fifteen years ago, when the territory extending from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Coast was sparsely settled in comparison with today. It quickly made its way, found a place in the affections of the people and in every way kept pace with the influx of population. It has grown in strength, favor, and influence.

In some districts it is rare to find a home that does not receive the magazine. For instance, in one Alberta city we find that no fewer than three hundred subscribers are paid up to the end of the year 1916, while it is a regular thing to have thousands of our readers pay two years in advance. We are very grateful to our subscribers of former days who have so generously contributed time and thought to the welfare of the magazine. We are proud of their friendship, proud of the standing we have won among the many publications that are published in the West, and we hope to continue to keep The Western Home Monthly at such a high standard as will always merit their regard and confidence.

Summer is a very busy season for most of our readers, but even while in the midst of work preparatory to the harvest, many opportunities are afforded our friends of saying a good word for The Western Home Monthly. Some of your neighbors may be recent arrivals in the "Great West" and they would appreciate your courtesy in drawing their attention to a magazine which they could really enjoy reading. We obtain

the greater part of our circulation through the recommendation of our readers, and this is why we emphasize the importance of any little thoughtfulness which you may care to exercise on our behalf. This idea of getting subscribers for us is by no means a one-sided proposition. Every new subscriber means a step to the advancement of the magazine, and those of our readers who have been on our mailing list for any length of time will readily concede that we are constantly adding new features and making The Western Home Monthly more and more attractive. When you come to Winnipeg for the Fair don't forget to look us up and renew your subscription. The majority of our readers renew promptly, and it might be remarked that a renewal is the surest sign to the publisher that the periodical is appreciated. The address tag on the cover always shows to what date your subscription is paid, so that, as a matter of fact, it is quite unnecessary for us to write and tell you when to renew. By taking an active interest in your subscription and promptly renewing when the time comes, you save us a great deal of trouble and, in addition, insure for yourself uninterrupted receipt of the magazine. Some of our readers who on failing to renew, have been cut off our list, and have expressed surprise at our high-handed attitude. A magazine, however, should be paid for the same as anything else, and while some publishers are philanthropic enough to take long chances in this respect, we cannot, and only guarantee continuous receipt of The Western Home Monthly to those whose subscriptions are paid in advance.

Billimun, Sask., May 24, 1913.

Dear Sir:—The April issue of your magazine found its way through the mail to my shack and, being pleased with it, I unearched a dollar which you will find enclosed as a first subscription. While smoking after dinner one day I took up the copy I received to find what it contained, and it was the middle of the afternoon before I remembered to go out plowing again, so I'm not sure if its a good magazine for a bachelor to take.

A. McGladdery.

North Lancaster, Ont.

Dear Sir:

I have just received the last issue of your valuable Western Home Monthly and, on looking at the wrapper, I found out that my subscription runs out next month. I have taken it for a year and a half now, and I would like to thank you for the pleasure it has given me during that time. I like reading it very much during the long winter months. I think I will come to a close by sending you a dollar for the book for another year.

Nellie A. Morrison.

Ogema, Sask.

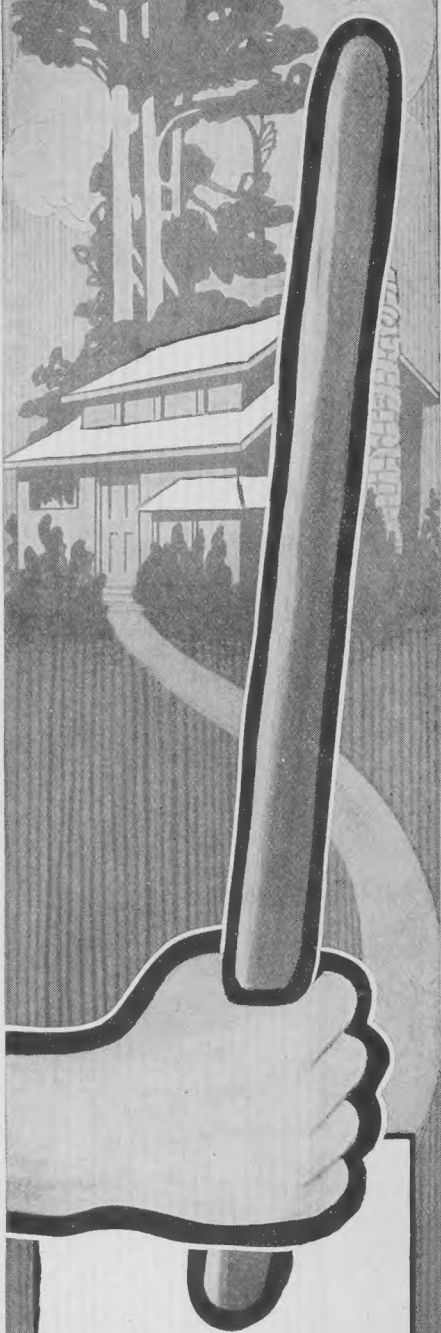
Dear Sir:

I have much pleasure in enclosing herewith order for \$2.00, being renewal of subscription. My wife certainly could not do without The Western Home Monthly, and I consider it the best-best (if I may use a dual adjective) journal in Canada. Wishing you a gigantic circulation for 1913 and thanking you for regular delivery of papers, I hope to remain always a subscriber.

Yours truly,

John McLeod.

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Many uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter Can—10c.



The Sweet Swift Years

They are slipping away—these sweet, swift years.

Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in the rapid flow,
We watch them one by one as they go
Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as a weaver's thread

Or an arrow's flying gleam;
As soft as the languorous breezes bid.
That lift the willow's long golden lid.
And ripple the glassy stream.

As long as the breath of the thistle-down,

As fond as the lover's dream;
As pure as the flush in the sea shell's throat

As sweet as the wood-bird's wooing note

So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass
Down the dim-lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead.

As beautiful and as fair.

There are a few years left to love,
Shall we waste them in idle strife;
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet
By the dusty ways of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah, let

No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine.

But never an angry word.

A Cure for Gossip

Mrs. J. W. Wheeler

A woman whom we call Mrs. John once took a decided stand in the matter of gossip. After the death of her husband's mother she came to live at the old home where John had been "born and raised," where he knew everybody and everybody knew him. Her husband warned her "not to get into hot water," that they were good people and meant well but that they were inveterate gossips.

Soon, very soon, her boy came to her with a shocked expression and the information that "Cousin A—once had stolen a sheep." We will call that the offense. "Sam's mother said so, wasn't it awful?" Telling the boy there might be some mistake but in any case he was not to mention it again, she resolved to explode once and for all times her anti-gossip bomb.

She sought out Sam's mother and spoke somewhat in this wise: "My boy came to me much excited over what you told before him about Cousin A—. It may be perfectly true, but what I want to say is this, that I have come to live among my husband's people, that I want to be friends with you all and I want my children to be friends with your children. If any of the family or old neighbors have sowed a crop of wild oats, fifty or one hundred years ago, I cannot see how the knowledge of it can help or interest us, but I can see how it can be a positive harm. I do not want my boy and girl to be in a position to refer to that poor defunct sheep when they are 'mad' with Cousin A—'s boys and girls. If any of us are burdened with family secrets of an unpleasant character we will be tempted to take sides. That would be a pity, as, no doubt, there are hard feelings enough now without adding to them. Neither do I want to be informed, and what may be more to the point do I want my children to be informed, that their father was 'sweet upon So-and-So.' He may have been desperately in love with half a dozen who lived in this town, and we are sure to meet some of them, and for myself I intend to be sublimely unconscious of all such ancient history. I want to be friends with you all, and I hope you will take what I say in a kindly spirit and also pass it on to others. I will not listen to gossip, or allow my children to listen. I will keep them in their own yard at all times outside of school hours, if necessary, but I hope it will not be, but that you all will co-operate with me in this."

The result? Yes, a decided frost at first, but as John's wife was a valuable addition to the community, a gifted woman and a charming hostess, they thawed out in the course of time. She selected her guests regardless of the fact that Mrs. A—had not spoken to Mrs. B—for years, and she and John had many a private chuckle over the misfits of their little parties. It was a small Hague, with the good results minus the tedious proceedings, for some feuds were broken, old friendships were patched up, and after a time there resulted a much pleasanter feeling in the neighborhood than had existed for many years. "I'm so glad you moved here," said more than one of John's friends, "we needed a missionary among us, only we did not

The Return Visit

"There seems to be one thing wrong about your slumming Edith," said Mr. Canfield, as his wife finished the story of her afternoon spent in the tenements. "None of the people you visit return your calls."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Canfield, who did not quite like her husband's jokes about her philanthropies.

"Why 'of course'?" asked Mr. Canfield, "Isn't that the custom in polite society? Why should not the cards of Mrs. Michael O'Tool and Madame Macaroni and Mrs. Owskeywowskey rest with the bunch you cherish and sigh over when you count up your social duties? I am sure those women are less absurd and

implied? You might ask the minister about that."

"No," said she, "I don't want to ask any one but you. Would you be willing I should ask Mrs. Grenovski—you did not get the name quite correct—to come and spend the day here?"

"Why, yes, and the old man and the kids, too. I probably shall be busy, but—"

"No, you shall not be busy. I will see to that. They shall be invited on Decoration day. He will have a holiday, and so will you. And we will bestow our flowers on them."

"All right, Edith. I'm no quitter. I'll see it through."

They came, the whole family, the dresses starched stiff and the faces scrubbed till they shone. The narrow-chested tailor and his thin, pale wife were shy, but not uncouth. The children were painfully polite. The dinner occupied them, with little time for conversation, till five-year-old Alexis sank back with a sigh, and said "Gee, but I'm full!" which greatly distressed his mother, but pleased Mr. Canfield. And after the meal the whole juvenile portion of the family formed a procession, and marching round the table in a way that showed industrious drilling, solemnly saluted first Mrs. Canfield, and then, at the other end of the table, her husband, shaking hands with each, and saying, "Tank you for de dinner, an' all!"

It was the funniest, sincerest little comedy ever invented, and the memory of it delighted Mr. Canfield for many a day.

But it did more than that. Mr. Canfield secured for the tailor a position that paid a little better wage, and, what was more, gave him light air. And he made a suggestion concerning his wife which proved fruitful.

"You know," said he to Mrs. Canfield, "I believe half the matter with that woman is her teeth. I noticed when she ate, and I don't see how she can live and nourish a baby with so little opportunity to chew her food. And didn't you say she suffered from neuralgia besides? Now if that club of yours wants to do something worth while, buy her a set of teeth. Don't you have an artificial teeth fund, with all the rest? Well, you can create one. I'll give five toward it, and I'll see Doctor Deming, and he will make the teeth at cost."

The thing was done, and it proved a success. The next visit of the Grenovskis showed more of color in the cheeks of both father and mother. And the procession, which formed at the gate in the regular and rehearsed order, passed Mr. Canfield, who happened to stand nearer, and saluted first Mrs. Canfield, and then in regular order her husband saying "Tank you for de teet, an' all!"

Burden Bearers

Helen M Richardson

Weep not when sorrow burdens with its pain;
Go forth and take earth's toilers by the hand.
Forget the joy your soul had hoped to gain,
And help a friend his cross to understand.

The woes of life press heavily alone
On those who walk apart and nurse their grief.
They who can suffer and still make no moan
Find in that self-control most sure relief.

Burdens are many and the one who finds
Room on his shoulder for a brother's load,
And with true courage and a brave smile binds
It closely to him spite of sting or goad.

Ah, who shall dare to say that in the race
He wins not, be his station high or low?
'Tis aye the burden bearer sets the pace;
'Tis God who judges where the prize shall go.

Household Suggestions--Western Home Monthly Recipes

Carefully selected recipes will be published each month. Our readers are requested to cut these out and paste in scrap book for future reference.

TOMATO SALAD

Pour off juice of 1 can of tomatoes; mix with remaining tomato pulp $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch, 1 teaspoonful mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful pepper, 2 eggs, well beaten, and boil; when boiling add juice of tomatoes. Serve cold.

CHEESE AND RICE FRITTERS

1 cupful boiled rice,	$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful grated cheese
grains distinct	2 tablespoonfuls milk or melted
1 egg (beaten light)	butter
1 teaspoonful baking	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt
powder	2 tablespoonfuls pastry flour

Lard and butter mixed to fry in.

WALNUT CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful butter	$1\frac{3}{4}$ cupfuls flour
1 cupful sugar	$2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls baking powder
3 eggs (yolks)	3 eggs (whites)
$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful milk	$\frac{3}{4}$ cupful walnut meats

(broken in pieces)

Mix ingredients in order given. Bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven. Cover with white icing, crease in squares and put $\frac{1}{2}$ walnut on each square.

UNFERMENTED WINE

Fifteen pounds Concord grapes, 5 lbs. granulated sugar. After removing the grapes from stems, wash them and cover with water, say $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; boil until the stones are separated; drain first through colander, then through a jelly bag; add the sugar to the juice and bring to the boil. Cork bottles carefully and seal with paraffin wax.

ICING

2 tablespoonfuls butter	1 cupful icing sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful cocoa	$\frac{1}{4}$ cupful thin cream

Boil about 5 minutes, add pinch salt, then beat until creamed; flavor with vanilla.

know it." Can you doubt that John's wife felt repaid for her unpleasant interview with "Sam's mother" and her temporary unpopularity?

Cheer Up

Cheer Up! If there is sunshine in the heart it makes but little difference how much the heavens weep.

Cheer Up! The way to chase the clouds from one's own heart is to try to lighten the burden that rests upon the heart of another.

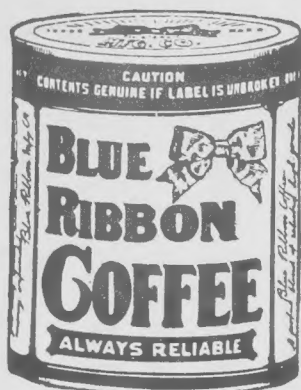
Cheer Up! If, in the midst of perplexity, one does not know just what to do, it is said to be a sign that the Lord doesn't wish one to do anything.

Cheer Up! Be sure of this; there is a turn in the longest lane and a summit to the highest hill.

very much more interesting than some people now on your calling list. And besides, if there is any religion in this thing, I think that would be what religiously might be called the square deal. This thing of going down to see Mrs. Owskeywowskey and asking her if her husband drinks, and what she puts into the soup, and not letting her come here and ask you the same, does not strike me as reciprocity?"

Mrs. Canfield thought a little, and then said, "George, I can't tell half the time when you get to joking about my charities whether you are just a little bit serious or not. Are you, now, just a little bit in earnest?"

"Certainly!" replied her husband. "Very much more than a little bit. If the thing is worth doing, it is worth doing on the square. How does that verse in the Bible read, 'And ye visited me'? Isn't there a verse that says that? Well, how about paying the calls? Isn't that sort of

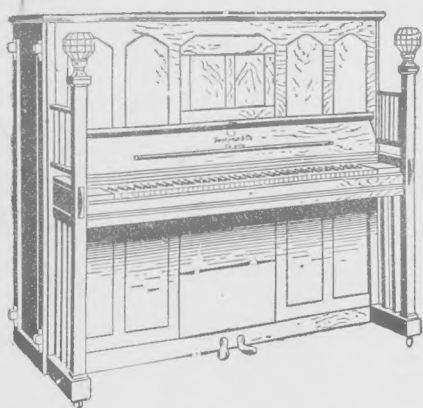


BLUE RIBBON TEA

AND

All the other Blue Ribbon Goods, the Coffee, the Baking Powder, the Extracts and the Jelly Powder, are easily in a class by themselves. They are famous as the pure food family. The family that is guaranteed to please. If they don't please you, your money will be cheerfully refunded. Try them.

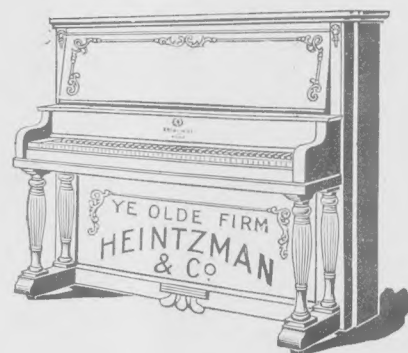
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When in Winnipeg at the Exhibition do not fail to visit our beautiful show rooms. This store is the last word in show room designing, while our splendid stock furnishes the required touch in making this the most complete music house in Canada. An interesting feature of this great store is the large showing of

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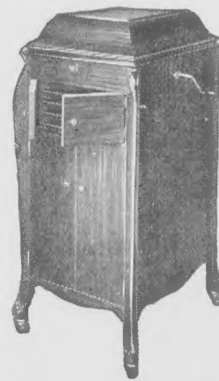
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MOONEY'S BISCUITS
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The big Winnipeg factory is so close that your Grocer gets **MOONEY'S** in a few hours—no long haul—no deterioration.

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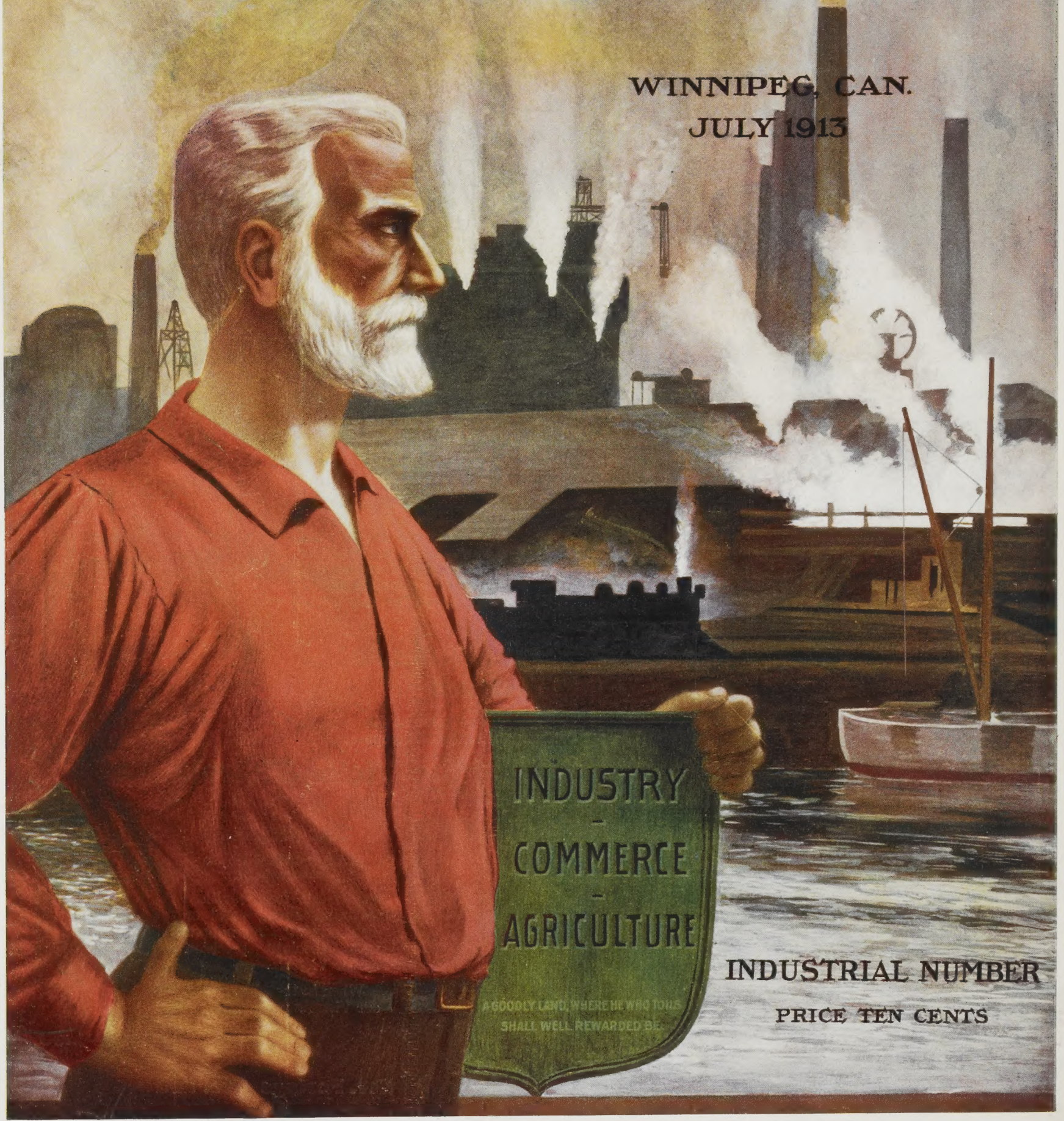
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WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY

WINNIPEG, CAN.
JULY 1913



INDUSTRY
-
COMMERCE
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AGRICULTURE

A GOODLY LAND, WHERE HE WHO TOILS
SHALL WELL BE REWARDED BE.

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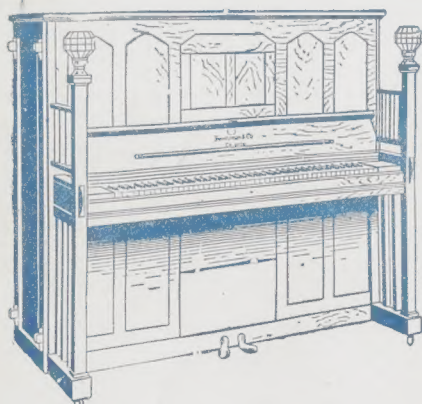


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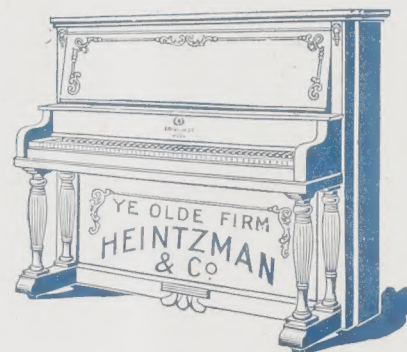
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A Chat with our Readers

It almost seems unnecessary to talk to our good friends, our readers, about The Western Home Monthly, and yet we believe it is worth while speaking and writing about. In this opinion we venture to think that we are shared by at least 40,000 readers who readily spend their good money in order that not a single copy of the magazine should fail to reach them during the twelve months. Few, if any of them, would be happy without it, and with the passing years their interest and regard have wonderfully increased, so that now great numbers consider it their duty to bring its merits under the notice of their friends. While people complain that at present the West is undergoing a period of stringency, nothing of that nature is noticeable in our subscription department. Our mail bag is bigger than ever and cheerfully optimistic. Old and new subscribers are remitting daily from farm, ranch, village, town and city all throughout the West, and sometimes from very remote corners of it. For instance, one subscriber wrote us today, sending us not only his own yearly subscription, but that of five others. He is in the remarkable position of living two hundred miles from a railroad. In his isolation he finds The Western Home Monthly a cheerful and never-failing friend, and while comrades are few time does not hang wearily. Letters appreciative of the progress of the publication reach us by every mail, and we feel that the appearance and character of this very issue is the highest evidence yet shown of what we are accomplishing in presenting a healthy Canadian magazine that is of interest to man, woman and child. Our increasing circulation is naturally most gratifying and encouraging to us, for circulation is the life and pulse of every periodical; it is the fundamental without which no great structure can be erected. The Western Home Monthly was founded fifteen years ago, when the territory extending from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Coast was sparsely settled in comparison with today. It quickly made its way, found a place in the affections of the people and in every way kept pace with the influx of population. It has grown in strength, favor, and influence.

In some districts it is rare to find a home that does not receive the magazine. For instance, in one Alberta city we find that no fewer than three hundred subscribers are paid up to the end of the year 1916, while it is a regular thing to have thousands of our readers pay two years in advance. We are very grateful to our subscribers of former days who have so generously contributed time and thought to the welfare of the magazine. We are proud of their friendship, proud of the standing we have won among the many publications that are published in the West, and we hope to continue to keep The Western Home Monthly at such a high standard as will always merit their regard and confidence.

Summer is a very busy season for most of our readers, but even while in the midst of work preparatory to the harvest, many opportunities are afforded our friends of saying a good word for The Western Home Monthly. Some of your neighbors may be recent arrivals in the "Great West" and they would appreciate your courtesy in drawing their attention to a magazine which they could really enjoy reading. We obtain

the greater part of our circulation through the recommendation of our readers, and this is why we emphasize the importance of any little thoughtfulness which you may care to exercise on our behalf. This idea of getting subscribers for us is by no means a one-sided proposition. Every new subscriber means a step to the advancement of the magazine, and those of our readers who have been on our mailing list for any length of time will readily concede that we are constantly adding new features and making The Western Home Monthly more and more attractive. When you come to Winnipeg for the Fair don't forget to look us up and renew your subscription. The majority of our readers renew promptly, and it might be remarked that a renewal is the surest sign to the publisher that the periodical is appreciated. The address tag on the cover always shows to what date your subscription is paid, so that, as a matter of fact, it is quite unnecessary for us to write and tell you when to renew. By taking an active interest in your subscription and promptly renewing when the time comes, you save us a great deal of trouble and, in addition, insure for yourself uninterrupted receipt of the magazine. Some of our readers who on failing to renew, have been cut off our list, and have expressed surprise at our high-handed attitude. A magazine, however, should be paid for the same as anything else, and while some publishers are philanthropic enough to take long chances in this respect, we cannot, and only guarantee continuous receipt of The Western Home Monthly to those whose subscriptions are paid in advance.

Billimun, Sask., May 24, 1913.

Dear Sir:—The April issue of your magazine found its way through the mail to my shack and, being pleased with it, I unearthed a dollar which you will find enclosed as a first subscription. While smoking after dinner one day I took up the copy I received to find what it contained, and it was the middle of the afternoon before I remembered to go out plowing again, so I'm not sure if its a good magazine for a bachelor to take.

A. McGladdery.

North Lancaster, Ont.

Dear Sir:

I have just received the last issue of your valuable Western Home Monthly and, on looking at the wrapper, I found out that my subscription runs out next month. I have taken it for a year and a half now, and I would like to thank you for the pleasure it has given me during that time. I like reading it very much during the long winter months. I think I will come to a close by sending you a dollar for the book for another year.

Nellie A. Morrison.

Ogema, Sask.

Dear Sir:

I have much pleasure in enclosing herewith order for \$2.00, being renewal of subscription. My wife certainly could not do without The Western Home Monthly, and I consider it the best-best (if I may use a dual adjective) journal in Canada. Wishing you a gigantic circulation for 1913 and thanking you for regular delivery of papers, I hope to remain always a subscriber.

Yours truly,

John McLeod.

Join the Good House- Keepers Club



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The WONDERFUL LIGHT

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Home-Made Gas on the Farm

FOR
CHURCHES

ARE YOU A SLAVE TO YOUR FARM?

Are your women folk martyrs to your crops or your cows? Are all of you working like Trojans and putting up with inconveniences and discomforts that sap your energy and courage and take the "fun" out of it all.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO RELIEVE THE SITUATION?

Wouldn't you like to take the sting out of the long winter evenings and enjoy all the comforts and advantages of city illumination in your farm home? If so this will be a welcome message to you and your family. Read every word.

WE ARE RURAL LIGHTING CONTRACTORS

We set up and equip individual home gas lighting plants in Farm Houses, Country Stores, Halls, Churches, Schools, Theatres, and rural buildings of every kind.

Over 500,000 of these automatic home lighting systems are now in use and giving immense satisfaction all over the world. More than 3,000 Canadian farmers are at present enjoying the comfort, convenience and economy of this modern "home-made gas."

WE WANT TO DOUBLE THIS NUMBER THIS YEAR

We want to put into your home on special terms and under a rigid guarantee one of our modern simplified gas light plants that will give you the whitest, brightest, cleanest, most economical and satisfactory illumination the world has ever known.

No matter where you live we can install in your cellar or outbuilding one of these simple home equipments that with only ten minutes' attention each month will yield a flood of beautiful, white, soft, radiant light for your sitting room, bedroom, kitchen, attic, cellar, barn and dairy—any part of your home or outbuilding where you need light.

This modern system of home-made gas is creating a revolution in farm life. It is giving city comforts and conveniences to prairie homes—adding years to the life and happiness of women and youngsters on the farm. Once installed in your homes you would not be without it for one hundred times its cost.

And this wonderful acetylene light is the simplest, safest and least troublesome of all lights

to maintain. Anyone can manage it. Yourself, your wife, your child or hired man or woman can operate and understand it and keep it going with less trouble than you can keep a kerosene lamp.

All the attention it needs is to drop a few lumps of fuel in the generator once a month. The rest takes care of itself. Turning a thumb screw and striking a match gives you all the light you want at any time. Cheerful, beautiful illumination in your home will be yours to own and utilize and enjoy for many years.

Are you interested in this modern illumination for your farm home?

Would you consider a proposition to equip your home with one of our acetylene plants under a responsible guarantee and on easy terms of payment?

OUR PROPOSAL

If you will fill out the coupon below and mail to us we will be glad to send you complete information regarding our plans of installing these systems. We will answer fully all questions as to probable cost in the first place and cost by the year to maintain. We will explain in detail the safety, simplicity and economy of acetylene gas as sold under our guarantee plan. We can probably refer you to somebody whom you know that is already using this fine light. We will send you a complete explanation of how this light is installed and operated and numerous testimonials from farmers who have used it for years. If necessary we will send one of our lighting experts to talk it over with you. He will give you exact figures as to cost. If you are ready for this great convenience in your home do not lose any time in filling out the coupon and mailing it to us. In return you will get information that will be worth to you hundreds of dollars a year.

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LIGHT IS A
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Our Heritage

IT is the month of exhibitions—the month when the people of Western Canada meet to wonder afresh at the marvels of their own growth, when the products of the field, the forest and the mine are brought side by side with the products of the shop, the mill and the factory, when town and country meet in friendly admiration of each other's power and progress, when there is a common holiday in which rich and poor, old and young, grave and gay, delight themselves in innocent amusement or edify themselves by serious contemplations of their country's greatness and glory.

It is not to be wondered at that people grow enthusiastic as they consider what this country has to offer. It contains nearly 4,000,000 square miles of territory; is larger than the United States; 18 times as large as Germany, or 33 times as large as Italy. It is in area, one-third of the British Empire. And it is rich in forests, mines and water-stretches. More than that, it is the grain belt of the world. Bordered by three oceans, it stretches 3,500 miles from east to west, and 1,400 miles from the boundary line to the Arctic. In this land there is possible for cultivation, an area of 370,000,000 acres. The amount of forest land, mineral bearing rock, of coal belt, no one yet knows, for we are only beginning to realize what there is concealed in the fastnesses of the mountains or beneath the prairie soil. The power in the streams, in the natural gas, in the petroleum fields, is yet barely suspected. It is all waiting here for the daring and the enthusiasm of men who have the will to believe. Those who have already believed, have made great conquests. In agriculture, mining, forestry, manufacture, it has been over and over again the same story. At exhibition time this story is told and retold to those who come to learn and to profit.

It does any one good to consider the productions of his own land. The field crop of a single year is valued at about \$600,000,000. It has more than doubled in ten years. Canada now ranks fifth in the world production of wheat and third in the production of oats. The value of the roots and fodder for a year is estimated at \$200,000,000. The 600,000 farmers of the country keep the railways and the flour mills constantly busy. In a single year the capitalization of milling plants increased by \$24,000,000. The output of the mills will supply with flour a population five times as great as that of the Dominion.

The dairy industry is quite as remarkable. This yields over \$100,000,000 a year. The 4,000 creameries and cheese factories do a thriving trade.

The live stock held in the country is valued at \$600,000,000. The production of the mines for a year is \$120,000,000. The fisheries yield \$30,000,000. The forest production is \$80,000,000.

It is not a contemplation of these resources so much as a contemplation of growth and actual trade conditions that awakens real en-

thusiasm. The bank clearings for 18 cities amounted last year to over ten billion dollars. The amount borrowed for investment exceeded \$200,000,000; the manufactured products for a year have passed the billion mark; the building operations have come close to \$150,000,000. The revenue has exceeded \$200,000,000.

Above all, the increase in population in ten years has been 32 per cent. Of course, the great increase has been in the Western provinces—in Alberta, 411 per cent; in Saskatchewan, 439 per cent; in Manitoba, 78 per cent; in British Columbia, 183 per cent.

The progress of Canada is linked with railroad extension. At Confederation the earnings for a year were \$12,000,000, now

GIVE US MEN!

JOSIAH G. HOLLAND

God give us men! A time like this demands

Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,

Men who possess opinions and a will;

Men who have honor and will not lie,

Men who can stand before a demagogue

And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking,

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog

In public duty and in private thinking.

they approximate \$200,000,000. Then the mileage was less than 2,500 miles, now it is more than 25,000. Indeed counting in double tracking and sidings it is about 32,000. Other figures showing development since Confederation are quite as remarkable. The revenue has increased from 14 millions to about 200 millions. Mineral production from \$10,000,000 to \$120,000,000, total trade from 131 millions to 900 millions. Exports have increased six-fold; imports seven-fold; custom duties ten-fold; manufacturing capital eleven-fold.

Nor has the advance been all on the side of trade and commerce. Canada has schools, colleges, universities. Eighty-five per cent of the people over five years of age can read—not such a bad showing, when so many are foreign-born. In every province there are proofs of progress. In Saskatchewan and Alberta a new school is organized every day. In Manitoba schools are being consolidated every month. Agricultural education is fos-

tered in all three provinces, although the methods followed differ widely. This is a proof of the power of the people to adapt themselves to varying conditions.

It would be easy to multiply facts with regard to Canada's condition and prospects. None of these could be more illuminating than the figures relating to Western Canada.

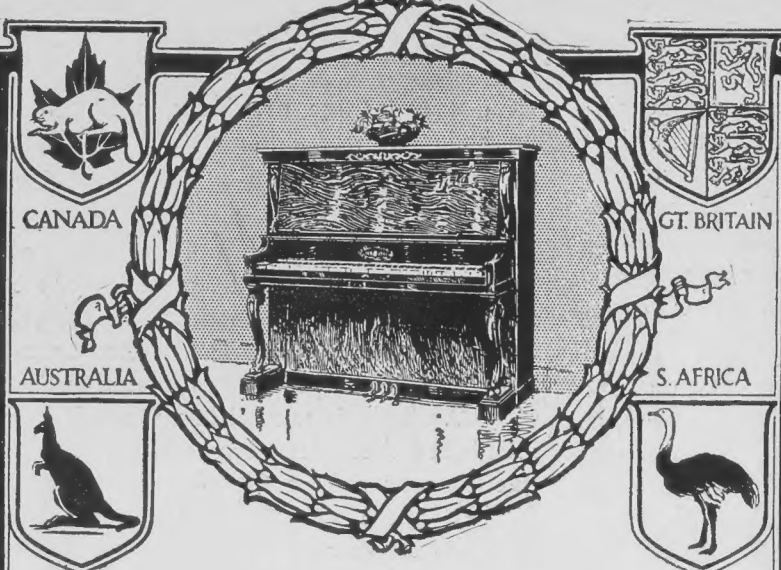
In 1911 the crops were estimated at \$300,000,000. This is marvellous when it is remembered that thirty-five years ago the production was only a few thousand bushels. In 1901 there were 71 banks in the three Western Provinces; today there are 800. In ten years the population in Western cities has increased from one hundred and fifty per cent to ten thousand per cent. Western Canada now yields between 40 per cent and 50 per cent of the total field crop of Canada. It grows 90 per cent of the wheat. This phenomenal expansion illustrates the rate at which settlement is progressing. It has trebled in ten years. And as to the future—who can say what we shall be when Alberta begins to mine its 90 billion tons of coal, and Saskatchewan its 20 billions; when the water-way connecting Edmonton and Winnipeg is opened, and when instead of having one-twentieth of arable land under cultivation it is all productive?

It is almost needless to say there are difficulties and problems. These will be solved, however, for if there is one thing in which the western spirit prides itself, it is on the overcoming of obstacles.

First there is the problem of the people. Forty nationalities, fifty languages, creeds and sects without number. The one great remedy is the public school. Towards this end the Dominion Government must aid the provinces. It was the immigration policy of the Dominion that hived these non-English people in large constituencies. It was the Dominion Government that imposed the burden on the Western Provinces. The Dominion must now come to the rescue.

The second problem is that of wealth-distribution. It is recognized that owing to our method of taxation, our tariff, our railway rates, our speculation, and the number of middlemen engaged in distribution of products, that life is unfair to the day-worker and to the man who takes wealth from the soil. Some of the things that the men of Western Canada are studying and which they are bound to remedy are these: They will get free trade with the mother land, they will get cheaper freight rates, they will get more direct dealing between the original producer and the consumer, they will find a way whereby it will not be so profitable for men to engage in real estate speculation, they will stop the enormous traffic in drink.

But these are only sample problems. The West is equal to them and to all others that may arise. They are not insuperable. They make life worth living. We have the land, the climate, the people. We have done well in the years gone by—we shall do infinitely better in years to come if we only have the will to succeed.



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The Other One

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by S. Jean Walker, Edmonton, Alta.

DR. Harvey Graham had barely time to swing himself on the moving train, but he did it and laughed victoriously at the porter's grinning exclamation, "You nearly got left that time, Boss."

In his first rapid glance on entering the coach every seat appeared to be taken, but on scanning the condition the second time he saw a place at the opposite end where he thought he might possibly find room. In a moment he was asking, apparently, of the morning paper that concealed the face behind, "Is this seat occupied?"

A careless but courteous "No" came from behind the paper.

The voice seemed agreeably familiar, and as though in answer to his mental wish the paper was lowered.

"Miss Hastings." "Dr. Graham" was the surprised exclamation from each, followed by a quick hand clasp.

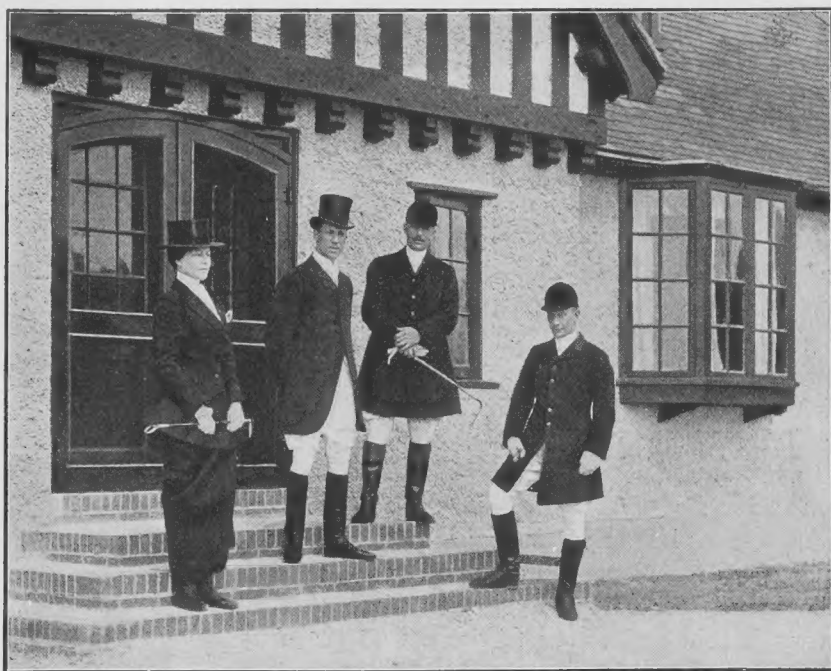
"This is really most unexpected good fortune," Dr. Graham said delightedly as he sat down beside her. "For I thought you were in Europe. Then to walk straight to you. There must have been some pleasant psychic power controlling me."

"You have been too self-engrossed" she coolly told him. Her words seemed like a challenge flung over the barrier of years. He instinctively felt it so, and quickly replied in self-defense, "No, not that, but I have been too eternally hurried running the race to get within sight of my goal to keep in line with other things."

"And so you threw aside the weights that might hinder you."

Her tone and manner puzzled him. Her old-time friendliness seemed to have vanished. He felt the conventional restriction, and chafed at its being there, yet a self-inflicting conscience chided him. His decision that had seemed the only wise and common sense one to make loomed up in a different perspective now. He did not reply, so she asked in a cool, level, colorless voice that irritated him, yet he would have been baffled to explain why it did, "Have you won?"

Concealing his chagrin at being thrust back upon calm acquaintanceship he replied in a matter-of-fact way, "as far as obtaining my degree, and being in a position to work up a good practice is concerned, I have won, but—"



The Winnipeg Hunt Club, St. Vital

"Oh, a mere coincidence, most likely." She remarked carelessly. Then added: "You evidently do not read the papers if you thought that I was still in Europe."

He felt a covert rebuke in her words and hastened to explain: "Oh yes, I do read them, but never the personal column. I did not think that it would have anything to interest me, and see what I have missed."

"When did you return?" He tried to speak conventionally, but the undertone of gladness could not be concealed.

"Two weeks ago," she answered with quiet indifference.

"Why," he returned with a slightly wondering element in his voice. "I passed your home a week ago, and it was not lighted, so I naturally concluded that you had not returned."

"Well we had," she explained. "But father and mother went at once to see sister Kate and her husband, while I went to visit an old friend in Lenwood who was very curious to hear all about my travels. We had a good old time talk. Possibly you may remember her, Jennie Elgie. She is now Mrs. Grant, wife of the Presbyterian minister there."

"Yes I do remember her," he said. "I was out West when she married. I have lost trace of so many of my acquaintances that I shall have to take a few lessons in modern history before I become eligible to meet them without wounding their feelings by not recognizing them."

"And are you not satisfied?" she interrupted, surprise and sarcasm blending in her voice.

"No I am not satisfied," he returned passionately, and his tone emphatically declared that his decision had been made before her question suggested it. "I have other sweeter, dearer dreams than this," he continued, "but—but the realization of them is so improbable that I almost despair of succeeding."

Something in his voice and manner precluded further questionings, or possibly her courtesy, subjugated her curiosity, but for some reason she made no reply, while something on the flying landscape appeared to demand her attention.

"How does Mrs. Grant like living in Lenwood?" he asked, feeling that the conversation should be maintained rather than this unexplainable silence and reserve should continue.

Miss Hastings turned from the window, and her reply was prefixed by a low reminiscent laugh. "I never saw her more wonderfully alive. Her husband, home, baby and church activities keep her happy and busy. She is the most satisfied woman of my acquaintance. In fact, I am secretly envying her."

"You are," he echoed, much amused at this confession.

"Which of the four things did you envy most?"

"Oh, not any of them in particular." She hastened to explain. "Just the general happiness and satisfaction of the combination."

"I understand," he replied, with a low glad laugh, for he had caught a gleam of her old friendliness in her eyes. "A happy home, loving and beloved with the inestimable privilege of working for each other and for humanity are God's best gifts to a husband and wife."

He spoke so solemnly that she turned her gaze full on him to find that he was looking not at her, but in a dreamy way on some pictures. When he spoke again she was sure that she heard a smothered sigh precede his question, "Are you going far?"

"To Fairview, to visit Mrs. Jennings," she said.

"One station farther than I am going," he told her; then continued, "I was called to Wellwood last night to hold a consultation with the local doctor on a rather critical case. Some homesick feeling took possession of me, so I telephoned Dr. Allen to look after my patients for a few days, and I am going to spend this Easter with father and mother. I feel like a boy at the prospect of having a short time with them, and enjoying some of mother's delicious pies. I am all they have, you know."

"I am sure that it will be very pleasant for you all." Then she continued in a constrained, diffident way, and the little catch in her voice caused him to turn and look keenly at her as she continued: "I am going to settle my fate at Mrs. Jennings. Her brother, Mr. Lansing, came over in the same steamer with us. We met him at several places in Europe. He is to meet me there today, and—"

"And so Fred Lansing is to be the lucky man chosen from your many devotees." He broke in quickly, while the steely look that leapt into his gray eyes and the drawn look that hardened his mouth signified that her information was not agreeable to him.

"Many devotees," she repeated impatiently. "What nonsense, the number, apparently, is limited to one."

"Two anyway," he corrected, looking directly at her, the steely glint in his eyes softening somewhat. But Lansing had the money, and he can go in and win, while the other poor beggar had his way to make, so as to have something worthy to offer you. His love he gave you long ago, but one cannot live on that alone, although I concede its paramount value in domestic happiness and—"

BOTH GAINED

Man and Wife Fatten on Grape-Nuts.

The notion that meat is necessary for real strength and the foundation of solid flesh is now no longer as prevalent as formerly.

Excessive meat eaters are usually sluggish a part of the time because they are not able to fully digest their food, and the undigested portion is changed into what is practically a kind of poison that acts upon the blood and nerves, thus getting all through the system.

"I was a heavy meat eater," writes a Western man, "and up to two years ago, was in very poor health. I suffered with indigestion so that I only weighed 95 pounds."

"Then I heard about Grape-Nuts food and decided to try it. My wife laughed at me at first, but when I gained to 125 pounds and felt so fine, she thought she would eat Grape-Nuts too. Now she is fat and well and has gained 40 pounds. We never have indigestion any more and seldom feel the desire for meat."

A neighbor of ours, 68 years old, was troubled with indigestion for years, and was a heavy meat eater. Now since he has been eating Grape-Nuts regularly, he says he is well and never has indigestion.

I could name a lot of persons who have rid themselves of indigestion by changing from a heavy meat diet to Grape-Nuts. "There's a Reason." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

"The other 'poor beggar' as you call him," she interrupted quickly while an element of bitterness crept into her voice, "is intensely practical and love does not thrive well in such an atmosphere."

"No?" he returned, the questioning assertion in his voice giving way to positive assertion. "It may not grow so rapidly as in more romantic situations, but it is stronger and of more lasting duration. In other more commonplace words it wears better. But this 'poor beggar' had to be practical and cautious or lose himself in the surging, weakling mass of human failures. And so you are going to marry Lansing?" he observed in a slow meditative way, while his intent look seemed as if it would pierce the most sacred corners of her heart. "I suppose I should congratulate you, but I shall make no pretense of doing so, nor sacrifice truth to conventionality. May I tell you something of the other 'poor beggar's' hopes? You may think less hardly of him, then."

She made no reply, so he continued, while she listened with a flushed and averted face, not once meeting the eyes that were watching her so closely.

"The 'poor beggar' had his way to make, for his father is only a village minister, whose salary barely suffices to cover his living and charitable expenses, and consequently his son had a hard struggle to obtain his professional degree. The one thought that buoyed him up through all his difficulties was the ultimate hope of winning you, for he knew that you knew that he loved you, although he had never dared tell you so in words. He was not in a position to do so, and he was poor and you rich. He did not wish to bind you to him in any way, even if he could have done so through all these years, and now it is too late."

She turned towards him with a momentary look in her eyes that baffled analysis. She instantly controlled it, and replied coldly: "He did not consider me at all, nor that I could help him in any way. He was too proud. Love was coldly thrust aside lest it might be an obstacle to his ambition. Love delights in sacrifice, but it must be all his and—"

"He was not proud" he answered with some indignation. "Would you have done otherwise had you been in his place? He was handicapped but had to make good. He could not ask such a sacrifice from her much as he loved her. She had to be considered more than anything else."

"A man must coldly reason everything," she rejoined impatiently.

"Perhaps so," he agreed. Then added in a pained, tense voice, "the poor devil realizes now what he has lost. What little measure of success he has attained will be of small value now."

"He put the attainment of success first in his life" she answered half resentfully. "And he should be consistent."

"It was never first" he retorted passionately. "He was forced to act as he did, and you little dream what it cost him."

"Or me," she breathed, so low that he did not catch the words, but the softened look on her face gave him a clue to their import.

"One of the sweetest pictures," he continued, leaning towards her as he spoke, and the longing hope of his life was the thought of some day taking you to see his parents. His father, a dear, dignified old saint, would hold your hand in both of his, and kiss you on the forehead with stately ceremony. Then he would look deep into your eyes as though reading your very soul, and what he would see there would gladden his heart. He would breathe a benediction of joy and welcome you as a dear daughter. Then he would leave you with his wife while he went to visit some of his parishioners. Then the little mother would gather you in her arms and you would look into the kindest, truest eyes that ever glowed in a woman's face. She would kiss you on the lips, and you would kiss her back again. The 'poor beggar' would look on yearning to take you both in his arms, but unselfishly letting the little mother come first. He would watch delightedly one surrendering to

For Mother the Others and Me



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Curzon send their silent tailors in the shape of a wonderful self-measurement system. This enables you to accurately take your own measures with the certitude of getting perfect fitting clothes. Added to this is the wide selection of British materials which THE HOUSE OF CURZON place at your disposal. Patterns of these materials are sent to your door free of cost and carriage paid on simple request, and comprise all the latest weaves and designs of the leading Woollen Mills of Great Britain, affording you the opportunity of selecting from the first pick of the choicest of fabrics, right in the privacy of your own home.

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the other. Then a swift, loving understanding look would pass between mother and son, and he would know that her mother heart was satisfied with his choice. Then the mother would take you upstairs into the small, cosy, blue room, not the great cold spare one, and assist you in removing your wraps. Possibly she would talk to you about the 'poor beggar,' and your eyes would glow as you listened, for he was your lover, and love bound you both to him.

Then she would bring you down to the cosy, old-fashioned living room, and leave you with her son while she got dinner ready. The 'poor beggar' would have his share of you then, and you would be happy in the love showered upon you.

At bed time the mother would go up to your room and kiss you good-night. Your two white arms would steal around her neck, and you would draw her face down and kiss her again just because you could not help it. Then she would

the other one who loves you with every fibre of his being, with a love that is eternal, and which no other woman will ever satisfy. "Think of him as kindly as you can."

She turned round, yet did not meet his eyes as she replied: "I have known Mr. Lansing for years, and we have always been good friends, but he knows that I do not love him in—the—the way that you have just described, and—and—I am not engaged to him yet." Her voice trailed away, and was lost in the rumble of the wheels as the train came to a sudden stop.

He rose, and bending over her, whispered excitedly, "What do your words imply, Helen? Tell me quickly if the 'poor beggar' has a chance. This is my station."

"Your station?" she repeated. Then, half rising in her confusion, and looking up appealingly at him she said brokenly: "Harvey, I—I think that I would like to meet your mother."



A glimpse of Pyramid Lake

go into her son's room and tell him how sweet and pretty and womanly you were, and of other dear things such as this mother would say about you. On Sunday you would all go to church and listen to the father preach. In the afternoon you and the 'poor beggar' would have a quiet talk when he would tell you how very sorry he was for—for misunderstanding you in the past, and how he loved you. He would tell you—do I weary you? He asked solicitously, for she had turned away and was looking through the window again.

"No, no," she whispered without turning towards him.

"No, the picture is blurred," he answered abruptly. "It will be enshrined in the 'poor beggar's' heart while Lansing makes a more magnificent one a grand reality. And so you love him? Well, he is a good fellow, but somehow he does not seem suitable for you; but, of course, you know your own heart best, but it is tremendously hard on

"Oh, Helen, come," he breathed, while the intensity of his love and desire of the station he looked down at her with years vibrated in his voice.

When they were on the platform of a smile of love and possessive victory, "and so you want to meet my mother, Helen. Where will the 'poor beggar' come in?"

"Oh, incidentally, somewhere in the background." She laughed low and happily.

"I think that you will find that he will be very much in the foreground," he rejoined confidently. "Come, Helen, home to mother."

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A Co-operative Baby

By Tom Gallon

THERE was a child—and it has been found."

Mr. John Shearman spoke with a certain accent of triumph, although at the same time he watched his client somewhat nervously. That client stood, stiff and alert, and grave-faced, before the fire, looking down at the other man seated at a table turning over some papers. He made no comment on the news he had heard, save to nod sharply and to stand waiting.

"It has been a matter of considerable difficulty, Captain Follett," said Shearman, after a pause, during which the sharp rustle of the papers was the only sound in the room. "These people move about rapidly from place to place, and it is somewhat difficult to trace them."

"What people?"

"I have been for some time past in search of a particular troupe of dancers—girls—who would in all probability know something about the child," answered Shearman, speaking with grave deliberation. "Even when I found them at last I had to resort to subterfuge to find out anything about the child."

"The dead girl belonged to a troupe of dancers," said Captain Follett slowly. "I can well understand that your task, Mr. Shearman, has been a difficult one. But at last"—he squared his shoulders and set his lips firmly—"at last we are nearing the end. We have found the child—and the rest is easy."

The lawyer raised his eyebrows.

"Not quite so easy as you imagine, Captain Follett," he murmured. "We are merely at the beginning of our difficulties—not the end. I will explain as I go on. In the first place, I want to be absolutely certain we are on the right track. I have been fortunate enough to secure a photograph of the dead girl."

He fumbled amongst the papers, and drew out a cabinet photograph. Captain Neville Follett, watching him, slowly drew from his breast a letter-case, and took from it another photograph. As Shearman laid the photograph from the bundle of papers on the table the other stepped gravely forward and laid that other photograph beside it, much as though he were playing a hand in some strange game of cards.

"Do they match?" he asked quietly.

Shearman looked from one to the other; nodded quickly.

"Absolutely," he said. "May I ask where you got this? It has been injured, though fortunately the face is untouched. What is this hole?"

"Made by a bullet," answered the Captain. "If you turn it over you'll find a dark stain on the back; that's blood. It's some thing of a coincidence that the photograph is pierced in precisely the same spot—straight through the breast—as my brother was shot. He wore this"—Captain Follett touched the photograph with his finger-nail lightly—"in the pocket of his tunic; the bullet that killed him went straight through it."

The lawyer, looking a little awed, had hastily put the photograph down; he waited while the Captain went on speaking.

"As you know, we were both in the same regiment, and by the very irony of things it happened that the boy was brought in, mortally wounded, and laid almost at my feet. There wasn't much time to say anything; you haven't time for words at such a moment as that. But he managed to get that photograph out of his breast, and he spoke the name of the child. He had meant to marry the mother, but had been ordered abroad—and then had been afraid to send for her, or to tell me the truth."

"An old story," murmured Shearman with a grave nod.

"An old story, as you say," answered Captain Follett. "Dying, he thought of the mother and of the child; he begged me to look after them. So I promised—and as soon as I could get to England I sent for you, and gave you such information as I possessed. He didn't know, then, that the mother was dead."

"He didn't know," answered the other. "As she is dead, it is all the more necessary that the child, being friendless, should be looked after."

Mr. Shearman coughed again, and glanced furtively at the tall man at the other side of the table:

"That's just the difficulty. The child is not friendless."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," said the Captain, a little impatiently.

"The position is a very difficult one," began the lawyer. "I have traced the very troupe of dancers of which this dead girl—Ruby Temple—was a member; they are known as 'The Jolliffe Troupe,' and are six in number. They travel about from town to town with a manager, and appear at certain halls. They are good, hard-working girls—and the child is with them."

"I begin to see daylight a little," said Captain Follett. "These young ladies are temporarily looking after the child—eh?"

"Not quite that," answered the lawyer. "They have adopted the baby, and they flatly refuse to give her up to anyone."

The Captain frowned and smoothed his moustache.

"I'm afraid," he said icily, after a pause, "that you have not clearly understood your instructions, Mr. Shearman. Those instructions were that the child was to be found, and was to be taken by you out of the custody of whatever persons were looking after it, and that these persons were to be suitably rewarded for their care of her. I told you that I was a rich man, and that money was no object. I wish you had understood that more clearly."

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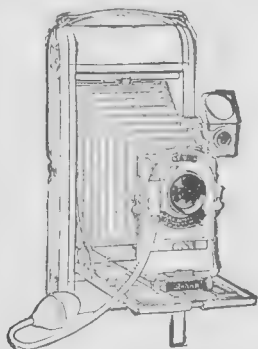
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Mr. Shearman got to his feet and slowly tied his papers together.

"Captain Follett," he said with deep deliberation. "I have done all that is in my power. Short of kidnapping the child I have done everything. Money, to any extent within reason, and even beyond it, has been offered; I have pointed out the advantages that must fall upon the child when she comes under the guardianship of a rich man like yourself; and I assure you, Captain Follett—the lawyer was becoming quite heated, and actually banged the table as he went on—"I assure you that I might as well have been talking to the empty air. My offers were laughed to scorn. I was told that nothing on earth would induce them to give up the child."

"I shall put the law in motion," exclaimed the Captain.

"Will it be convenient for you to go with me to Mexchester to-morrow?" asked the Captain.

"To-morrow I will be at your service," answered the other. "And I sincerely hope that you'll meet with better success than I have done. Frankly, I have my doubts."

Captain Follett, for his part, was not at all disturbed by doubts. He was absolutely certain in his own mind that, as a gentleman, he could persuade these misguided young females that they must give up the child, in order that that child might be placed under the care of competent people, and might give up the wandering life it was apparently leading at present. After the lawyer had gone, the Captain picked up the shattered photograph from the table, and stood for a long time looking at the face of the dead girl.



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"Then you musn't ask me to help you—that's all," answered Shearman. "You have no authority for taking this baby away from these girls; anyone will tell you that. Persuasion is the only force you can use, and persuasion has failed."

Captain Neville Follett paced the room in angry silence.

"But I promised the dying boy," he said at last helplessly, as though that made any difference.

"I am afraid that would scarcely carry any weight with these girls," answered the lawyer with a twitch of his mouth. "They have some rather hard things to say concerning Mr. Leonard Follett; there is a sort of impression among them that he behaved very badly."

"Well, on that score I agree with them," assented the Captain. "However, I am not going to let the matter rest; I must try what personal persuasion will do. I suppose you know where this troupe is at the present moment?"

"They are performing this week at Mexchester," answered Shearman, "and the child is, of course, with them."

"If the child is anything like the mother she must be very beautiful," he thought. "No wonder poor young Leonard lost his heart. Heigho!—a strange world, that flings two people together like that, and leaves one dead and buried in some obscure little Midland churchyard, and the other thrust into a hole in the ground in a savage country. Well, I must look after the baby; so much is certain at least."

The Captain knew nothing of provincial music-halls, and he was assured by Shearman that the only way to reach the troupe and to see the child was to visit the hall at which they were performing. Shearman, being quite willing that the matter should be left to him, engaged a box for the evening of their arrival at Mexchester, and told the Captain that he would arrange so that they might go "behind" and see the ladies after their performance.

Behold the Captain, therefore, to the astonishment of the audience in that particular music-hall at Mexchester, resplendent in evening costume, and attended by Mr. John Shearman in morning dress. See the Captain also a little bored with the various "turns," con-

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sulting his programme from time to time in impatience for the appearance of the Jolliffe Troupe.

"Their number's up!" whispered the lawyer in his ear;; Captain Neville Follett fixed his eye-glass.

Six pretty girls, walking with the assured and springy step of the trained dancer, marched on to the stage, singing a catchy air. They marched, as it happened, straight towards where Captain Follett sat; it was almost as though they were giving their performance for him alone. But the Captain's eyes were not for them at all; looking past them in the direction of the wings from which they had entered, he saw something else that more deeply interested him.

It was a child. A little mite of some three or four years of age, prettily dressed, who stood just round the angle of the scene, and gravely went through the whole performance on her own account. She jiggled about on her small feet, and gravely kicked up her small legs, in time to the kicking of the six dancers on the stage; solemnly marched round in a little circle of her own, out of sight, as they marched round on the stage. And when at last the "turn" was finished, and the girls had bowed themselves off, the Captain saw the child caught up in a medley of rushing figures and hurried away.

"I've seen their manager, and they'll give us five minutes if we go round now," whispered Shearman, getting to his feet. "Follow me, and don't fall over anything."

The bewildered Captain was led along passages and down staircases, under the guidance of Shearman and of a little common-place looking man who was extremely anxious to know what they thought of the troupe and of the dancing, and who chattered incessantly as he went along. Coming to the door of a room, he knocked upon it, and was admitted, while the Captain and his companion stood outside and waited. Now and then a strangely-dressed figure came flitting past; once a whole troupe of acrobats tore madly down the stairs, almost upsetting the Captain, and raced out of sight. Then the door opened, and the little manager came out, shaking his head.

"It ain't no good, gentlemen," he said briskly. "The gels are tired, and they don't see any good to come of any more interviews. It's no good your waitin'—not a bit."

"Will you present my compliments to the ladies," said the Captain stiffly, yet with infinite courtesy, "and remind them that I have come a journey of many thousand miles to England in order to see them; say that I beg for five minutes only."

The door near which they were standing was slightly ajar; suddenly it opened wider. A head was thrust out and a voice called sharply:

"All right, George; let the gentleman come in—for five minutes. There's no 'arm in that."

The Captain put his crush hat under his arm, and smoothed his slightly grey hair, and bowed himself into the room. An untidy room, with garments of every sort and description tumbled about on the chairs and hanging against the walls. The girls were grouped about their dressing-tables, and in the very centre of them, seated on one of the tables, was the child. The Captain had a ridiculous, pathetic feeling for a moment that he was waging rather unequal warfare against these girls—what with his money and his lawyer and one thing and another.

"This is Captain Follett," said Shearman, coughing nervously. "Captain Follett, this is Miss—"

"Oh, all right; I'll do the introducing!" said a black-eyed girl, whose head the Captain recognized as having been the one thrust out of the door. "We don't need to be so particular as all that. I'm Fanny—and this is Cicily—and this is Queenie—and that's Audrey in the corner there—and that's Daisy—and this is Pauline."

Each girl jerked her head a little defiantly as her name was spoken, and the visitor bowed gravely and unsmilingly at each. In the awkward pause that ensued the Captain's voice spoke for the first time.

"Thank you" he said; "but there is one omission. I should like—as a mere matter of form—to be introduced to—everyone."

The black-eyed girl looked at him curiously for a moment, then drew back a little; she had been standing exactly in front of the child. "Oh—all right," she answered, with a hard laugh. "This is Ruby."

The Captain bowed again, and held out his hand for the first time. The mite frankly put her small hand into his, and he gravely shook it; Shearman, watching eagerly, saw that one or two of the girls had unbent a little, and were smiling.

"This ain't business," interrupted Fanny, putting an end to the hand-shaking by getting beside the child, and slipping an arm about her. "I understand, Captain Follett—and if it comes to that we all understand—that you're 'ere to make some proposal about a certain party that shall be nameless"—she hugged the child a little closer as she spoke, and went on a little more fiercely—"that proposal 'av'ng been already made by the gentleman beside you. And the answer's the same as it's always been—and that answer is—'No!'"

"My position, ladies," said the Captain, drawing himself up as though about to make a speech—"my position is a difficult and delicate one. I fully recognize how very much has been done by you all"—he waved a hand comprehensively, and one or two of them bowed—"for the support of the—party that shall be nameless. But I would merely suggest that it is perhaps—the Captain glanced round the untidy room, and lowered his voice a little—"perhaps not quite the kind of life for a young and—er—delicate child."

"I should like to ask what's the matter with the life?" asked the girl who had been introduced as Audrey. "If you're careful they treat you like ladies; and when you know as much as some of us do you can look after yourself."

"I referred, Miss Audrey," said the Captain, who never forgot a name—"I referred rather to the child. I want you to think of the life she has—and the life she might have. I am willing to take her away from here, and to place her with people who will see to her welfare—and who will bring her up and educate her as a lady—"

"Which her mother wasn't!" exclaimed Fanny fiercely. "Er mother was one of us—working hard, and going on from town to town and living decently and well—till your precious brother came along—"

"My brother is dead," broke in the Captain gravely. "Also I believe that the lady is dead—so that we may leave them out of the question. Ladies," he exclaimed, in an unwonted burst of eloquence, "I appeal to you all. The little person who shall be nameless—what sort of life is it going to be for her in the years that are coming? She must wander from place to place, as you wander; she must see sights and hear sounds to which you have grown accustomed, and on which you can put their proper valuation. Then look for a moment at the other side of the picture. She shall be taken away from here, and shall be sent to people who understand her, and understand the training of young children; she shall be provided when she grows up with proper guardianship and with a proper income; she shall never want for anything. It is a sordid fashion of speaking, ladies," went on the Captain, not without agitation; but I should like to say that I am a rich man—and that I am only trying to do my duty to the dead—and to the living."

"Hear, hear!" murmured the lawyer behind his hand.

"All very fine and pretty," said Fanny, still with an arm about the child, "but it won't exactly wash. I don't want to say anything 'ard about the dead, God knows; but your brother wasn't our sort, and you're not out sort, and that's the long and the short of it. When poor Ruby died, and Daisy 'ere came to take her place, we made up our minds—the six of us—that we'd look after the—the person that shall be nameless. Being six of us, we settled we'd share and share alike, and that

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that person should belong to us all—to one as much as to another. Most of 'er little things we've bought we've clubbed together for. Bein' six of us—we takes 'er one day a week each, so as it shall be fair, and there shan't be no one saying that she's fonder of one than she is of the rest. Monday's my day, and Queenie looks after her on Tuesdays; Audrey Wednesday, Cicily takes charge on Thursday, Pauline Friday, and Daisy finishes up the week. Sunday she don't belong to nobody in particular; but she's our baby all the year round, and she's going to stop so."

The girl's dark head was bent down over the child, and a short sob broke her voice at the end of the little speech.

"Fanny's put it quite right," said Queenie, speaking in a high piping voice. "It ain't likely you'd understand—men never do understand those things. If six of us can't look after her it's a bit 'ard lines, and she has a much better time than most children that come the way she did. We've made up our minds—I think I speak for one and all, girls?—that things remain as they are."

Captain Follett glanced at Shearman, who shrugged his shoulders; then he gave a comprehensive bow all round, and said the final word that was necessary.

"I am sorry to hear your decision, ladies," he said, slowly "but I feel that I must regard it as final. There are quite a number of things I should like to say, if it were possible—things concerning admiration of your conduct, and

"So that's the end of the business," said the lawyer at last. "I should like to remind you, Captain, that I predicted what the end would be."

"Yes—yes—I know all about that," exclaimed the Captain testily. "You were right—and they are right—from their point of view. I feel a great respect for those young ladies—and I trust that I behaved in a perfectly straightforward manner with them."

"So now, I suppose, Captain Follett, you will regard the matter as closed, and will go back to London."

"I don't know," answered the Captain, standing still, and frowning at the pavement. "I haven't really made up my mind."

As a matter of fact, Captain Neville Follett did not return to London. He sat late in his room at the hotel that night, with his chin sunk upon his breast, and his finger-tips joined before him, staring into the fire. Now he seemed to see that mutilated photograph of the dead girl; now he seemed to be on his knees, holding the head of the dying boy against his breast, and hearing the last faltering injunction to him to look after the child. And now again he seemed to be in that untidy dressing-room, with the baby seated on the table smiling at him, and the six girls in their dancing dresses defying him to take the child away.

Something else too; bawdy arms about his neck. The Captain had grown up in hard service in many lands, and his life had known but little softness; he could not forget that the child had so impulsively kissed him. He got up at



Falls on the English River, east of Winnipeg

of the fashion in which you have behaved to the little person that shall be nameless. In effect, ladies, I almost feel that I have not quite played the game in trying to force you to give her up. I—I apologize.

With which speech the Captain moved across the room to the girl farthest from him, and gravely shook hands; performing the like office with each one of them, and ending with the child upon the table. Something to his embarrassment, the child suddenly flung her arms about his neck and kissed him rapturously. So that the Captain, on regaining his dignity and his full height, was seen to be violently blushing. "Captain Follett," said Fanny, leaning a hand easily on her hip, and looking down somewhat nervously at her well-proportioned legs—"I think I should say, on behalf of me and the girls, that we didn't expect to be treated in quite so gentlemanly a manner. I hope we know a gentleman when we see him—one that knows how to treat a girl as a lady; we should like to say that things 'ave been done kindly and—and generously. We have no quarrel with you, Captain Follett—and we are very sorry. None the less, we're quite sure you understand."

"Ladies, I understand perfectly," answered the Captain, with a little troubled glance at the child on the table. "I wish you a very good evening."

He found his way out of the place, and stood for a moment or two in the street, with the lawyer watching him. He seemed a little depressed, a little troubled; presently he walked away without saying anything; Shearman walked beside him.

last out of his chair and went to bed—to dream that he was riding hard through the night, with the sounds of battle away behind him in the distance, and with the child on his saddle before him, fast asleep, with her head against his breast.

The next night found Captain Follett still in Mexchester; it saw him also, as immaculately dressed as ever, seated alone in the box at the music-hall. The Jolliffe Troupe saw him also, and their performance suffered a little in consequence; there was a nervousness about it that drew upon them the wrath of their manager, who threatened dire pains and penalties if the thing wasn't "bucked up a bit" by the following night.

When, the next evening, that quiet figure was seen again in the box, the nervousness of the troupe had given way to defiance, and they had scarcely ever danced so well. Not that the Captain noticed them; he looked always past them at the tiny figure in the wings, going through her performance solemnly in time to the others. And when once, catching sight of him, the child stopped and waved a hand to him shyly, a curious pleased flush crept over the Captain's lean cheek as he waved a hand in response.

It was with no hope that anything might happen that the Captain followed the troupe to the next town on their list; it was rather as though the man were bewitched. The bitter loneliness of this baby, wandering about always from place to place, and living in obscure lodgings; the uncertainty of her after-fate—pretty and engaging and nameless as she would be; all these

things haunted the man. He knew it was hopeless; and yet he could not tear himself away. Always the message of the dying boy was in his ears; always he seemed to hear himself promising solemnly—there amid the rattle of musketry and the shouts and cries of men—that he would do this thing he now found himself powerless to do.

For a couple of nights, in that next town to which they had gone, the Captain sat in the box he had secured, and watched the performance, and watched the child at the wings. And then, with the fortitude of the soldier, he told himself that he had done all that was possible, and that the matter was ended. He had tried and he had failed; he could do nothing more.

It was quite late at night, after that final visit to the music hall that the Captain sat in his private room at the hotel, writing a letter. It was addressed to Miss Fanny—(he did not know her other name)—of the Jolliffe Troupe; it gave her the name of his bankers, and assured her that if at any time anything might be wanted for the child a letter there would find him, and would receive attention. The Captain was in the very middle of the carefully-worded epistle when a waiter entered, after knocking somewhat agitatedly at the door.

"Well—what is it?" asked the Captain.

"Some—some ladies to see you, sir," stammered the man.

"There must be some mistake," said Captain Follett, with a glance at his watch. "Ladies?—at this hour?"

"Yes, sir; they asked for you by name, sir. Six ladies, sir."

The Captain started.

"Oh!—will you bring them up?" he asked. "I will see them at once."

As the man retired Captain Follett puzzled his brains to know what this visit could mean. Was it a protest against his following them from place to place—or what was it? Mechanically he hurried about the room, placing chairs for them; he threw his cigar into the fireplace.

They came in in a small procession. A very quiet procession, with not a word to say until the six of them were in the room, and the wondering waiter had retired and had closed the door. The eyes of the Captain, sweeping the six rapidly, saw nothing of the child; his heart, that had been foolishly beating, fell a little. He indicated the chairs, and the six, with glances at each other, seated themselves in them amid a painful silence.

"I—I am pleased to see you," said the Captain nervously.

It was Fanny of the black eyes who plunged into the business; she spoke in a hard voice, and with a little note of resentment in her tones.

"We've talked it all over, Captain Follett—laid awake at night, we've, some of us—especially when it 'appened to be each one's particular turn to take the baby with her. God knows, sir," went on the girl passionately grinding the knuckles of one hand into the palm of the other—"there was a time when we'd 'ave cut our 'earts out rather than let the little one go; but we've got to cave in. That's what we've come to say; that's what we're 'ere for."

Two of the little girls, whom the Captain dimly remembered as Queenie and Daisy, were surreptitiously dabbing their eyes with their handkerchiefs. The Captain turned away, and softly mended the fire.

"We've had to think of her mother, sir," went on Fanny, raising eyes that were suspiciously bright to him, "and when we've come to talk it over, we've felt that if she'd lived it would have been 'er wish. Ruby was always a bit more of a lady than what we were; and the girls don't mind my saying that. The little one will 'ave a chance we couldn't give her; she'll grow up to be a lady—and she'll forget."

"I will undertake that she shall not forget her old friends," exclaimed the Captain eagerly.

"Then you'll not be doing your duty by the baby," said Fanny sadly. "Don't you see that it's just the chance she

could never 'ave had in any other way; and she's young enough to forget all about us—and only to remember you. It's 'ard for us—but then life is mostly 'ard, if it comes to that. We haven't been like one mother to 'er—we've been like six; and when tomorrow she isn't there, it'll seem as though she'd taken a bit out of each our 'earts, and as if our arms were precious empty. There—I've done!" she exclaimed, getting up quickly and fiercely rubbing her eyes. "And I thought you told me, Queenie, that there was to be no blubbering over it," she added savagely.

The Captain stood looking at them a little awkwardly; there was so much to be said and so much to leave unsaid. Never before had he been placed in so difficult a situation; never before had he felt it so necessary to rearrange all his ideas of life and of people. That these common dancing girls could be moved as they were moved, and could have the power to shake his self-possession as it never had been shaken before, was remarkable; the Captain felt strangely humble.

"I think I understand—to some extent at least," he began lamely—"the sacrifice you are making. When I first came to you, ladies, I was brute enough—the word is hardly strong enough for my own self-condemnation—I was brute enough to suggest that the baby should be sent away to strangers who would look after her; I swear to you, by all I hold sacred, that that shall not be."

The girls exchanged quick glances and quick nods; they were listening eagerly.

"She is the child of my dead brother; I am a very lonely man," went on the Captain simply. "I—I am very fond of her; she shall be to me as she might have been had I, under happier circumstances, had a child of my own. She shall be brought up as my own; she shall have my name. By God's grace she shall grow up a rich and happy woman."

There was a long pause, and then Fanny, as though with the consent of

the others, came slowly across the room and stood before him.

"We knew we wasn't mistaken in you, Captain Follett, from the very first," she said softly. "It makes it easier for us—even though it makes it 'arder. She'll soon forget—"

"A child easily forgets," murmured the Captain. "May I ask when you will bring the child to me? Any arrangements I can make—"

"They're all made," answered the girl. "When we'd made up our minds, we knew it wasn't any good talking about it; so we brought her along tonight. We took the liberty of 'aving 'er put to bed; one of the chambermaids is looking after 'er. All 'er little things that we've made ourselves are in a tiny box; we brought that along too. Thank God, we've finished 'ere tonight, and we shall be miles away by the early train in the morning; I don't think we could 'ave stood it otherwise. Good-night, Captain Follett."

The girl held out her hand, and the Captain took it.

"If I might write to you—and tell you how she gets on," he faltered.

"Much better not," she answered firmly. "Say 'good-night' to the Captain, girls; we must be going."

Solemnly they shook hands with him—and solemnly they filed out.

The Captain saw the door close, and wondered for a moment why he had that sudden inclination to run after them and call them back. But he knew that was impossible; that he could not madly undo what he had done so well. He walked across to the window, and drew aside the curtain and looked out.

The deserted street of the little town lay bathed in moonlight below him. As he looked he saw a little group of figures—six in number—cross that moonlit space and disappear down an obscure side-street. But now they walked drearily and in silence; there was no high-pitched girlish chatter floating on the quiet night air, and no spring in their movements.

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Easter Lilies

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert, Calgary

THE organist of St. Luke's was very much annoyed. It was Easter Eve and, owing to his having a severe cold, the leader of the choir was unable to take the solo in the Easter anthem.

"We will give you each one chance more!"—and Herr Lutz turned again to the organ, shaking his head ominously.

The choristers did their best, and the rector listened attentively, once turning his head and looking questioningly around, as he fancied he heard a few notes of peculiar sweetness and power mingling with the voices of the singers. He nodded approvingly as the music ceased, and requested one of the boys to sing the solo, and this time there could be no doubt about it—somebody else was singing.

He glanced down the church, and as the voice became more distinct he held up his hand to stop the singer in the choir. The chorister ceased, but the other voice went on, and all listened with bated breath to the sweet, pure notes.

The organist sat as if spellbound, and the Rector, gazing into the dim aisles, could have believed that one of the choristers from the white-robed choir above had strayed down into the fine old church with its deckings of Easter fullness. What sweetness and power, what intensity of feeling, the unknown singer threw into the beautiful words of that Easter solo! Tears came to the Rector's eyes, while Herr Lutz sprang excitedly from his seat.

"Ach, it is the voice of an angel!" he cried, "Ah, that solo; If he might but sing it to-morrow night! We must get him—it is marvellous—marvellous."

The Rector was already halfway down the aisle, peering eagerly into each seat as he passed it. But he could see no one in the dim light. The heavy scent of hot-house flowers came to him, and he paused a moment to admire the beautifully-decorated font, and then he saw a small ragged boy standing near it, gazing with clasped hands at a cross of pure white Easter lilies with a background of fern.

The Rector laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and the latter looked up with a startled expression in his large shining eyes. It seemed impossible that that beautiful voice could belong to this small ragged specimen of humanity.

"My boy, was it you who were singing just now?" asked the Rector, tightening his hold as he saw the boy glance towards the door.

There was no answer, and he repeated his question.

"Yes; I beg your pardon, sir!" said the frightened boy.

The Rector was amazed.

Who are you? Where did you learn it?" he asked quickly. "Tell me all; I am not angry with you," he said.

"Please, sir, I learnt it here. I come to hear you practising," said the lad, drooping his head at the confession.

But the Rector's look was very kind.

"My boy, you have a very beautiful voice. I wonder—could you sing in our choir to-morrow? You know the solo perfectly. What is your name?"

"Dick Travers, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"Pilgrim's Alley, sir."

"Come up into the choir," said Herr Lutz, who had joined them. "Ah, that voice! We must haf it to-morrow."

The Rector took the boy's hand, and once in the gaslight he was struck by the beauty of his features. Fair golden curls clustered on a broad, low forehead; the large eyes were blue and shining, and the mouth was one of singular sweetness. The lad sang the solo through again. Nervous at first, he soon gained courage, and the clear, ringing voice held his listeners spellbound.

"It is beautiful—beautiful; cried the excited German master, "what would he not do with training? He must—ah, he must sing the solo to-morrow!"

But the choristers looked askance at the tattered clothes and bare feet of the boy, and more than one gave an audible sniff of disgust. However they

were dismissed very soon, and the Rector turned to the boy, but he could not persuade him to come on the morrow.

The Rector was much interested in the boy, whose face and manners proclaimed him to be something above the level of the ordinary street boy. But it was getting late, and Dick seemed anxious to be gone.

"Well, listen!" said the Rector. "If you will promise to be here before eleven to-morrow morning I will give you two dollars."

In an instant Dick's expression changed. An eager light came into his eyes, and he held out both hands.

"Oh, please, would you give it to me to-night instead? I will promise to come!" he said eagerly.

The clergyman hesitated. How did he know he might trust the boy?

"Oh, sir, please give it to me to-night! I will come to-morrow—indeed I will!"

But the good Rector thought it only right to ask—

"My boy, can I trust you?"

At those words the fair head was thrown back proudly and the blue eyes met those of the clergyman unflinchingly.

"I never tell a lie!" he said, and walked swiftly down the aisle.

The Rector followed, and found him standing with quivering lips and tear-filled eyes before the cross of Easter lilies. He laid his hand on the lad's shoulder.

"My dear boy," he said, "I do trust you. I did not mean to doubt you for one moment!" and he put two dollars into the boy's hand. "You like flowers," he said quickly. Wait one moment—going to a distant seat he picked up a bunch of lilies and gave them to the boy. "There, take those to your mother! Have you a mother? Some day you shall tell me all about your home," he added, as the lad made no reply.

But the Rector's hand was caught and kissed, and tears—a child's bitter tears—were warm upon it. The next moment the boy was gone.

* * * * *

Dick hastened along the streets, clasping the two dollars tightly in one hand and the beautiful flowers in the other. His eyes were sparkling, his cheeks flushed as he peered eagerly into the gaily decorated shop windows.

"Dear mother, you shall have such a nice Easter!" he murmured.

How proud he felt, this gentle child, as he did this Easter shopping! He bought grapes for his sick mother, dainty slices of chicken, and some hot soup, and then hurried home as fast as he could.

His mother was asleep as he entered the poor little room he called home. A clean, neat woman, with a gentle, placid face, sat sewing by the bed. She looked up with a smile as he entered.

"Well, Dicky, are you back? Mother is having such a nice sleep," she said.

The next instant Dick was kneeling beside her, pouring out his story. She rose as he finished.

"Come, we will light the fire!" she said.

"How glad I am, Dicky! you had only a crust in your cupboard, and mine was almost as bare."

Dick made no answer—but he kissed her—this dear woman who ever since she had come to lodge in the room above their own had been their greatest friend and comforter. She it was who cleaned their room, who tended and cared for the sick woman, as for a sister, and who, when their cupboard and grate were empty so often took from her own scanty store. It was just another version of the widow's two mites, and the heartfelt gratitude of the two she helped was all the reward Mary Barton looked for.

She got the meal ready while Dick made a fire in the grate, looking so happy over his work that the tears fell from Mary's eyes and her heart sank. How could she tell him—dear, trusting Dick—that his mother was dying, would perhaps not live through

the night? And he was so happy, all unconscious of the fact that in the last few days his mother had grown rapidly worse.

"Dick!" called a voice from the bed, and the next moment the boy was in his mother's arms.

Then it was that the truth flashed across Dick's mind. He gave one glance into the face of Mary Barton, and the answer he read there was sufficient. He spoke no word, uttered no cry—only grew very white, and then, after an interval, his mother once more opened her eyes and he crept to her arms with his bunch of Easter lilies.

* * * * *

Easter morning had dawned, and Mrs. Travers slept. Dick knelt on the floor in front of the small fire, with his head buried in Mary Barton's lap, while conclusive sobs shook his whole frame.

"Oh, Mary, my promise—I must keep my promise!" he sobbed. "The Rector trusted me, and I have spent the money. I shall be away all the morning, and mother——" But he could not finish.

"Dinna greet sae sair, laddie!" Mary answered, lapsing into her own native tongue.

"The Rector is a guid man—ye must just tell him all, and we will soon be able to give him back the two dollars; but indeed, laddie, ye must not leave your mither!"

But Dick still sobbed.

"There is no one else to sing the solo, and I promised so faithfully to be there. Oh, I must go, it is nearly ten o'clock now! If mother would only wake before I go!"

But the quiet sleeper did not stir, and Dick rose to his feet.

"Perhaps she will sleep until I come back—or—Mary—do you think—might she—"

But Dick could not ask the question, and Mary shook her head.

"Ay, bairnie, she might pass away so—but laddie, laddie, must ye go?"

Dick was almost past speaking now; he hung over the still form of his mother, scarcely daring to kiss the pale cheek.

"If she wakes tell her I kept my promise—she would wish it—she taught me so," he said, and, taking the white Easter lilies out of the water they stood in, Dick laid them out on the pillow beside the still whiter face and gently kissing the marble brow, stole across the room to be pressed once more in Mary's arms before he hurried off to St. Luke's.

The Rector had waited five minutes for the appearance of the boy, and was just about to leave the vestry, pained and disappointed at the breach of trust, when the door was flung open and Dick rushed in, breathless.

There was no time for any questions, but the Rector himself helped the boy to don a cassock and clean white surplice.

"My boy, I'm glad I trusted you!" he whispered.

At the words Dick's eyes swam in tears as he thought of the price he was paying for that trust.

Then the long line of white-robed figures filed into the church. Dick was given a seat right opposite to the Rector's desk. Herr Lutz looked around anxiously, satisfied himself that the boy was there, and after a series of nods and smiles turned again to his organ, while Dick, after one glance down the beautifully-decorated well-filled church, turned his head and fixed his eyes on the tall vases, filled with beautiful Easter lilies.

He listened as in a dream to the pealing notes of the organ, and the voices of the choristers, but he took no part in their joyful song, and the Rector wondered at the look of trouble in the beautiful eyes.

Herr Lutz listened in vain for his voice, and not till the boy next him whispered, "Why don't you sing?" did Dick recollect what he had come for, and the blood rushed to his face.

Sing! How could he sing that joyful hymn when his mother lay dying—perhaps dead? He clasped his hands convulsively. But Dick was honorable to the core. He was paid to sing, and he would, though the effort well-nigh choked him. He threw his head, and by a great effort of will joined in the beautiful words.

His marvellous voice, trembling slightly at first, soon rose above the others, startling all who listened. Almost unconsciously he slipped from the low notes to the octave above, leading all the other voices with piercing and distinctive clearness.

Herr Lutz almost forgot to play.

"A born singer—a born singer!" he was murmuring to himself and the Rector listened and wondered until the sweet, pure notes ceased and Dick was kneeling—a white-robed figure, his face hidden in his hands.

He saw not the others rise, he heard not the sound of the organ, he still knelt, his face hidden, until a gentle touch aroused him, as the Rector bent over him.

"My boy—the solo—can you sing it?"

Dick rose and mechanically took the sheet of music held out to him. The choristers were beginning, but Dick needed no music; he laid the sheet down and listened for his key-note.

It came, the choristers ceased, and Dick took up the strain. His voice did not falter, but rang out so sweet and clear as to hold his hearers spell-bound; he sang as if inspired. The notes rose and fell with a marvellous intensity of feeling, and the people held their breath to listen. Dick for one brief moment seemed to have forgotten his sorrow, seemed to be drifting away from earth and joining the white-robed choir above.

Echoing up in the vaulted roof his voice rose, ringing through the aisles, and seeming to bear its message of peace and goodwill straight to the gates of Heaven; and surely the angels were rejoicing, for as he sang weary faces brightened, the careless heart was touched, and the hard one softened.

* * * * *

The service was over. Dick had thrown off his surplice and rushed away before the Rector could speak to him.

"I must follow him!" he said, and immediately set off after the boy.

He saw nothing of him, however, and some time elapsed before, by dint of careful questioning, he found Pilgrim's Alley.

Meanwhile Dick had rushed home, had climbed the narrow stair, and stood breathless and trembling outside the door. No sound came from within, and, gently lifting the latch, he went in.

Mary Barton was standing beside the bed with folded hands, and Dick knew the truth before he reached her side. He neither spoke nor moved, but stood and looked down at the calm, still face, beautiful with its look of perfect peace and rest, a sweet smile curving the pale lips.

Mary broke the silence.

"Ay, bairnie, div ye ken how happy she is now? What a smile! Ay, laddie, laddie, what a joyful Easter Day for her; and, laddie, almost the last thing she said was 'Tell my boy how glad I am that he was able to keep his promise!' My bairnie, what a happy Easter Day for her!" she repeated.

At the words all Dick's unselfish tender love shone in his face.

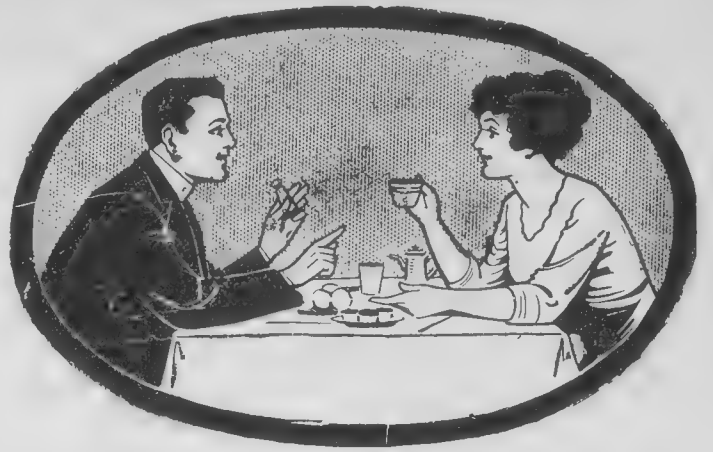
"Mary," said he, "I will be happy because she is so happy!"—and, taking the Easter lilies, he pressed his lips to their white, waxen petals before he laid them on his mother's breast; then, gently kissing the marble cheek, he stole softly from the room.

* * * * *

The Rector spared no pains in finding out the history of little Dick. He learnt that Mrs. Travers had been disowned by all her relatives when she married Dick's father, a poor subaltern in the army, who had died when Dick was seven years old, and she had bravely struggled on alone, maintaining herself and her boy by her needle.

The Rector took Dick home to live with him, and the boy unconsciously took the place of his own little son, who had died years ago. Soon after, Mary, to Dick's great joy, was installed at the rectory as housekeeper.

Now the Church of St. Luke is famed far and near for the wonderful voice of one of its choristers, and Sunday after Sunday the old aisles ring with the pure thrilling notes of "The Angel Chorister" as Herr Lutz calls his brilliant, promising pupil.



HE SAID—"Few of us realize how much salt we eat. The fact that we put salt on all meats and vegetables—in bread, cake and pastry—soups and sauces—butter and cheese—shows the importance of using an absolutely pure salt."

SHE SAID—"Well, we are using WINDSOR SALT and no one could make me believe there was any better salt in the whole world than my old standby"

64

WINDSOR TABLE SALT

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Direct from the Factory to You.

Boots of equal quality at such reasonable prices CANNOT possibly be obtained in any Canadian Store. To get the very best material and workmanship combined you MUST send your order by post to our Northampton (England) Factory, the very centre of the world's boot and shoe industry.

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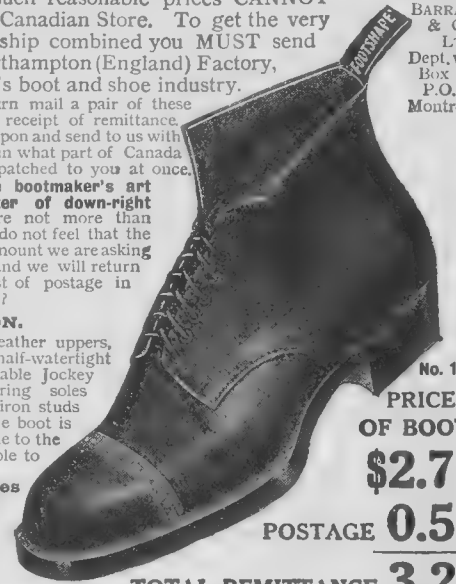
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Long Tramps

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by E. L. Chicanot

RECENTLY two young men—O. R. Ford, of Chicago, and W. S. Kilner, of Boston—arrived in Harerstown, Maryland, finishing the first lap of a 3,400-mile tramp across the American continent. They are walking from Washington to San Francisco on a wager, their time limit being one hundred days. They are making the trip under the restrictions of never eating or sleeping in a house, and have consequently to spend their nights out of doors or in barns. They had but little money to start with, but expect to earn their living by advertising schemes along the route.

This is but one of the many pedestrian feats undertaken for wagers, and but recently a young man named Julius Rath landed in New York having performed the enormous feat of journeying twenty times around the earth. He

Ralph Tomkins, of Poughkeepsie. Tomkins, who is nineteen years old, left New York under a wager of \$500, and returned in twenty-four hours under his time-limit. It is a notable fact that he gained thirty-seven pounds on his New York-Chicago expedition.

A walk of 8,000 miles was lately accomplished by Mrs. Stella Woolf, the champion woman long-distance walker of the world, and her husband, Dwight H. Woolf. The trip started in San Antonio, Texas, and finished up at their home town, Kansas City, Kansas. A little more than thirteen months was taken, and in all this time the couple ate and slept in the open. Previously they made two other walking tours, covering 10,300 miles entirely on foot.

To test the efficiency of a vegetarian diet, Warren T. Buffum and his brother Jesse, both Harvard students, set out to

Riding on horseback twice across the American continent is the way a young rancher in Wyoming proved he had "grit." One of the old-time ranchers gave it as his opinion that "boys have no grit nowadays." This angered Tom Brubaker, who at once set about looking for some method to prove his pluck and spirit. Somebody suggested a trip on horseback across the continent, and the young fellow immediately took it up. He started out for New York, whence he rode to San Francisco, and then home to Wyoming. At the start of the ride his brothers promised him, if successful, to pay his way through college.

A tremendous task was undertaken by J. Scott, of the Sutherland Highlanders, who made a journey on foot around the Union of South Africa. He started from Durban, his journey including Zululand and Swaziland. When the wildness and loneliness of large sections of this country are taken into consideration, the inconveniences and perils of such a journey are more fully realized.

Perhaps the most unique way of touring the world was undertaken by two Italians who journeyed in a barrel. The barrel bore a huge label declaring its weight as 230 lbs. and its contents as two Italians named Dianelle and Zenarchie.

A Canadian Prayer

Oh God! we thank Thee for this beautiful land
Fashioned and moulded by a Will Divine;

Thine was the word that brought it forth from nought,
All that within it lies of good is Thine.

Rugged and stern Thou had'st her mountains rise
Pointing with snow clad summits to the skies.

Out of their bosoms, at Thy voice
Burst forth the wellsprings, bidding plains rejoice.

Wide-spreading forest plants was Thy dower,
Verdure Thou gav'st for prairie-aye, and flower

Beauteous and fragrant; smiling toward the dome
All this Thou didst to make for man a home.

God of the moor and the mountain, God of the valley and hill,
God of the wood and the prairie, God of the river and rill;

This is the prayer of Thy children, as bowed in Thy presence we stand,
Make us a race of people worthy of this great land.

Let us be men like her mountains—steadfast and firm for the right.
Broad as her rolling prairies—nothing to hide from the light,
Strong as her mighty rivers—active and bright as her rills,
Pure as the snows eternal that cover her sky-kissed hills.

—W. H. Kelly, in Victoria Colonist.

Conserving Vast Resources by Killing Gophers and other Pests

One of the largest and most unnecessary sources of farm waste is the damage wrought by gophers. These little nuisances destroy millions of dollars' worth of grain, etc., each year, and every dollar of the amount could be saved by the general use of a few cents' worth of something like Kill-Em-Quick Gopher Poison, made by the Mickelson-Shapiro Co. of Minneapolis and Winnipeg. For town use such a preparation is also valuable in doing away with rats, mice, etc. The continued depredations of such creatures seem to show one weakness that the "conservation of resources" movement has not corrected, but a great part of the loss is being cut off annually by farmers and townspeople who are learning that the removal of the pest means nothing more than a visit to the drug store and the purchase and use of something that will do the work.

A Remarkable Happening

An elderly gentleman of rural appearance had hardly seated himself in the crosstown street car when a young lady, who had followed him in approached him.

"Sir, did you lose a five-dollar bill?" she asked.

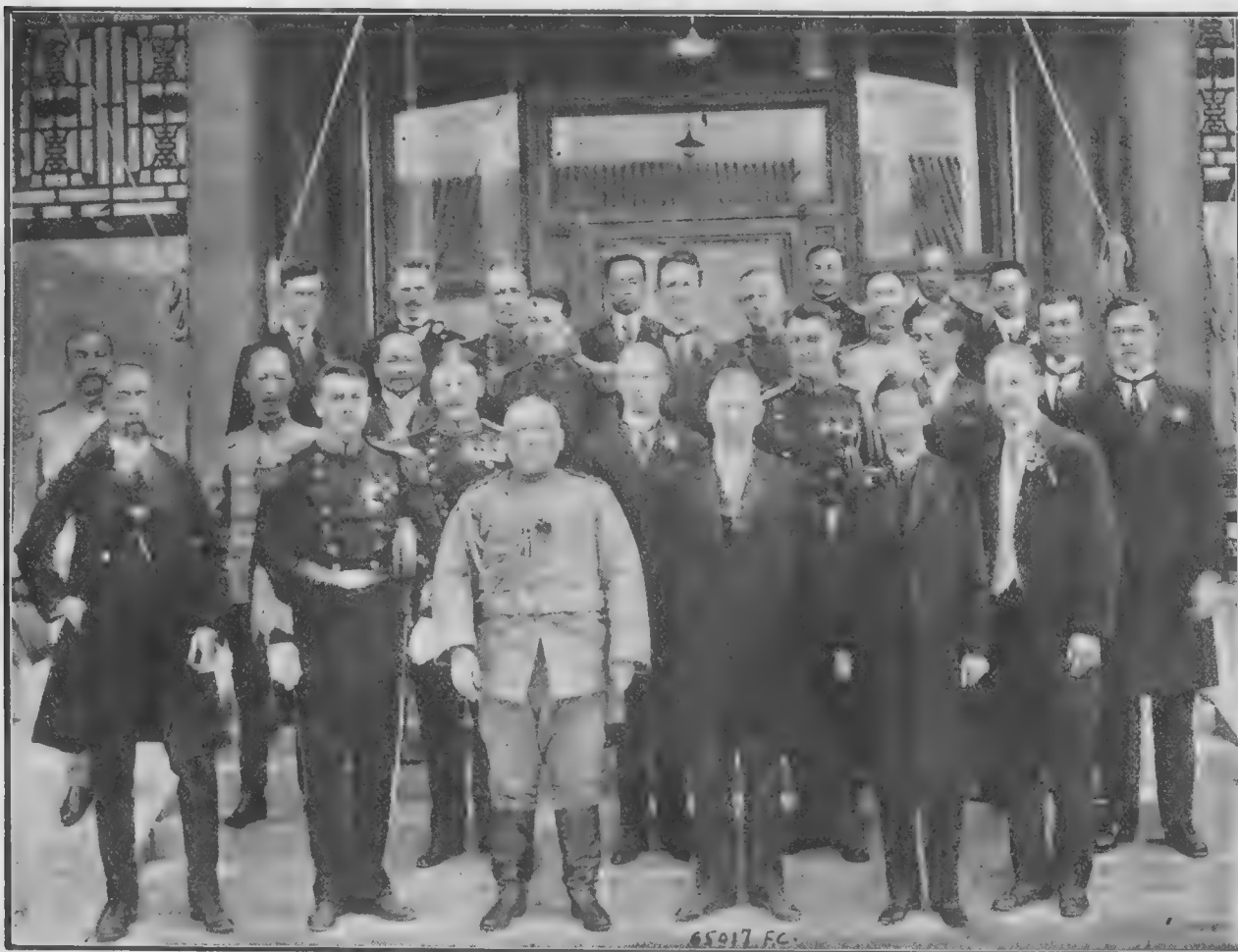
For a moment the farmer observed her with a surprised, curious look, then said convincingly, "Yes, ma'am, I did."

"Then here it is," said she, handing the bill to him. "I picked it up behind you from the car floor."

"Thank ye very much, young lady, for your honesty. This is a most remarkable happening!"

"Oh, I don't think so, sir! I believe every one should return the money in such a case as this. What is there so remarkable about it?"

"Why, I lost my five-dollar bill two years ago!"



When President Wilson's letter, recognizing the new Republic of China, was read to President Yuanshihki

was twenty-nine years old and had begun his long tramp in 1897 on a contract with the Lotus Club of St. Louis to walk 500,000 miles in eighteen years.

He had to start without any money and to finish with one thousand dollars in hand. He expected to end his journey in 1915 at the San Francisco Exposition when he also expects to have considerably added to the \$450 he had already collected. He cannot beg, borrow, or steal money, and the sale of his own photographs had so far been the principal source of his income. When he has completed his walk according to specifications he will receive \$30,000 from the Loftus Club.

Looking much younger than his given age of sixty-two, H. Chapman, a rancher of Cheyenne, Wyoming, walked into Annapolis and thereby marked the end of a tramp of more than 5,000 miles. When he started he was accompanied by six companions, but all of these gave up before they had reached the Colorado border. At each of the cities he visited he stopped to get a certificate bearing the municipal seal and signature of either the mayor or town clerk as a means of showing the various places at which he stopped.

The difficult feat of making a complete round trip afoot between New York and Chicago was successfully accomplished by a one-legged bootblack,

walk across the American continent. Warren lived solely on a vegetable diet, whilst Jesse lived on a meat diet, but seven days before the end of the journey Jesse was forced to give up, and finished the journey by train. The tramp in all took five months and was a triumph for the vegetable diet. The walk was arranged under the direction of Professor Sargent, of Harvard, where both young men are students.

Recently Henry William Wellington who, for a wager of £500, walked round the world, finished his long trip. He started in February, 1903, and was allowed ten years to complete his journey. He traversed most of the globe and met with many adventures. In Canton he witnessed public executions, and in Old Mexico was attacked by a native with a knife and received an ugly wound in his forearm. His credentials are contained in a large volume, the pages of which are covered with the seals of the consulates of the countries he has visited.

A curious method of travelling the world is being undertaken by Mr. William Brown, of St. John's, Newfoundland, who, under a wager of \$10,000, started on his long voyage with a team of five dogs and a wolf. He has been heard from on several points of his route and it looks as if he will successfully complete his long journey.

An arduous foot journey was recently undertaken by two Europeans who tramped all the way from Johannesburg, South Africa, to Cairo in Egypt—a journey, at the lowest estimate, of some 5,000 miles.

The feats of Alexander Livesay, the wheelbarrow man, are well known, and recently he made a journey from Ayr to John o' Groats, from there to Land's End, and thence back again to the Ayrshire capital. Throughout this 2,000-mile journey he tramped daily, except on Sundays when he rested, all the time pushing in front of him a large barrow, and no matter what kind of weather prevailed he stuck to his programme daily.

Two students of the University of Cambridge recently journeyed to Montenegro and Turkey, and then to Persia, in a donkey-cart. They had numerous adventures, and in Austria were arrested and imprisoned on suspicion of espionage.

To walk from Spokane, Washington, to San Francisco, on crutches is no slight feat, and this was performed by a former high-school athlete, Charles Galbraith. Several years ago he lost a leg in an accident, but, nevertheless, managed to maintain an average of thirty miles a day.

This Hart-Parr Drive Wheel Unbroken By A Pile Driver Blow Of 216,000 Pounds

The drive wheels on our small, light oil tractor are not built as we once might have built them, and as other manufacturers of small tractors still build them.

Painstaking experiments and rigid tests showed us the fallacy of trying to make any built up wheel do efficient reliable duty on a small tractor. For the drive wheels must be light to keep down weight, and still be strong enough to stand up under the constant, racking strains of every-day field service. And so, before we even offered our small tractor for sale, we experimented, at our own expense, and discarded the various drive wheels commonly used, and which other tractor builders still cling to.

How Hart-Parr Drive Wheels Are Built

The drive wheels on the small, light Hart-Parr Oil Tractor are Solid Steel Castings—not built up or pieced. Casting them of tough steel does away with hundreds of small parts and insures lightest weight, yet greatest strength. Moreover, these drive wheels are cast with our wonderful, self-cleaning wave form lugs, which afford a bull dog grip on soft ground, but do not injuriously pack the soil. No built up drivers on a small tractor combine all these vital, necessary features.

Hub Undented By A 216,000 Pound Blow

One of these steel drive wheels was picked at random from a batch of 50 or more, made during an ordinary day's work in our steel foundry. This drive wheel was placed on a solid foundation, absolutely without give, and laid in the position shown in the illustration to the right. A 3,600 pound cast iron weight was then dropped from a height of 60 inches, full on to the hub of the driver. As it fell, it gathered speed and struck the hub a crushing blow of 216,000 pounds. Close inspection of the hub showed hardly a dent in it. The wheel was uninjured.

Here's What Happens In Field Service

In actual service, the tractor travels over rough road and uneven fields, many of them with quite deep ruts. When it hits the bottom of these hollows, the drive wheels are compelled to sustain the tractor's weight exactly in the same manner as the driver, on test,

A Size For Every Farm

Hart-Parr Oil Tractors are built in three sizes, and are big money makers on farms of 100 acres or 1,000 acres. They are strictly One-Man Outfits, use cheapest KEROSENE for fuel at all loads, and are oil cooled.

Get Our Literature

Consult us on your power requirements. We'll gladly send you our fine catalog and other interesting literature on power farming costs, and advise you the size tractor best suited for you.

Hart-Parr Company

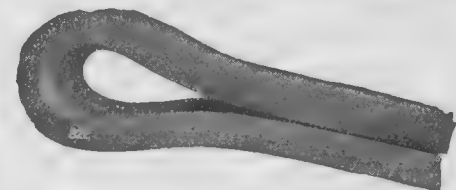
26 Main Street, Portage la Prairie, Man.
53 West 23rd Street, Saskatoon, Sask.
1612 8th Avenue, Regina, Sask.
The Chapin Co., 321 8th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.

The Tests We Made

The remarkable strength, toughness and durability of these all-steel, single piece Hart-Parr drive wheels, are clearly shown by severe drop tests recently conducted at our works. These tests will interest every farmer who intends buying a power equipment.

Rim Stands 216,000 Pound Blow Without A Crack or Break

This same wheel was then placed upright, as shown in the illustration to the left. The 3,600 pound weight was again dropped from a height of 60 ins., striking the rim a 216,000 pound blow. Careful examination of every inch of the wheel showed not a break or crack anywhere. Rim, spokes and hub—all remained absolutely unharmed. The tests this wheel withstood would send an ordinary wheel to the scrap pile.

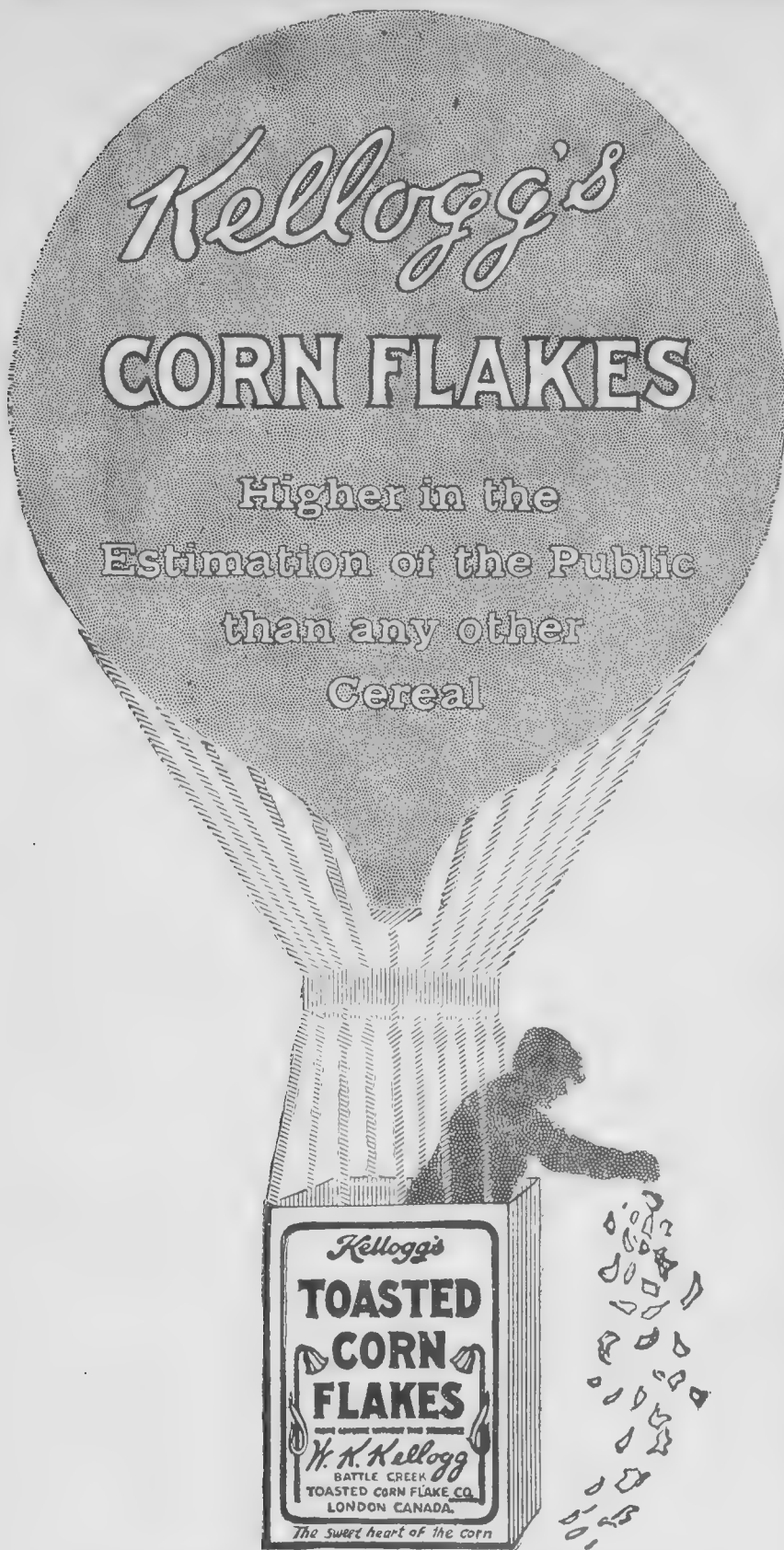


This test bar shows the high quality and strength of the steel used in the Hart-Parr Oil Tractor drive wheels. It has a tensile strength of 70,000 pounds per sq. inch—the elastic limit is 40,000 pounds per sq. inch. A steel bar, when cold, should bend to an angle of slightly more than 90° around a 1-in. rod, without showing cracks. The above test bar is bent double without showing a single crack.



Position of Wheel—Second Test

Position of Wheel—First Test



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CORN FLAKES

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FLAKES
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BATTLE CREEK
TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.
LONDON CANADA
The Sweet heart of the corn

Mr Dooley on the Origin of Man

"Wat ar-re ye readin'?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"A comical little piece in th' Sunday pa-aper on th' Descent iv Man," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye get a good dale iv knowledge out iv th' pa-apers when ye're not lookin' fr it, an' a fellow that's paid five cents to find out where Gyp th' Blood spint his vacation, if he doesn't stop there but goes on r-readin', is li'ble to end up an idjicated man."

"Maybe ye'd like me to read ye some-thing out iv this here fable in slang. Well, thin, listen to th' profissor: 'Such habits not on'y tended to develop the motor cortex itself,' he says, 'but thrained th' tactile an' th' kin—th' kin I'll spell it fr ye—k-i-n-a-e-s-t-h-y-t-i-c—pronounced anny way ye plaze—senses an' linked up thir cortical areas in bonds iv more intimate associations with th' visyool cortex—'"

"What kind iv language is that?" Mr. Hennessy interrupted.

new problems an' was th' first married man. But it hurted a good manny proud people to think that but fr th' luck iv th' game they might all be up in the Zoo makin' faces through th' glass at little boys an' girls. So Darwin was exeymunicated fr'm manny a church that he'd niver been in, an' expelled fr'm th' Knights iv Pythias, an' gin'rally treated as he desaved fr a long time. But affter awhile people begun to take more kindly to th' idee an' to say: 'Well, annyhow, it's more comfortable to feel that we're a slight improvement on a monkey thin such a fallin' off fr'm th' angels. Fr awhile it looked as though we weren't holdin' our own. But now it looks as if we are on our way,' an' thought no more about it. An' th' monkeys had no access to th' press, so they cudden't write in kickin' letthers signed 'Indignant Monkey' or th' like iv that.

"But this pro-fissor has gone further thin Darwin in pusoin' our lineage down to its disgraceful start. He has



Fashions do not trouble the youth of India

"It's scientific language," said Mr. Dooley. "I've been thryin' to wurruk it out meself with th' aid iv a ditchnry, but I cudden't put it together till Dock O'Leary, who's great at these puzzle pitchers, come in. Fr'm what he said I guess that th' pro-fissor that wrote it meant to say that th' reason man is better thin th' other animals is because iv what's in his head. I suspected as much before an' have often said so. But nobody has iver ast me to go before a larned society an' have me chest dhraped with medals fr sayin' it. I cudden't fill up me time on th' program. All I cud say wuld be: 'Fellow profissors, th' thing that give ye an' me a shade over th' squirl an' th' grass-hopper is that we have more marrow in th' bean. Thankin' ye again fr ye'er kind attintion, I will now lave ye while ye thranslate this almost onfathomable thought into a language that on'y a dhrug clerk can undherstand.'"

Adam Was Far Better

"I can well remimber how hot ivry-body was agin' Darwin on account iv what he wrote. Nobody had been very proud iv Adam as an ancesthor, but still ye cud put up with him if ye took into account that he was dalin' with

run acrost a lot iv old town records, married certificates, birth registers, an' so on, an' has discovered that our original proginitor, th' boy that give us our push tords respectibility, th' first mumber iv th' fam'ly that moved uptown, th' pilgrim father that came out iv th' jungle, th' foundher iv th' fam'ly fortune was—what d'ye think? Ye'll niver guess if I give ye a thousand guesses. It was th' jumpin' shrew iv South America. It's as I tell ye. Here ye see it in black an' white before ye'er eyes; 'Man descinded fr'm th' jumpin' shrew.' Hence our sunny dispositions an' th' presint campaign. I niver cud understand why if mankind come down fr'm th' monkey we weren't more jan-yal. But now I know. It's th' old shrew blood that still coorses through our veins that makes us so cross with each other.

The Peacemaker

Village Grocer—"What are you running for, sonny?"

Boy—"I'm tryin' to keep two fellers from fightin'."

Village Grocer—"Who are the fellows?"

Boy—"Bill Perkins and me!"—Puck.



Perfect Lubrication

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Hand Separator Oil

A light colored, light bodied oil, compounded especially for the delicate bearings of a separator.

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The Slav in our Midst

Written for the Western Home Monthly By J. Richardson.

MUCH has been said and written condemnatory of the Slavish stocks which have come to our country.

A lack of sympathy and of a real comprehension of the influences which have been a compelling force in their lives is seldom shown.

We frequently hear of the polyglot, non assimilable element of Saskatchewan, but hear little of any effort put forth to make these people at home in our midst.

Too often their ignorance is taken advantage of by machine agents, business men and others.

They have taken homesteads in sections of the country, which entails a struggle for existence for years.

These homesteads are often swampy or scrubby or alkaline in character, and, owing to the absence of public roads almost inaccessible.

These homesteads demand great toil and often privations before a decent living can be wrested from them.

Yet in spite of these difficulties they are, in many sections, giving evidence that they are an asset to the state.

Frequently they are used as pawns in the political game by the governments in power. Promises to create certain conditions to their advantage, or promises to refrain from enforcing certain enactments are made them in return for which they cast their vote for the government candidate.

The economic problem is ever with them, living often remote from the accessories of their calling, and as every dollar acquired has required strenuous labor it is reasonable to suppose they will be inclined to part with them reluctantly.

These people have a wonderful tenacity of holding on in spite of adverse conditions.

The necessity of purchasing farm implements presses heavily upon them, the men leave their wives and children, and the struggle for existence demands that the most shall be accomplished by those left at home. The children are kept from schools (a) owing to the pressure of economic combinations; (b) the absence of schools or their inaccessibility owing to want of roads. Particularly is this the case in Saskatchewan and sections of Manitoba.

With such conditions is it any wonder that progression is comparatively slow? A few acres under crop and three or four cows do not offer much to support a family, and should the land lie in an area liable to frost, they realize the lowest prices possible, since the elevator people do not pay the actual value and frequently the money received does not pay for the cost of production.

These people have been paid 19 cents a bushel for frozen wheat, and last year 19 to 21 cents a bushel was the price paid for oats. Truly, under such conditions is it not a crime to condemn them for their present status?

These Slavs have hauled a load of dry poles into town, a distance of 10 miles, and then have been offered the munificent sum of 50 cents, and, at times, having waited all day for a prospective buyer, for 5 cents. Think of it, a twenty mile trip and the load of wood and the pay for such labor figured out at 25 cents.

You will often meet sleek, well fed, paunchy individuals in these towns maintained by the labors of the Slav element in the district, who will turn up their noses in disgust when brought into contact with them, but who are prepared to take advantage of the ignorance or compelling necessity of these people.

These men, boasting of their Anglo-Saxon descent, and with ready tongue the Slav as non-progressive. How can it be otherwise with them? Progression depends upon economic conditions, and when economic conditions are adverse it is an impossibility for any one to make progression.

These people, who brand the Slav as "The sheepskin voter," and who are loud in their professions of fealty to the

British Constitution, fail to interpret aright some phases which mete out justice to all, irrespective of race, language or condition.

The problem relating to the incorporation of these people has a twofold phase. The first of these is the economic phase, the second is the racial or linguistic phase, and with this may be included their ancient customs which are at variance with Canadian ideals.

The assumption in law is no excuse for the doing of a wrong act often harshly and unfairly upon these people.

Frequently, in making a bargain, or entering into a contract, their inability to comprehend the terms, places them at the mercy of the other party to the contract, and presumably the Albertan Legislature had this and kindred matters in mind during the recent session, when a law was passed making principals responsible for the acts of their agents.

This inability to understand English places them at a great disadvantage in all their business relations.

English speaking people often find it difficult to escape the machinations of the glib-tongued, wily agents of the commercial firms doing business through an agent, who is paid on a commission basis.

Is it not then much more difficult for the Slav farmer to avoid the danger line with these men who are concerned solely with getting a sale, and that, whether the party making the purchase understands the condition or not. His signature to the legal instrument is binding. Whether it produces an injury to the purchaser does not at all matter. In all and similar cases wrong has been done to these foreign people for years.

Many persons consider it no wrong to take an advantage of these people whenever and wherever an opportunity presents itself.

Again, party exigencies are damning agencies which invariably result to these people's disadvantage.

Twenty years ago objections were urged against allowing any one nationality to settle in large bodies. The settling of large areas with people of any one race is a disadvantage to the people themselves, and many become a definite menace to the progression of that and contiguous sections.

And to-day we have difficult problems to solve, because of the vast bodies of people of foreign origin perpetuating the language and customs of their forbears, and because we have many more of the foreign-born than we can absorb.

Further, wherever we go, English speaking persons will not long remain in any section of the country where these people predominate.

The reasons for such withdrawal are obvious. At present there is no common plane whereon they can meet. The medium of communication is wanting, and in the administration of the Municipal Act in Saskatchewan there are no provisions preventing the Slav or any foreign body from carrying on the business of that municipality in their own tongue, providing they are in a majority on the board.

In certain sections of the country English speaking persons were prevented from settling upon lands, which for political reasons were set apart for the foreign element. The result has been that, owing to the disproportionate number of settlers of foreign origin in a locality, such few English speaking persons as might make a home therein were soon compelled to withdraw therefrom. And the heaven which might have leavened these districts was altogether wanting.

The only remedy which will be of permanent advantage is a sane educational code, providing an efficient training in the English language for the children born of these people, and an effective, compulsory attendance law.

Financial aid, over and above, the mere pittance now granted, must be provided by the state.

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The schools should be accessible. In many districts in Saskatchewan, and no doubt in Manitoba roads do not exist, and it is known that in many districts it is almost impossible for the child to reach the school.

In every province a twenty dollar tax might be mere bagatelle to some farmer, whereas a similar tax in other districts would work an untold hardship.

The administrators of the law, as well as the parents should be mulcted in penalties for not carrying out the provisions of the law.

The abolition of all foreign training schools for teachers should be obligatory, and no certificate ought to be granted except to a teacher who can give evidence of ability to impart a practical, working knowledge of the English tongue to his pupils.

This problem is not confined to Manitoba. It affects all the prairie provinces, and the three provinces should have a common purpose and a common procedure in dealing with this vexatious problem.

All problems must be handled with a sympathetic touch. No coddling is needed. At present the economic difficulties affecting large sections of the community deter the Slav farmers from making any attempt to meet the needs of the district, and in cases English speaking teachers will not accept positions in these districts owing to their inability to obtain boarding accommodation. Therefore, teachers' houses or rooms adjoining the school must be provided, or the teacher's house might be placed centrally between two districts and the cost shared jointly by the two boards.

To make provision for the education of these children of Slavish parentage, an obligation rests upon the state, which insistently calls for fulfilment.

The child is an asset, or rather it may be an asset, provided the right course is taken to make it an asset.

The well being of the state, as well as the well being of the child, demand prompt action.

The child has a right to expect an equality of opportunity, and the state ceases to be a state when it withholds the highest good that can be accorded the child.

The only instrument which the child of foreign parentage can use to place himself upon a plane of equality with the English speaking child is a thorough knowledge of the English tongue.

What possible gain can come to the state by allowing a series of foreign states to exist within the state? We do not desire Western Canada to be turned into an empire similar to that of Austria-Hungary—where race and faction are in eternal conflict, and brute force often is necessary to restrain the activities of these heterogeneous factors.

Yet by invasion of the evident intent of a statute, that is, by permissive consent to ignore the provisions of the act or by statutory enactment, conditions may be created which encourage a spirit of resistance to any statutory amendment, or enforcement of a law which it is in the highest interest of the state to have amended or enforced.

In the province of Saskatchewan the policy followed is to wait until the parents of their own volition are prepared to avail themselves of the educational advantages. If parents of foreign origin decline to send their children to school it is considered in the best interests of the state to leave the matter in abeyance until the parents voluntarily act. Yet Saskatchewan has a compulsory school law more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Manitoba seems to follow a similar line of policy.

Send your children to school if you wish to do so; if you don't wish don't send them. The fault is yours. "We disclaim all responsibility" seems to be a government maxim. Moreover, the Manitoba school law provides for the language of the children to be used by the teacher in charge, providing a certain number of pupils present themselves, or are resident in the school district, if of the legal age. The same results are obtained in Saskatchewan by only employing Ruthenian teachers for Ruthenian schools, and it is known to the government that the Ruthenian teachers evade the provision which limits the

teaching of Ruthenian to one hour a day, which is the last hour of the school day. The teachers' excuse for this is that the trustees insist upon it, and that dismissal will follow, and that in the second case the praying men demand it. When we see the dilemma these governments have created we must insist upon an absolute reversal of the present, inimical policies.

Constituencies are controlled by the Ruthenian vote; hence the government fail to live up to their responsibilities.

The child of foreign parentage has an inalienable right to the care of the state. The politics of the state cannot override this principle.

The child demands from the state—irrespective of the name or location of the state—an equality of opportunity, and the state can and does destroy this equality of opportunity by statutory enactment, which robs the child of his educational inheritance, and statutory enactment can be left unenforced, and then the same results ensue.

This problem is surcharged with menaces to the state. Its stability and well being is placed in jeopardy by the jejune policies followed.

The increasing preponderance of the illiterate elector constitutes a dangerous factor in our national development. The life of a political party is nothing to the state, and if by its removal a brighter and more beneficial condition can be created it will be well.

The future is filled with difficulties which will have a disruptive force if permitted to remain.

These illiterates and the illiterates which the state is manufacturing day by day will become a dangerous force in the hands of unscrupulous politicians. And those who may be cultured in their own tongue are yet alien in spirit until they fit themselves for the duties of true citizenship by making the ideals of Canadian national life their cherished possession.

Were the illiterate debarred from the exercise of the franchise he would find means to fit himself for its exercise.

The political parties would be up in arms against such a proposal. The cry of "tyrannous oppression" would be raised by them. But by the removal of such from the electoral list, the temptations to pander to the elector's prejudices by the political parties, would be removed, which would be a good in itself.

Finally, while feeling strongly for the stranger within our gates, that feeling cannot be allowed to interfere with the growth and expansion of Canada along the lines of our national ideals.

Yet we must measure out to him a measure of justice. We must study carefully his economic condition, and the government must give a liberal grant to enable him to rise to a higher plane of activity. His children need the fostering care of the state. They must be equipped with a working knowledge of the English tongue, for his protection and their protection and advantage and for the benefit of the state. The governments concerned must make sane laws which can and will be enforced, and which are made in the interests of all, in short, racial sectionalism must go by the boards. Our national life needs only one means of communication—the English tongue.

Too Busy for Business

In a quiet little country town, so quiet that the silence hurt, a commercial traveler entered the general store. Going through to the parlor at the back, he found the proprietor and a friend having a game of draughts.

"Here, Mr. Slocum," he said, in an energetic whisper, "there are two customers in the shop."

Slocum never raised his eyes from the board. He merely shook his head, and whispered in reply:

"That's all right. Keep quiet, and they'll go away again!"

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"Johnny, I don't believe you've studied your geography."

"No, mum; I heard pa say the map of the world was changing every day, an' I thought I'd wait a few years till things got settled."

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The Snake's Den in the Gully

Written for The Western Home Monthly by J. D. A. Evans

THE least possible to remark is that the sight is reproachful, a spectacular array of viperous creation.

At the base of a rugged ravine in the deep gullies northward of Clearwater, Southern Manitoba, is what in local parlance is known as the snakes' den, a cavernous winter retreat of reptilian life in the valley through which Cypress Creek winds its course amidst the high banksides of shale and gravel whereon the poplar and scrub oak grow, yet upon some of these, scant vegetation is existent.

Within recent date, the writer had been informed that a resort of the viperous family was located in this district of the gullies, a visit to which would attest the veracity of that which many persons would immediately adjudicate as of mythical origin, concoction of imaginative mind, but the mists of sceptical attitude are relegated into oblivion by the assertions of residents in the neighborhood, some of whom have visited this hillside retreat, to others dwelling within the district, the hibernal cavern's existence is based solely upon report, and in the villages, towns of this portion of Southern Manitoba, it is safe to assume that the percentage of people to whose knowledge the lollow with its loathsome contents is now being revealed, will possess dubious thought as to its existence, will not be small. The snakes' den in the gully is a reality, statement of fact, can be seen.

From a standpoint of number, to form any calculation of the reptilian assembly cannot be accomplished; it is possible to guess its figurative quantity but in haphazard fashion at many thousands; this would decidedly suggest itself to the observer. A wriggling mass, to whom advent of summer's days will mean movement to the ravinesides, woods, and meadowlands. The day of the writer's visit at the latter part of April was not of that balmy atmospheric condition which would stretch forth invitation to the crawling mass to emerge from its fastness of hibernal

retreat. A few specimens, perchance an advance guard of more venturesome disposition, might have been noticed in the vicinity of the den's exterior, possibly wearied of the retirement from haunts of summer days. At the place from which a view of this den was obtained, it was apparent that the viperous conglomeration was composed of that variety indigenous to a major number of Manitoban localities, the garter or striped snake, a reptile credited by the student of natural history as a harmless member of the viperous family, which is a correct claim; nevertheless, to the average individual, the snake of any species could be dispensed with.

From a size point, the snake life within the den was variable; every appearance was indicative that a species of minor length was predominant. It was possible to observe some which were not of this characteristic, and it is safe to estimate these to have obtained a measurement of five feet, whilst a few specimens were noticeable which were in excess of that figure. Verily a weird and detestable sight, reptilian coils, and it is possible that within the recesses of this cavernous excavation, were twisted together thousands of the creatures. A resident of thirty years in the locality states that this horrible resort amidst the stony ravineside was visited by him in the first year of his arrival. It is safe to assume that for many ages this den has constituted the liberal resort of a loathsome snake migration when snows of winter cover the scenes of their haunts in summer's pleasant days.

In the curriculum of creation, the snake has received the endowment of instinctive power that it may at the appointed season return to a place of retirement. From what distance the creatures are enabled to accomplish this end cannot be said, and, from they who have studied the question, hence in a position to speak, the average date of this crawling migration may be said to commence about the middle of the autumnal season, then, when sunshine's bright rays are indicative that the fields, woods, grass meadows have assumed the gorgeous raiments of summer, the den is depleted of its crawling inhabitants until climatic condition is compulsory of return.

There are few only such viperous resorts in Manitoba; one such may be seen in the valley of the Souris; another was, until some years ago, located in close proximity to the site of the Provincial Penitentiary at Stony Mountain; however, this den has been destroyed, a plan which should be highly recommended to any wherever existent.

A more repulsive spectacle than this cavern with its loathsome creation is difficult to imagine; and, perchance, readers of the Western Home Monthly may be cognizant of viperous retreats within their own localities.

The Universal Failing

Miss Mary Wood, organizer of women's clubs, and a member of the bar, is another advocate of the theory that vanity is a failing of men no less than of women. To make her position sure, she tells on a judge, that brand of man which is supposed to be superior to ordinary human weaknesses:

His honor was thoroughly and picturesquely impressed with his deep knowledge of the law. As a judicial genius, he thought, he had old Rhadamanthus backed off the boards.

On one occasion, in the trial of a case, a young lawyer made a point, and, in support of it, began to read a few selections from Blackstone.

"It is presumed, sir," interrupted the judge, "that this court knows the law, and it cannot be dictated to. Another such infringement on the dignity of the court, sir, will be followed immediately by your going to jail for contempt."

"If it please your honor," quickly replied the young attorney, "I was merely reading this to you to show you what an old fool Blackstone was."

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House-Makers of the Water-Ways

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by H. Mortimer Batten

EVEN more remarkable than the home of the beaver is that of the muskrat or musquash of the Canadian waterways. As summer advances—say towards the end of July—these industrious rodents begin to make preparations for the coming winter. Near to the margin of some pond or sluggish creek they get to work collecting together the mud and reeds from one particular patch of water and piling it into a heap. The foundations of the heap are, of course, below the surface, and as the building process goes on the surrounding water is deepened, while the dome grows in height. At length a pile from three to seven feet in diameter and standing high out of the water is constructed.

Long before this stage is reached, however, one of the rats has got busy on the interior, while the other added to the exterior. In the centre of the heap quite a considerable chamber has been hollowed out, and as the weight of the dome increases and the heap of rushes settles, this chamber requires alteration to prevent the roof from sinking in. It is provided with but one entrance, and though the chamber is, of

have become extinct in many parts years ago. One day a friend and I silently approached a musquash "dome" we knew to be occupied, and pushed it over, expecting to take the animals by surprise. But sound travels well through water, and the rats escaped from the "dome" before we reached it. We waited some time for them to come to the top for air, but nothing happened, and just as we were about to go away we observed one of the rats seated serenely on his raft at the other end of the pond and eyeing us coolly. He dived directly we saw him, doubtless to rise elsewhere and take another look at us.

It was not till that day I realized the full value of these floating platforms I had seen so often. The rat in question had full time to fill his lungs and take stock of the situation before we saw him and renewed the hunt, and there is little doubt he had played the same trick many times on other unwelcome visitors to the pond.

In clear water the rats can be seen swimming below the ice, and can easily be followed from place to place till eventually they drown. A hole is then



View in Kildonan Park, Winnipeg

course, above waterline and high and dry, the entrance is below the surface, so that however wild the blizzard may blow or however keen the frost there is no likelihood of the inhabitants of the dome being snowed or frozen in.

Just above the waterline the rats gnaw several short passages into the heap. These passages answer the purpose of verandahs. The animals procure most of their food below the surface, but they do not eat it there. They rise to the top, like the common water voles, and prefer to sit in some sheltered spot and eat at their leisure.

This leads up to another feature in the home-making of the muskrats. In addition to the main "dome" or "house" at the water's edge, the animals usually construct rafts near by, on which they can squat and eat or sun themselves. Usually a floating chunk of wood is secured to the weeds or rushes in some convenient position, but should the pond not be thus conveniently provided, the rodents construct rafts of reeds which float for a time on the surface, like the nests of some waterfowl.

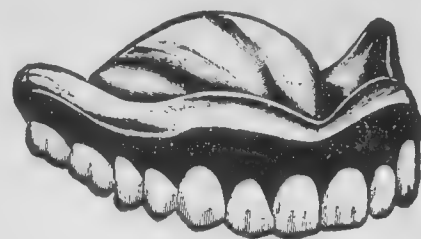
These rafts or floating platforms answer a double purpose; not only are they used as feeding places and lookout stations, but owing to their constant motion they keep the water in their immediate vicinity free from ice during the cold weather. Thus, should their home be raided by their deadly enemy the mink, the rats are able to rise to the surface from some secret corner and escape unseen.

The muskrats have many enemies, and were it not for the clever arrangement of their homes they would doubtless

made in the ice, and the body of the much persecuted animal hoisted out. The Indians approach the domes with caution, and with a steel spear poised for use. They pat the dome gently, and as the animal swims out from below, the spear is driven home, penetrating four or five inches of ice, perhaps, and pinning the rodent to the bed of the pond.

Even more cleverly designed than the winter "domes" of the muskrats are the bank burrows which they occupy during the spring and summer. The exits and entrances to the burrows are below the surface; so far as I know the musquash never allows its passages to communicate direct with the open air. The living chambers of the burrows, like that of the dome, are well above high-water line, and are ventilated by a shaft which extends vertically to the bank above. These shafts are very small, and are never used for passage, their sole purpose being to admit air, for without them this important element would obviously be absent.

It often happens that the pond which the muskrats inhabit shelves to a very few inches in depth towards its bank, in which case the rats have to swim through shallow water to gain the burrows. This, apparently, does not meet with their approval, and they overcome the difficulty by digging deep trenches from the mouths of the passes across the stretch of shallow water to the deep which lies beyond. By passing to and fro along these cuttings they are able to keep a sufficient depth of water over their backs. Should the water sink below normal level, and the mouths of



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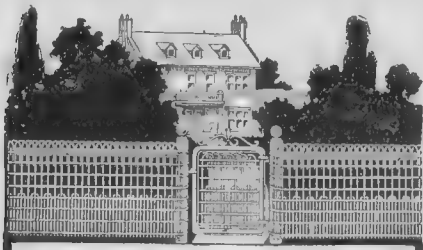
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Royal Mfg. Co., 114 Royal Bldg., Windsor, Ont.

the holes thus become exposed, they are stopped up at once with sticks and mud, and other passages are dug at a lower level.

There are several obvious reasons why the muskrats are so particular in passing to and from their homes under water. Were they to venture into the open the position of their stronghold would at once be betrayed to any watching enemy, while they themselves would run a prominent risk of being snatched up by passing owls or eagles. More important still is the fact that water retains no scent, and therefore their enemies cannot smell them out as they could if the burrows were on dry land. Also the muskrat is capable of remaining below the surface far longer than his sworn enemy the mink, and by making a stand at the mouth of the burrow he is no doubt often able to hold this ferocious freebooter at bay. Add to all this the necessity of gaining the underside of the ice without exposure, and it is evident that self-preservation is the prime factor taken into account by the muskrats in building their homes.

The bank burrow is usually provided with two separate chambers, both of which have their individual use. The floor of the first is littered with husks and other debris, and is evidently the dining room. From this chamber usually extends the ventilating shaft. The second is comfortably lined with gnawed up rushes, and it can safely be assumed is the bedroom. The burrows are kept scrupulously clean, the droppings being deposited in the water at the mouth of one of the passages, or at some recognized place. Here also, or somewhere adjacent, the musk, from which the animal derives its name, is deposited. As to what object this musk depository fulfils seems uncertain, but certain it is that it acts as a lure for mink, and many trappers make use of it when hunting these animals.

That the musquash possess a certain love for their homes they construct with so much toil and care is clear from the fact that when wounded they invariably return there to die, even though it be the very centre of the danger zone. By nature the animals are quiet and peace loving, but they have learnt by long persecution to fight well and savagely when cornered, in defence of their young.

The muskrats are essentially water rodents, and when away from their beloved element are as much at a loss as the loon in the Indian legend. Should their home quarters dry up the animals are sometimes forced to make journeys overland, and on these occasions they will face anything that threatens to molest them. Unable to seek shelter under water, their courage is the courage of desperation, and men and horses have been held up by a single muskrat. This may sound rather tall to the uninitiated, but innumerable instances of children on their way from school during the dry season being held up, and of horses and oxen being frightened from the trail by a musquash viciously holding the centre of it, have been recorded.

The fur is of low market value, but owing to its abundance affords a substantial revenue to many of our Canadian provinces. The usual price paid per pelt is from twenty to twenty-five cents, and in many parts of Manitoba, for instance—the home of the musquash—an experienced trapper should take from twenty to fifty pelts a day.

In Quest of Beauty

Summer is now with us and if we wish to derive the pleasures of a sun-bath without its inconveniences, it will be necessary to protect and strengthen the delicate skin tissues, so that they can withstand the scorching rays to which they will be exposed. Whilst having a distinctly beneficial effect on the skin inasmuch as they purify same, and enable it to withstand the attack of the numerous microbes with which the air of all large cities and towns is laden, the sun's rays has its inconveniences, since it dries up and coarsens the delicate surface and tissues, thereby causing much inconvenience.

The best preventative is the use of a reliable emollient, and there is nothing on the market to equal La-rola (obtainable of all chemists and stores) for this purpose. A little rubbed into the face before going for a walk, a game of tennis, golf, etc., will make the skin beautifully soft and enable the user to defy with impunity the effect of the sun's rays, cold winds, etc., etc.

Another cause of the ruination of complexions is the dust and dirt to which we are invariably exposed when out of doors, since same clogs the pores of the skin and prevents them fulfilling their proper functions.

If you have used a little La-rola before your outdoor excursion, and upon your return rub your face with a soft piece of leather, silk or other material, you will find you have brought away quite a quantity of dirt. The La-rola has filled the pores and has been acting as a skin food and tonic, and the dust and dirt which would otherwise have entered the skin, have been excluded and can be removed with the greatest of ease.

So good a preparation is it for this purpose that numberless mothers wisely use it for cleansing the faces and hands of their children on their return from their daily walks or rides out of doors, as it is so purifying, cooling, healing and soothing to their sensitive skins.

A few drops added to the bath or washing water render same delightfully soft and refreshing, and no bath room or toilet table can be considered complete without its bottle of La-rola.

Health and Helpfulness in Schools

Out in Oregon they are a little ahead of the rest of the states in looking after the health and welfare of the child in school. In one country school the teacher supervises the preparing of hot lunches on the school room stove. The boys bring the material for soup. The girls prepare it. All eat at one table. After the meal is over the dishes are washed and put away in cupboards built by the boys. In the Oregon schools the teachers are encouraged to study each pupil as an individual. For this purpose a chart is supplied to the teachers to record the habits and tendencies of each child. The records include state of health, industry, self-control, altruism, including politeness, home industrial work, etc., etc. A regular system of encouragement to the children to make themselves useful in the home is also one of the features of the rural schools in Oregon. The boys and girls are given credits for simple tasks performed at home, and a certain number of credits entitles them to a prize or to a holiday in some instances. Thus the school becomes a very important factor in developing the altruistic and helpful spirit in the child which is so necessary to its future well-being and happiness.

New York's Highest Building

"I am very interested in high buildings," writes a Highgate Chum. "What I want to ask you is: What is the highest building in New York, how many storeys has it, and 's height?"

The highest building in New York is the Woolworth Building, which is on Broadway, between Park Street and Barclay Street. It is 750 feet from the street to the roof-top, and contains 51 storeys. I believe it is not actually completed. Other buildings of over 600 feet high are the Metropolitan Insurance Company's building, which is 700 feet 3 inches high, and contains 50 storeys; also the Singer Manufacturing Company's building on Broadway, which is 612 feet high, and contains 41 storeys. There are several other buildings in New York of over 30 storeys.

It may also be interesting to know that Mr. Woolworth, who built this high building, started in New York with what is known as a "10 cents shop," which we call a 6 1/2d. bazaar. From this modest beginning he has been able to amass a huge fortune and erect this tremendous building.

One Saturday lately 3,000 people embarked for Canada at Glasgow.

The Stampede WINNIPEG

August 9th to 16th



LOOK!

\$20,000

AS CASH PRIZES

The largest ever offered for
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REAL Cowboys
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This Is Holeproof, Dad

Did You Ever See Finer Looking Socks?

"Do you mean to say, son, they *guarantee* them to wear six months without holes?"

That is exactly what we are doing.

Six pairs of cotton hose, guaranteed six months, for men, cost \$1.50 to \$3 per box; for women and children, \$2 to \$3 per box; also three pairs for children, \$1 per box,

guaranteed three months. Several weights; all sizes and colors. Three pairs of silk Holeproof, guaranteed three months, for men and women, cost \$2 a box for men and \$3 a box for women. All colors. Medium cashmere socks, six pairs, \$2; fine cashmere, six pairs, \$3. Women's fine cashmere stockings, six pairs, \$3. Six pairs of cashmere guaranteed six months.

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

These are soft, pliable and stylish. The foundation of the wear is yarn that costs us an average of 74c a pound. We could buy common yarn for 32c; but hose made from it wouldn't last.

Our guarantee covers every stitch, not just the heels and toes. Our inspection department, where each pair is examined, costs \$60,000 a year. But we cannot afford to replace many pairs, so we see that each pair is right.

The above figures refer to Hole-

proof as made in the States and Canada.

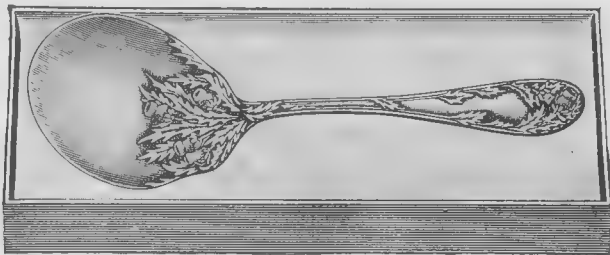
Look for the trademark and signature, *Carl Fuschl*, stamped on every pair. The genuine Holeproof are sold in your town. Write for the dealers' names. We ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

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For Western Home Monthly Readers

The above illustration is an actual photograph of a piece of silver plate ware which is bound to become popular with our readers. It is made by the well-known firm of ROGERS and guaranteed for twenty-five years. Each shell is packed in a neat box and sent to you postpaid.

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Send us \$1.00 in payment for one new subscription and ten cents for postage and packing and we will forward this sugar shell at once. We only have a limited number in stock, so urge immediate acceptance of our offer.

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A Case of Promotion

A Story of the New York Police. By W. B. M. Ferguson.

HOGAN was Irish, ambitious, and a regenerate. The two adjectives qualified the noun. If he had not been Irish and ambitious, the many "facers" he had received in his thirty-five years of life would long since have hammered the impregnable smile from his countenance. The two principal factors in Hogan's life had both been women, and they the greatest determining influences that ever moulded a man's character—his mother and his sweetheart. Hogan's mother had died when he was twelve years old. The clay of his character had been soft then, and she, the potter, had moulded it as a mother should; fashioned it by precept and example. Now it had hardened and the chief attributes embodied in it were Duty, Honor, Love and Charity. And the greatest of these was Charity. Of course Hogan once had a father. Sometimes he regretted the necessity of such a factor in the scheme of generation. But what his father had lacked, his mother had over-balanced and it is always the mother that touches the responsive chord in the heart of the child.

Hogan's mother had left in his soul, as a heritage, a strong vein of pure gold. His sweetheart had left a lode of pure iron. She had entered his life when he was twenty; she had departed it two years later. She had found it happy, ambitious, commonplace; she left it unhappy, for the time being, unambitious, and decidedly uncommonplace. For Hogan suffered a moral relapse and took to drink and the level of the sodden. She had jilted him for a man of better family but, personally, of poorer moral stamina than Hogan. Hogan never even knew the name of him who had supplanted him. At any rate Hogan's sweetheart passed out of his life twelve years ago, and he never heard whether she had made a permanent wreck of her own fortunes as she had made a temporary one of his. And the bitterest part of all was that he still loved her and always would. It was his nature.

Hogan had been an unfortunate for two years when he suddenly braced up and started to repair his fallen fortunes. It required all the grit he possessed to successfully retrace his floundering footsteps, but he eventually succeeded. His mother's heritage, the vein of pure gold, had been temporarily smothered by the lode of iron. But the latter had melted in the fierce fight for self-respect while the gold had but emerged refined. He was Irish, of humble birth. He had been an electrical mechanic, now he determined upon the police force. By hard work he passed his Civil Service examination and won his appointment as patrolman. Then his education and grit came to the front and in six years' time he had earned promotion to a plain clothes man and now headed the eligible list. His fight for promotion had been against odds, internally and externally, and his probation of hard luck was not yet over. He was grimly battling against the prejudice of his precinct commander, Captain Schmidt of the Precinct. His captain was German, he Irish, and the national antipathy started it. Perhaps the senior officer dimly realized, in his heavy, methodical, Germanic way, that Hogan's aggressive and intuitive blood might some day in the near future supplant him behind the desk if it was not tempered by an authoritative douche. At all events, two less competent men had been promoted over Hogan's head. Hogan's smile had become a little more grim and his energy a little more volatile. Then luck, for a fleeting second, had replaced her frown with a smile. He made an important capture which placed him head of the eligible list despite the captain's discreet, but nevertheless vigorous, disapproval. That had been five years ago and his longed for promotion seemed as elusive as the Fountain of Eternal Youth.

No doubt if the Commissioner of Police had known of Hogan's ability and clean record, he would have cast an approving eye his way. But the old Police Commissioner was a new man who was more

fitted as an after dinner speaker than filling the executive chair at Mulberry Street. He was an honorable, easy-going gentleman who swallowed his captains' reports without the usual digestive grain of salt. If he had known of Hogan's past life, his two years' descent to the level of the sodden with its fetid atmosphere of moral and physical degeneracy; if he had known of his superhuman fight for self-respect and moral cleanliness, his eyes would have been sympathetic as well as favorable. For, like all families, there was a skeleton in the old Police Commissioner's closet.

His eldest son was a black sheep with an utter aversion to the whitewash brush. The boy had always been wild and after several shady transactions in money matters, he had left his father's roof to make a new record. He had married a girl of lower social standing than himself but of respectable parents. Then he had got in with a fast crowd and the big city swallowed him. It was twelve years since the Police Commissioner had seen his son, but his love for him still ate like a canker at his heart. His hair turned gray, then white in the twelve years, but the boy's image ever confronted him. He waited patiently year



Walter H. Page, the newly-appointed American Ambassador to London

by year for the return of the prodigal. He made no effort to find him. He trusted blindly to the boy's inherent manhood. He hoped he had worked safely out of his past mistakes, righted himself in his own and his fellow man's esteem. Then when he had won recognition from the world he would return to him, and his past would be laughed over and his present achievements praised. And he would be the one, the rightful one, to cheer his and the mother's declining years. The mother who had ever striven to be a buffer between the son and retribution in the family circle, and who was eating her heart out because the world would not admit of such services. Yes, the prodigal would return, weighed in the balance of human achievement and found no longer wanting. And so the old Police Commissioner dreamed.

It was on a misty evening in late September when Captain Schmidt, of the Precinct, lined up the night patrol in front of the desk for the usual instructions and orders. Among the bluecoats was one, John Hogan, plain clothes man, who for the past week had been on pool-room detail in the Tenderloin. Among the various orders the captain read the following notice from headquarters:

"Wanted: Charles (alias 'Sport') Fairchild, gambler, bookmaker and forger. Age, thirty-two years. Height, five feet ten inches. Weight, one hundred pounds. Hair, sandy, thin. Face, long, oval, clean-shaven, sometimes small Van Dyke beard. Complexion, clear. Birthmark, three moles formed like a triangle on right cheek. Known to be married and to have one child. Formerly resided in West Thirty-first Street.

Wanted for passing forged check on the National Bank of this city. When last seen had on a light gray suit, tan shoes, etc., etc."

"Keep your eyes open for him, men," concluded Captain Schmidt. "The Commissioner has determined to round-up all the crooks and forgers, and his orders are strict. It might just happen that your man is in this precinct. I may say, unofficially, that it will be good work for the man who happens to run him in."

The man saluted and filed out. They were accustomed to such orders. They seldom resulted in anything. The Central Office men had all the show when it came to trailing high-class game. It would be owing to luck if the forger came their way. He had formerly lived in their precinct, and it was not likely that he would return to his old haunts for some time. More likely he was in Baltimore or Chicago by now.

A month passed, and the forger was still "wanted" by headquarters. Every time John Hogan had gone out on his detail he kept freshly dusted in his mental Rogues' Gallery the picture of "Sport" Fairchild. He had come to know the characteristics of that face by heart. His soul was concentrated upon it, his ambition. Once let him make this capture and his promotion would be won. Captain Schmidt could no longer withhold his recommendation. But though Hogan narrowly scanned each face he passed in the street, the face that meant his promotion never met his eyes.

Two months, three months slipped away. Then one evening as Hogan was standing on Fifth Avenue his attention was attracted to the opposite corner. Patrolman Mullaney, of his precinct, had a small boy by the hand. The boy was about four years old and dressed in a short reefer jacket and leather leggings. Hogan crossed idly over.

"Lost?" he asked indifferently.

"Shure," said Mullaney, a perplexed look wrinkling his Milesian countenance. "Been lost for four hours, I guess. Faix, the bye don't know his own name at all, nor where he lives. Oi'll have to be afther takin' him to th' station house."

Hogan had a way with children.

"Let me try," he said, and lifted the little chap in his strong arms. The violet glare from a neighboring arc light struck full upon the child's frightened eyes. Large, gray eyes they were, and as they met Hogan's a vague memory thrilled through the latter. But it was not the eyes that had sent the blood pounding in the plain clothes man's breast. It was the sight of three moles formed like a triangle upon the child's right cheek.

Hogan's voice was steady and soothing.

"And where were you going when you got lost?" he asked.

"To—to see favver," said the boy struggling to keep back the tears.

"And don't you live with your father?" pursued Hogan gently.

The child shook his head.

"I live wiv—wiv Muvver. Favver's been away—a long way."

"Oh," said Hogan. "And so your father has just come back, eh?"

The boy nodded slowly.

"Well, why didn't he come home to see mother and his little boy? All fathers do that the first thing, you know," suggested the plain clothes man.

The child eyed him in grave surprise.

"Oh, but you know, favver—favver can't."

"Better let me take him to th' house. Ye're wastin' time quizzin' th' lad," interrupted Mullaney.

But Hogan impatiently shook his head.

"And why can't father come home to see mother and his little boy?" he asked gently.

"Muvver says there is a lot of bad men who want—want to hurt favver."

"Oh," considered Hogan. "And so you were on your way to tell your father to come home? that the bad men had gone away? Is that it, eh?"

The child nodded.

"Favver was going to take us away, away."

Hogan turned to Mullaney.

"I guess I know who this kid belongs to. I'll see him home," and taking the boy in his arms, he started toward Sixth Avenue.

"Have you ever been to your father's house before?" he asked, while on his way.

"Yes," said the boy. "Once muvver says favver's been home for four, five, days. You're not a bad man?" he finished suddenly, looking trustfully into Hogan's eyes and tightening his hold.

A queer thrill of self-contempt shot into the plain clothes man's heart. For six years now he had been a stranger to that feeling. It was dirty work he was engaged in—but duty and ambition stifled his conscience.

"No, I'm not a bad man," he answered hurriedly. "And what does your father's house look like?"

The boy considered.

"It's awful big and—and dark and I have to go up an awful lot of stairs."

"Flat house," mused Hogan. "And I suppose you have lots of fun looking out of the windows at the cars? You know, the cars that run past on a high bridge," and he pointed to the elevated overhead.

The boy said "yes," with his head.

"I'll risk it as a flat house on Sixth Avenue," said Hogan to himself. "But where?"

He and his little charge had reached the glare of the avenue.

Hogan considered, scratching his chin. How could he find the elusive flat house?

"Don't you know where your own home is? Your mother's?" he asked presently.

"N—no. It's that way. A long way," and the child pointed up the avenue.

"And can't you remember where your father lives? Try," persuaded Hogan.

The boy shook his head, finger in mouth.

"Then how did you find your way to your father's house the last time you visited him? And how did you get home again?" grimly persisted the plain clothes man.

"I went wiv muvver. Muvver came wiv me today but when we got off the big car I—I got losted," and the tears would not be denied.

"He can't have wandered far." The father must be in this precinct," mused Hogan, his pulse quickening. He had set the child on the sidewalk but now he stooped and lifted him again in his arms. Once more those gray eyes stirred a vague memory in his heart.

"Now tell me child," he said impressively. "How did you know whenever you were near your father's house? Wasn't there anything you used to like to watch, like the cars that went by the window? The cars on the high bridge?"

The boy suddenly clapped his hands.

"Oh, you mean the car? A—a big, a great big house on wheels all golded, and favver would get a funny fat man wiv funny red hair to give me pies—"

But Hogan, recognition pulsing in his eyes started up the avenue.

"Dan's Pantry" on Thirty-seventh Street, by all that's holy."

"Are we going to—to favver's?" asked the boy happily, laying his drowsy head upon the broad shoulder of the detective.

"Yes," said Hogan. But his eyes would not meet the trusting gray ones so near his own.

On the way up to Thirty-seventh Street Hogan's big heart was raked by many feelings. For the first time since joining the force he despised his calling—and yet he was about to earn the much coveted step in promotion. The boy, whose golden head was so near his own, had touched a chord in his nature that had not actively vibrated for many years. It brought to his mind his mother's face and her heritage of duty, honor, love and charity. But he was only doing his duty. Yes, his duty, not his ambition. He crushed down the momentary spasm of weakness, of self-contempt.

The boy was very tired and happy when they reached Thirty-seventh Street, and after a brief period of indecision he finally located "favver's house." Hogan, a grim smile on his lips, pushed open the hall door and ascended the narrow, meanly carpeted stairs. At the boy's instructions he mounted three flights, then knocked at "favver's" door. There was silence, then footsteps sounded and the door was opened half an inch.

A Child can operate it.

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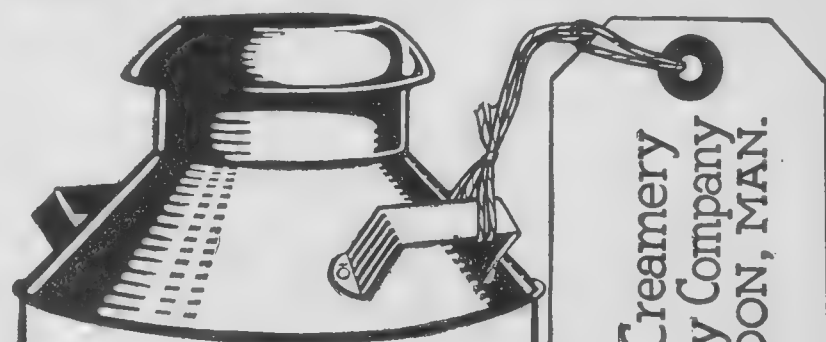
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"Favver!" called the boy. The next moment he was in the arms of a fair-haired man with a Van Dyke beard and brown eyes. He had a birthmark upon his right cheek—three moles formed like a triangle.

"The kid was lost so I brought him home," said Hogan entering the small room and shutting the door behind him.

The man slowly seated the boy in the chair, then faced the detective, a half smothered suspicion in his eyes.

"I cannot thank you enough," he began impetuously. "His mother and I have been distracted. His mother is out looking " He bit off the sentence, suspicion rife in his eyes. "How did you know where the boy lived?" he finished slowly.

"Oh, favver, he's such a good man," exclaimed the boy looking at Hogan with drowsy, friendly eyes.

Hogan looked at the floor, finally at the pale-faced man.

"Charles Fairchild, you're my prisoner. Captain Schmidt would like to see you at the station house. You're wanted on that forgery charge," he blurted out harshly.

The man looked at him with unseeing eyes, the blood slowly ebbing from his cheek. He fiercely gripped at the table he had been leaning against, then dropped into a chair and buried his face in his hands. The boy, the sleep frightened from him, gazed at Hogan with wide,

"I'm sorry," said the detective doggedly, "but it's my duty." But even as he said it he knew that it was his ambition.

Then footsteps sounded in the corridor, the hall door was flung open and a woman entered. As her eyes met those of the boy she gave a strangled cry and, flying across the room, she clutched him fiercely to her breast. She sobbed and laughed over him, utterly oblivious to the dramatic tableau at her back. The man was looking at her, love in his eyes, a weary smile upon his white lips. Hogan's eyes, likewise, were riveted upon the slim graceful figure. Then the woman, laughing and gurgling and pushing the red gold hair away from her forehead, struggled to her feet, the boy in her arms.

"How did you find him, Charley—" For the first time, apparently, she noticed the big figure of the plain clothes man standing silently by the door.

"O-o-h, this gentleman found—" She faltered and her voice trailed away as her eyes met those of Hogan. The old rose in her soft cheek died quickly.

Hogan's gaze never flinched. He knew now why the boy's eye had drawn his soul. He was looking into a pair of gray eyes he had not seen for twelve long years. The eyes of the woman he loved. And by every law of God and man the boy he had held in his arms should have been his.

There was intense stillness in the shabby little room. The man's eyes were traveling from Hogan to his wife and back again. He was too stunned by the sudden wreck of his life to understand.

Then Hogan turned slowly to the door.

"I—I am very glad that it was my luck to find the little chap. Better keep an eye on him in the future," he said heavily. He looked straight at the man, "Chicago, I believe, is a pretty safe city for children. Good-night," and opening the door, he passed quietly out. Honor and ambition were defeated; love, charity triumphant.

In the course of another two years, the old Police Commissioner's faith in his wayward son was vindicated. The prodigal returned, weighed in the balance of human achievement and found not wanting. He came on a flying visit from Chicago where he held a responsible position with a prominent bank. He brought with him his wife and son. Of that reconciliation little need be recorded. There were many tears and many smiles. Suffice, that shortly afterwards one John Hogan, plain clothes man of the — Precinct, took an unprecedented leap up the ladder of fortune. He did not receive his long coveted step in promotion. He skipped it. He was officially created a captain with a strong recommendation for an inspectorship. And he wonders why the old Commissioner happened to select him for the honor.

No End to This Game for Two

Said He: "It is sweeter to give than receive."

Of a whipping this doubtless is true, But of kissing I cannot believe

It holds good till I've tried it. Can you?"

Said She: "I don't know; let's each give and receive,

And so come to proof of the prop. Now you give, and I'll take, and we'll leave

The one to decide who cries 'Stop!'"

This shaving each morn is a terrible bore;

And whenever I'm at it, I wonder the more

Why, instead of the hair on one's head growing thin,

One shouldn't grow bald on his lip and his chin!

"How much, Parson?" asked the bridegroom, after the greetings were over.

"Oh! whatever she's worth to you," replied the clergyman gallantly.

"Whew! I say, what do you take me for—an Astor feller?"

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is a tonic, restorative, blood maker and nerve food. Its first effect is to stimulate the heart, revitalize the blood and soothe the nerves. Then it creates new and rich blood, which is carried by the circulation all over the body to repair the wasted tissue, restore the lost vitality, feed the nerves, and make the whole system pulsate with new life. That is why "Wincarnis" gives new life to the invalid, renewed strength to brain workers, and a

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"Wincarnis" can be obtained from all leading Stores, Chemists and Wine Merchants.

reproachful eyes, scrambled from the chair, and running over to his father, flung his arms about his neck. Hogan turned and glowered at the opposite wall.

Finally the man raised his head. He had aged ten years in that one minute.

"Let me go!" he demanded hoarsely, inarticulately. "Let me go, I tell you! You don't know what it means to me—to the wife—to the boy. I'll pay you I'll—There, let me go," his voice was pleading, imperative. "No one will ever know. God, you don't know how I've worked to turn over a new leaf! Give me a chance!" He clenched his hands in an agony of supplication, passion. "I starved, I sweated to—to scrape a home together! To—to be an honest man. I've got a small one out in Chicago. My record was against me here. I came on to bring back the wife and—boy. I've got a good position. I'm in a fair way of leaving an honest name for the boy. Don't, for God's sake, don't drag me back to hell! Give me a chance, man to man! Only one little chance!"

"It's not my order, it's headquarters," said Hogan gruffly.

"Go on, give me a chance!" reiterated the man frenziedly. "It's nothing to you—everything to me. I've hoarded every honest penny; my wife has starved, starved, to pay off that forgery. I'll pay the bank every penny if you only give me a little time. Upon my honor as a—" He choked on the word "gentleman." "Just one chance," he cried hoarsely. "For—for—the boy's sake. I'm not a felon. I went wrong. I'm of good family. Fairchild isn't my name. I disgraced my right one, but I'm living honorably under it in Chicago, where they don't know my record. Don't brand me a criminal! For God's sake, don't! It will kill my father—mother—wife—all, all." He sprang to his feet, his chest heaving, his hands working. The boy had huddled in the chair, staring at Hogan with wide, reproachful, wounded eyes.

Bulgarians

Respectfully dedicated to my godfather, H.R.H. Ferdinand, Czar of Bulgaria.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Ferdinande De Foras.

THE sun was slowly setting in the hills surrounding the house of little Xenia, but the girl in the doorway heeded it not. Her eyes were fixed on the narrow road, the only path leading up from the village to the small cottage where her grandmother and she had lived alone for many years.

Every evening, his work finished, Danilo would come up for supper with the old Bulgarian woman and the young girl, barely seventeen, who in but two short months would be his bride. Today for the first time he was late, and the girl wondered.

"Xenia, my love bird," called the cracked old voice, "Come, the soup is getting cold." The girl only raised her hands to her brow and stood thus, deep in thought, never answering. In the faint rosy light of a Bulgarian sunset she made a charming picture, characteristic of her country. Her linen sleeves

The old woman crossed herself, "long life to our Czar, and may God help his children."

A silence fell. On the sky far off the sunset was slowly dying, and the shadows crept darkly under the trees near by.

Suddenly from the darkness below, the figure of a man emerged, running towards the cottage. Xenia knew him at once, and as she ran eagerly forward to meet him a smile came to her face. "Danillo, sweetheart, mine, you come at last," she panted, stopping short as she noted the anxiety written on his face. "Danillo," she urged, taking one of his hands, "is it the war?" The eyes of the man, bloodshot as they were, never left her face. "My own—my own little girl," he said hoarsely.

"Danillo," she pleaded. "Tell me quickly."



The German Emperor's only daughter, Princess Victoria Louise, married to Prince Ernest Augustus, son of the Duke of Cumberland, May 24th

and shirt showed white against the dark blue of her dress, quite plain except for its tiny garlands of purple flowers. Thus standing she looked slim indeed, and strangely beautiful with heavy braids of black hair falling to her knees. The only touch of color was the red handkerchief tied loosely on her head, and the crimson of her brown cheeks. Her face had the expression of silent watching. Somehow she looked appealing, perhaps because the face was only the face of a child, or rather, because, oddly enough, in that child's face one could discover the eyes of the woman, dark deep like pools of sleeping water.

"Xenia," called the old voice again, "Danillo will not come to-night; maybe he has gone to Varna!"

The suggestion aroused the girl. She turned slowly to her grandmother. "I have been thinking," she said wearily, "Danillo would not have left for Varna without letting us know."

The old woman shook her head. "Xenia girl—Bulgaria must come first—maybe Danillo went to see what was the truth about these rumors of war—"

"Grandmother, dear, it can't be the trip to Varna that keeps him—but bad news down there in the village. War, perhaps, I feel it is war."

The man's voice dropped. "It is harder than I thought," he muttered as if to himself, and before she realized what he was about to do he took her in his arms roughly, crushing the red lips to his.

In the trees near by a bird was singing, the light breeze moved the leaves, all the night seemed hushed as if to hide Danillo kissing passionately Xenia's eyes, her cheeks—even the little curls on her forehead.

A moment thus, and then the man stepped back as if from a blow. He was near, and yet Xenia felt as though he were far away.

"Sweetheart mine—the voice shook—" "I must leave you. It is war, dear, and I must join the others who are going to-night—now."

She could see him, or rather his shadow, coming nearer again, and something shook in her throat as he bent over her hands, kissing the palms reverently.

"I love you—you and Bulgaria—he said slowly, "and pray the God Almighty that our country shall be victorious, and that I may come back."

He was going, but the girl caught his coat. "Danillo," she pleaded, her voice steadying itself as she whispered, "Where you go, I shall go too."



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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

"You?—no—a thousand times no. I forbid it."

"I shall follow."

"No—I say no."

"Yes I will—through storm or sunshine—war or peace—what does it matter?"

"Xenia," he pleaded.

"Danillo come, let us ask the blessing of grandmother."

From the shadows a shadow came forward, "Children, you need not move, I am here, Xenia girl, you shall go if you wish—and nurse the wounded—I am too old to be of any help, otherwise I would join you."

As she spoke a mystic light seemed to come from the sky above and radiate on her face. Hand in hand Danillo and Xenia knelt before her. They could not hear her blessing, but they felt it fall on them. It was a message of peace.

"Grandmother," said the girl, rising to her feet, "I do not intend to nurse the sick, but to fight."

"Fight?—Mother of God, hear the girl."

"Keep hearty, grandmother mine," whispered the man, "They will not let her do it. But better let Xenia come with me, else she might go alone."

The old Bulgarian woman stepped back into the shadows listening to the dying footsteps of the children she loved. She was left behind. Perhaps she would never see them again, and her old lips prayed not to ask that they might be safe, but that they might do well their duty to Bulgaria.

Down below the village was in a tumult, women cried, children wandered here and there unheeded and half-frightened, while their big sisters wept on their lovers' shoulders. One by one they left to join Danillo and Xenia who had taken the lead, for they had a long way to go, before they could reach the railway station.

All the night on they walked, through the mountains and the hills, crossing big dark forests, while the stars shining brightly above them spoke only of love and peace! Sometimes one of the men would sing a wild anthem speaking of Freedom, of God, and of Bulgaria, and all would join in the chorus. The mountains caught the strain and sent it back enlarged. It seemed that the voices of the woods, of the peaks, of the wilds, sang with them of the greatness of their country.

It was late in the morning when, tired and hungry, they reached the small town, from which they were to take a freight train for Sofia. Officers then stopped Xenia and refused to let her go with Danillo, saying that men only boarded this train.

"But I will fight the Turks, too," answered the girl. And the officer trying to reason with her, had to give it up. All pleading, all reasoning, broke under her firm resolve. At last when Xenia realized that there was nothing to be gained by arguing she left Danillo and raced to a captain who was watching soldiers loading supplies and ammunition. "Little Father," she cried, kissing his hand, "Danillo, my sweetheart, is leaving now, and the officers up there forbid that I should go too."

"Right," smiled the old man. "Let him fight, girl."

"But," she urged, "I can hold a gun too."

"Listen, pretty one, war is the business of men, and not of women. Now run—I am busy."

"Little Father—pray—" The captain shook his head. "No—I have said no. Better that you should go, girl."

Xenia looked at him for fully a minute. Suddenly a thought came to her. A light showed in her dark eyes, it lasted but a second, and already she was racing madly out of the station yard. When Danillo saw her it was to catch the flutter of her skirt as she turned into the street. His heart leaped.—She was gone—gone without a parting kiss—that seemed harder than the rest. Yet he was glad that she should be spared the battle—the fighting—all the horrors of war.

Danillo sat in a corner, his head in his hands, for a man cannot cry for his beloved when God has chosen him to save his country. The minutes dragged dully by. A whistle blew, and slowly the train started. Danillo, with the

others, stood up. A mob of women and children waved and shouted. Suddenly out of the crowd a man raced to the train, was dragged for a while, and then hauled on board. And then came again the parting cries and sobs of those left behind.

Danillo could bear it no longer, and fell back in his corner with but one thought—Xenia—, he had loved her since childhood, and though it seemed impossible, he felt that every day he loved her better. For him she had such charm. He could remember things she had said years ago. Only the night before, when in the long walk to town she had refused to slip her arm through his, saying that she would not add to his burden. And through his sadness and the yearning of his heart he was glad. Glad that she had not come, for he felt that she would have followed through battle eyes shining, ignoring death to think of him.

A hand falling on his shoulder aroused him from his thoughts. A stranger with warning finger on rough lips was looking at him. For a minute he could scarcely believe his eyes, for in the man standing there he recognized—Xenia—his Xenia—. Yes, others might be deceived, but not he. He knew too well every curve of the face he loved. Yet, just the same, how could she be there and in a man's garb. He would have liked to ask a thousand questions and yet he could not utter a word.

"Danillo," she whispered, sitting down beside him, "Love of my heart, it is I—Xenia—did you recognize me?"

"Recognize you—yes indeed—at once—. And just when I was thinking I had lost you forever. How did you come here?"

"Come closer, Danillo, I will tell you. First you must have guessed that the captain refused to let me join you. I was in despair when a thought occurred to me, so I raced to the nearest house, got into these clothes, cut my hair, and made another race for the train. It was all luck that I thought of it in time."

"But, Xenia, why did you do it?"

"Mostly for you, silly, and a little, too, for my country. I can shoot pretty well, you know that much," and she laughed softly.

Careless of the others, he took her hand in his. After a while she dropped asleep, and Danillo watching, prayed God to save her if need be at the price of his own life. She smiled in her sleep. No danger could assail Danillo—for she would save him from any—was she not there just for that purpose?

Sofia—the noise—the bustle of the big city—the greetings of soldiers—the commands of officers—and always near Danillo, Xenia just a trifle pale, but with eyes as hard as steel.

That night the recruits camped beneath the stars, Danillo watching long over Xenia, while around them men crowded, some sleeping, some snoring, some eating the remains of their supper, and many smoking, the light of their cigarettes being the only bright spots in the darkness.

The morning broke in a mist of grey clouds. Drums and clarions awoke the men. The great day had come which was to make them soldiers. That they felt proud of it showed in every face. Then the inevitable happened. Someone stopped Xenia and she could not deny that she was a woman. Again she knelt, praying the officers to let her fight next to the man she loved, but one after another they shook their heads and refused. In despair she waited hours near the tent of a General, and when he came out knelt in the dust begging to be allowed to be a soldier. But the answer was ever the same.

That evening Xenia went back to see Danillo.

"Sweetheart," he said, kissing the red cheeks all wet with tears. "Sweetheart, it is for the best. Don't cry my own girl. Some day I shall come back to you."

"Danillo, listen, I shall not go back, I shall fight with you, and if I do come back it will be together."

"Xenia, I am proud of you, my love bird. But it is useless thinking to be a soldier. They won't let you."

"Tomorrow our little father, the Czar, is coming. I shall wait until then, kneel to him, and our Czar Ferdinand will let me go. I know it, I feel it."

"My own Xenia," murmured the man. And again the mist closed on them and on the army.

In the distance Sofia rested peacefully, while in the royal palace a man was bending over maps and papers, thinking, scheming, for the greatness of his country. The stars woke one by one. The children of the Czar rested, for they knew that upon them Ferdinand was watching, working for them, and they slept to be able on the morrow to fight and die for him and for their Bulgaria.

When the morning sunshine flooded the sky, Sofia appeared ablaze, glorious in the glory of the sun. Through streets decorated as for a festival, he came. He—their Czar—escorted by devoted and brave officers, to address and give his blessing to the recruits. As he was about to speak, some one pierced the crowd and crouched at his feet.

"Little Father," pleaded the one who knelt there—Xenia—"Little Father, I want to fight for you near the boy I am to marry. I come to you, for you will let me do it. You are not like those others who said 'no' to me."

Officers were about to push her out of the way, but with a gesture the Czar stopped them. Xenia lifted her head in hope, she had known always that their beloved Czar would listen, he would understand, he would say yes. Something urged her to speak. She told of the walk through the night, the train, the days at Sofia, and then she pointed an accusing finger at officers who had refused to help her.

The Czar was smiling, "Little girl," he said gently, "You will prevent the others from fighting, besides, what can a girl like you do?"

"Little Father," answered she, rising and facing them all, "Little Father, I can always die for you and for Bulgaria."

The Czar turned to his officers, facing the men, these soldiers of just one day. "Soldier Xenia" he said at last,

take your place in the ranks. Men like you make our country great. May the blessing of the Almighty be on us all, and on you."

Xenia dropped back. A gun was handed to her. She was near Danilo and together they listened to the parting words of their Czar. When he ceased speaking there was but one cry. The wind took it on its wings and the Turks listening heard the clamor and shuddered.

The next day Danilo and Xenia boarded the express—soldiers—lovers no more. Somehow their love had broadened, the love of the man and woman stood still while the love of country had become so big, so overpowering, that in the train as they went forward Soldier Danilo was teaching Soldier Xenia to load his gun.

On the edge of the firing line they camped at last. Every day on went the fight, every day they went forward, every day men dropped dead behind them, before them, and at their side. What did it matter? Black with powder, red with blood, their uniforms in rags, they went ahead in victory, laughing while the cannons were singing a death song that echoed with the beating of a thousand drums.

Sometimes the soldiers stopped. A dead horse would provide meat or they would make a sherbet with snow and his blood. Who cared if the snow was cold, if the windy sunset was of the same crimson as the snow! Who cared that men fell, if only others went on smiling as they fought, conquering new lands, making the flag of Bulgaria and the cross rest where but the morning before had rested the crescent. And in the male chorus of soldiers' voices there mixed the voice of one who had a woman's voice, but who could race, fight, or hold her own with the others. And all the army knew that it was Soldier Xenia with her shadow Soldier Danilo.

It seemed as if the two of them had been afraid that some one might do better than they, so eagerly they raced to the dangerous spots. One day tak-

ing cannons, another day coming back with a flag belonging to the enemy. Death smiled at them, she seemed to enjoy stepping back to let the lovers pass, letting sometimes the blood of others splash in their faces.

Adrianople was looming in the distance. A night bright with stars and frost had stopped the fighting of the two armies. A great peace seemed to fall from Heaven. The cry of the wounded, the moan of the dying had ceased. One could no longer see the battlefield. The stars gave every man the appearance of an indistinct shadow, lying on mother earth close, so close, as if they listened to the secrets she had to tell.

One by one the fires went out, there was no sound, heaven and earth were still, here and there the soldiers slept. Danilo had been listening for a long time to this and to something more—to the calm respiration of the woman he loved, sleeping with her head resting on a broken box of ammunition. On the cheeks he noted the shadow made by dark lashes, and as he was bending over her, her eyes opened.

"Danilo" she whispered, moving noiselessly nearer, "Danilo, sweetheart, look—the night is still—just like the night in the village. Do you remember it? It seems now that our soldier souls are gone and that we are back to the good old days. It was all love and peace then!"

"Yes, Xenia," whispered the man, "I feel it too. It seems, dear, the same night and the same stars shining."

Slowly the hands of Xenia reached those of Danilo and the silence closed around them while something in the air whispered old words long forgotten, just sweet words of love!

"Xenia," said Danilo at last, Xenia, sweetheart, won't you be my wife now?—tomorrow or the next day we shall come to Adrianople, let us be married there!"

Soldier Xenia shivered a little. "Yes, Danilo" she answered at last, "We will be married at Adrianople—and my wed-

ding ring shall be made from a Turkish gun."

Then her head dropped on his shoulder. The world was forgotten. It was the old story over again but with death watching in the background.

Far away a dog barked. A gun cracked near by and a cannon answered, and again the calmness of the night and the brightness of the stars.

In the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria two women were heard in a street car in Scotland discussing the meaning of the word "Jubilee." One did not know the meaning of it. The other thought that she did, and gave the following explanation: "Twenty-five years mairits a silver waddin', an' fifty years mairits a golden waddin', an' the jubilee's whan the maun dees!"

Compensations

By Martha Martin

If it were not for the darkness
That enshrouds the world at night,
We should never know the beauty
Of the stars' soft radiant light;
But these eyes of Heaven open
When the shadows first appear,
And their lustre only deepens
As the blackness grows more drear.

If it were not for the sorrows
That we daily have to bear
In the trials and afflictions
That each human life must share,
We should never know the blessing
Of that holy inward calm,
Born of every earthly suffering,
Bringing with it healing balm.

Darkest clouds have silver linings,
Rainbows span the storm-girt sky,
Giving promise through the rainfall
Of full sunshine bye and bye;
Pain and anguish borne in patience,
Sweetest compensations hide,
And with every crucifixion
Comes a joyful Eastertide.

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The Exquisite Miss McLush.

By Nathaniel P. Willis

Miss McLush was tall, and her shape, of its kind, was perfect. It was not a fleshy one exactly, but she was large and full. Her skin was clear, fine-grained and transparent; her temples and forehead perfectly rounded and polished, and her lips and chin swelling into a ripe and tempting pout, like the cleft of a bursted apricot. And then her eyes—large, liquid and sleepy—they languished beneath their long, black fringes as if they had no business with daylight. Oh! it was lovely to look into them!

She sat, usually, upon a fauteuil, with her large, full arm embedded in the cushion, sometimes for hours without stirring. I have seen the wind lift the dark masses of hair from her shoulders when it seemed like the coming to life of a marble Hebe—she had been motionless so long. She was a model for

a goddess of sleep as she sat with her eyes half closed, lifting up their superb lids slowly as you spoke to her, and dropping them again with the deliberate motion of a cloud. Her figure, in a sitting posture, presented a gentle declivity from the curve of her neck to the instep of the small, round foot lying on its side upon the ottoman. I remember a fellow's bringing her a plate of fruit one evening. He was one of your lively men—a horrid monster, all right angles and activity. Having never been accustomed to hold her own plate, she had not well extricated her whole fingers from her handkerchief before he set it down in her lap. As it began to slide slowly toward her feet her hand relapsed into the muslin folds, and she fixed her eye upon it with a kind of indolent surprise, drooping her lids gradually till, as the fruit scattered over the ottoman, they closed entirely.

Such supreme indolence was irresistible. I gave in; I—who never before

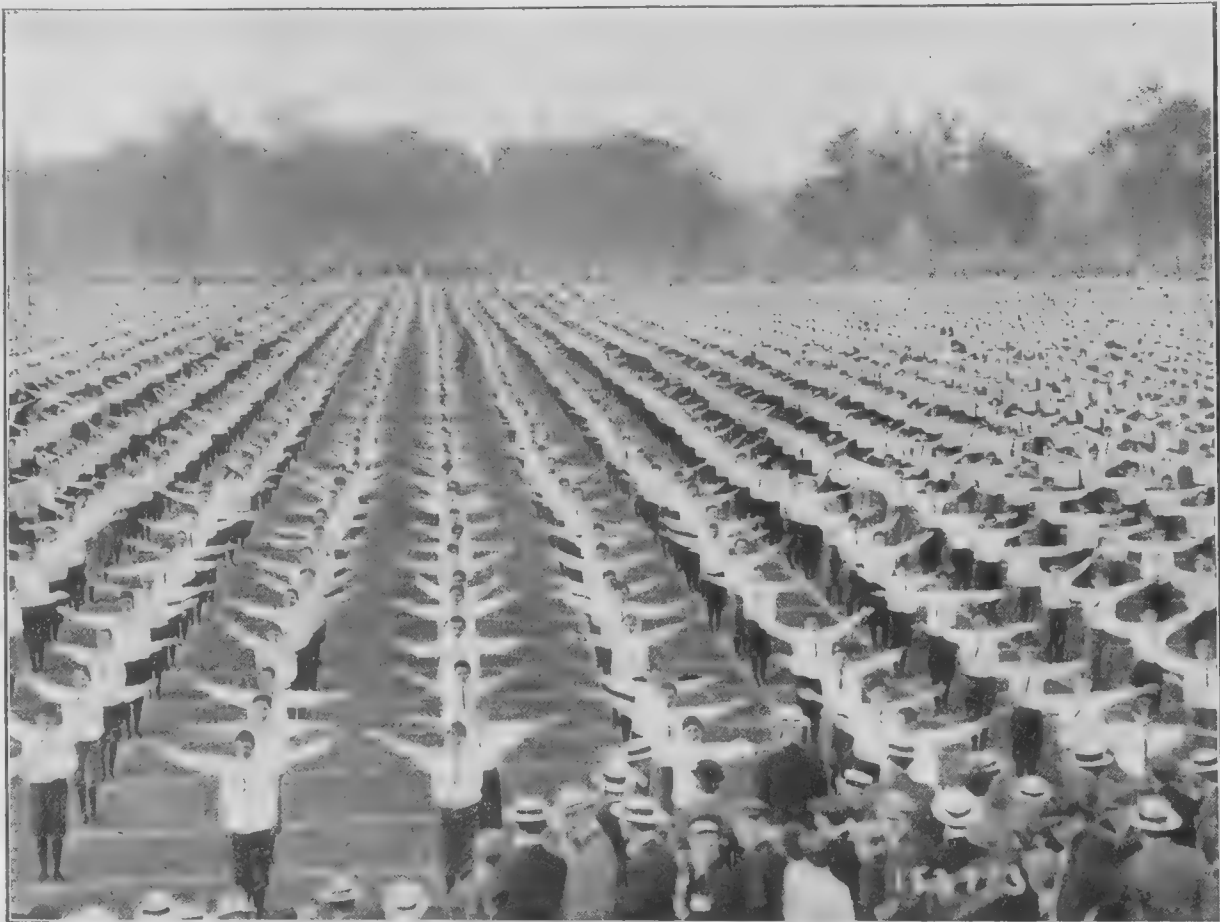
could summon energy to sigh—I—to whom a declaration was but a synonym for perspiration—I—who had only thought of love as a nervous complaint, and of women but to pray for a good deliverance—I—yes—I—knocked under. Albina McLush! Thou wert too exquisitely lazy!

I found her one morning sipping her coffee at twelve, with her eyes wide open. She was just from the bath, and her complexion had a soft, dewy transparency. It was the hour when she would be at the trouble of thinking. She put away with her forefinger as I entered a cluster of rich curls that had fallen over her face.

"Lady Albina," said I, "how are you?"

"Bettina," said she, addressing her maid, "how am I today?"

The conversation fell into short sentences. The dialogue became a monologue. I entered upon my declaration. With the assistance of Bettina, who supplied her mistress with cologne, I



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kept her attention alive through the incipient circumstances. Symptoms were soon told. I came to the avowal. Her hand lay reposing on the arm of the sofa, half buried in a muslin foulard. I took it up and pressed the cool, soft fingers to my lips—unforbidden. I rose and looked into her eyes for confirmation. Delicious creature! she was asleep!

When Benjamin Franklin Scored

Long after the victories of Washington over the French and English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Benjamin Franklin chanced to dine with the English and French Ambassadors, when the following toasts were drunk: "England"—The Sun, whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth."

The French Ambassador, filled with national pride, but too polite to dispute the previous toast, offered the following:

"France"—The Moon, whose mild, steady and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consoling them in darkness and making their dreariness beautiful."

Doctor Franklin then arose, and, with his usual dignified simplicity, said:

"George Washington"—The Joshua who commanded the Sun and Moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

Hollywood Palace is closed to the public on account of the suffragettes.



Father as a Quitter

Written for the Western Home Monthly, by Frances

IT is a growing belief—with many people—that the fathers of today shirk their part in the bringing-up of their children. If this is so, it is a very unwise and selfish thing for fathers to do. The plea or excuse, that father is tired with the work of the day; that he has done his share in providing the bread and butter and "wherewithal" for his family, is really no excuse at all.

Beyond doubt—he is tired! Whether his employment be of hand or brain, he is unquestionably tired; but what of the mother?

The mother of a household, maintained, on ordinary daily, monthly, or "at any old time" wage, has no enviable position.

Imagine a man in her place, with "a half dozen irons in the fire" at one time, as a woman often has. Say—a pot of jam to be kept from burning; a batch of bread in its various processes of making; something to be mended; a creeping baby to keep out of the stove and coal-hod; three or four active larger "babies" out in the yard, requiring oversight, lest they destroy themselves or each other; or carry off the surroundings entirely; and a dinner to prepare and serve at a given hour; why—a man of just common man-intellect, would go stark, raving crazy! Yet, a woman wins through in some fashion, but at an enormous sacrifice of temper and vitality. Father comes in to a hard-earned supper—after that, he will cast off care, with his working shoes, and putting on his hat at a becoming angle, will travel forth to recuperate, from his nerve and body-racking day. What of the mother? All day long her nerves have been filed to breaking point, and bed time often finds her, still upon her aching feet. She has to adjust quarrels; bind up cuts and bathe bruises; and try to enforce obedience to her wishes. What wonder if she loses authority sometimes, and children regard mother as an irritable being, formed of "Don'ts"; and divers querulous admonitions. Many a woman

gains the reputation of "Shrew"! who is simply a victim of "nerve-frazzle." What would happen if mother arose from a disordered tea-table, and swaggered away on her own pursuits intent? her hat on rakishly at one side, and hands thrust deep into the pockets of her coat; why, an uprising would take place! Father would have several fits! and what an outcry would go up from the children! Why, father is almost a stranger to them! Nine fathers out of ten would not recognize their own, if they met them unexpectedly a mile or more from home.

Seriously speaking—fathers should devote a portion of time to their children. A "word in season" from father often carries more weight than a whole chapter of "Don'ts" from a busy, worried mother. If every father won the confidence of, and established comradeship with his daughters, perhaps there would not be so many girls going as-

tray, or designated as "Street-Walkers"—ere they come to long dresses. If he asserted firmer authority over, and kept closer to his sons, there might not be so many useless, spineless, aimless young men in the world today. Fathers! you cannot shirk your obligations without being punished.

Dear Mothers! we cannot pick up a "periodical," but what is filled with "Do's," and "Don't Do's"—for our "doing" or "undoing." Hints on economy; recipes; "sewing wrinkles," until the brain fairly reels with the well-meaning, and conflicting things, hurled at our devoted heads. Why is there no "Magazine Advice" for fathers? Here lies a field, yet untrodden, waiting for the enterprising man or woman, who will launch upon its career. "The Father's Magazine"! Father's spare time will be well employed then, in reading—"How to make a pair of rompers for 'Baby Lou' out of his own worn-out jeans" "How to re-seat Jimmy's trousers and re-hand his mittens." "To retail Bobby's shirt and re-foot and re-knee his stockings." He will be told—"How to make a delectable, economical pie, out of a potato and a handful of apple-cores," and he will be instructed "to

make two elegant napkins out of the ends of a worn-out dish towel," and his holidays can be profitably spent in following the good advice measured out in Father's Magazine.

Why are there no holidays for Mothers?

To most mothers, a holiday looms up like an ogre! the very busiest days of the year! I have a dim idea of having heard of "A Mother's Day" but I am in the dark as regards any well-defined knowledge of its purpose or meaning.

But—after all, mothers take unto themselves burdens, that there is really no need of doing. Children can be taught to "help" at an early age; boys should learn to cook and dry dishes. I have in mind as I write, a boy who used to mend his smaller brothers' stockings, in the morning as he helped them to dress.

A girl has no real education, unless she knows how to keep house, and has some knowledge of sewing. Let there be a division of labor in every well-ordered home. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

Excessive Eating.

"Anything in excess is inimical to nature," said Hippocrates. When you put more food into your stomach than is actually required to sustain the body in health, you shorten your life a little. A writer in the British Medical Journal has collected some of the proverbs accumulated through the ages containing warnings against excess in eating and drinking:—

More people are killed by supper than by the sword.

Much meat, many maladies.

Quick to the feast; quick to the grave.

The glutton digs his grave with his teeth.

Feastings are physicians' harvests.

We haven't much use for the quitter,

The most of us hate him like sin;

But another chap makes us more bitter—

The chap who's afraid to begin.



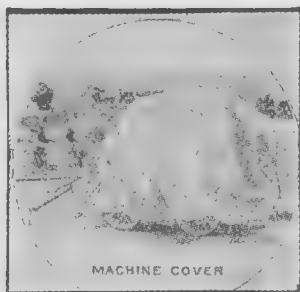
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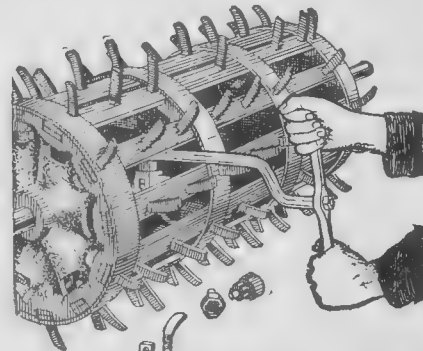


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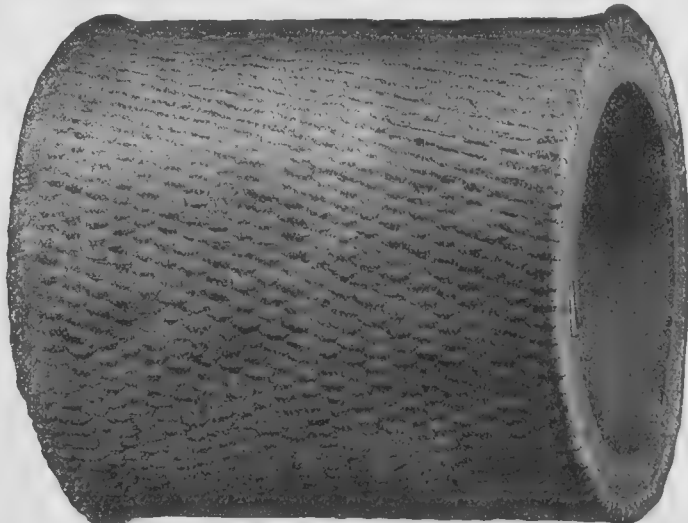


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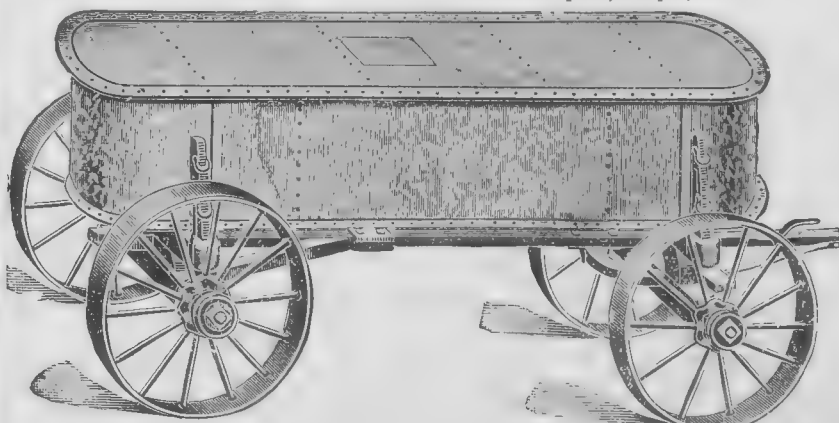
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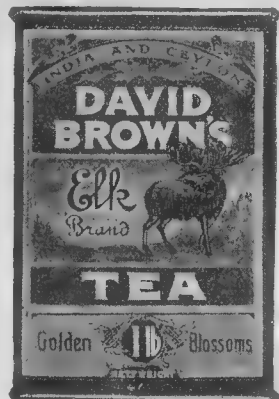
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Household Suggestions

Cooking Vegetables

The usual method of cooking vegetables in a large quantity of water, which is afterwards thrown away, is not to be recommended, as it means the loss of much valuable saline matter. Where the cooking liquor is not used, as with such vegetables as peas, turnips, beans, etc., etc., it is well to add a little sugar to replace that which has been lost in the boiling. Root vegetables are always improved by the addition of a little butter when being served.

It is difficult to give a definite time for the cooking of either root or green vegetables, as so much depends on their age and freshness. Green vegetables should be cooked rapidly in boiling, salted water; they should not be covered while cooking, as this tends to make them lose their color. Some cooks add a little soda to the water in which green vegetables are cooked, but this is neither needful nor advisable.

Just as soon as vegetables are tender they should be removed from the water, as too much cooking causes the flavor to deteriorate. The exception to the rule of cooking green vegetables in boiling water is spinach, which requires no water other than that which clings to the leaves after washing.

Spinach needs more washing than any other vegetable because it grows in a sandy soil close to the ground. To prepare it for cooking, remove the roots and dead leaves; then wash by placing it a little at a time in a large vessel of cold water, toss it about, and transfer it to fresh water. Repeat the process till all the sand is removed, and the last water is perfectly clear. From six to ten waters may be needed to accomplish this properly.

When preparing cabbage, cauliflower, dandelion and beet greens, remove all the dead leaves, wash thoroughly, then let stand in cold, salted water for an hour before cooking. This draws out any insects that may be hidden among the leaves.

Cabbage should be cut into quarters when being cleaned; cauliflower is sometimes divided into small flower stalks, and when this is not done it is wise to make a crosscut in the stalk, otherwise, being hard, the center is not likely to be sufficiently cooked as soon as the rest of the plant.

Beets need no preparation before cooking, and should be boiled without even cleaning. If the skin is broken they will "bleed" and lose much of their attractive color. The tops should be cut off several inches above the root, and the beets cooked till tender in boiling water. Young beets will cook in about an hour but old ones take much longer.

Green vegetables are sometimes prepared for the table by blanching—that is, cooking in fast boiling water from five to twenty minutes, having the saucepan uncovered. The water is then drained off, and the cooking completed by adding a little butter or drippings, seasoning, and a little stock, after which the saucepan is covered and the cooking continued very gently till the vegetables are tender. This method gives a much better flavor than where they are simply boiled in a large quantity of water.

There are several ways of eliminating at least a part of the odor of cooking vegetables. One is to discard the first cooking water after five minutes, replacing it with fresh water; a second plan is to place a small piece of charcoal in the pan with the vegetables; or, with onions or greens cook a slice of red pepper, fresh and dried, in the same pan.

Cucumbers, when they begin to get old, lend themselves to many kinds of cookery. They are very good stuffed and baked, and are prepared by cutting into halves, simmering till tender, then removing the seeds and filling the cavity with a savory forcemeat of bread crumbs, a little onion, lemon rind, or any seasoning preferred, together with half as much meat finely minced, as you have crumbs. Moisten with gravy, stock, or milk before filling the cucumbers. Lay the halves in a baking dish,

pour a little white sauce over them, and bake twenty minutes.

If you prefer to fry the cucumbers, cut them after peeling, into thick slices, and cook till golden brown, after which place them in a saucepan with a minced onion, seasoning, and enough stock to cover. Cook slowly for three-quarters of an hour, and add a little lemon juice just before serving. Served with steak, or lamb chops, these are excellent.

Puff Paste and How to Make it

There are many good cooks who will tell you frankly that they cannot make good pastry. Either it is tough or it is greasy or possibly it has both faults. We need none of us think very hard to remember pies and tarts we would rather not have been invited to eat. And yet, the making of pastry began away back when the first cook discovered that by adding oil and honey to the meal for her flat cake she could make it into a tempting dainty. Somewhere in the beginning of the middle ages butter began to take the place of oil, salt was used as a flavoring and it was discovered that eggs imparted lightness and richness to the pastry. Then began the use of pastry as an enclosure for meat followed quickly by its combination with fruit and cream. In those days of groaning boards heaped with everything edible there was no lack of opportunity for its use, and up to the middle of the nineteenth century every chef vied with his fellows in the construction of wonderful pastries and confections, huge in size, and elaborate in design and decoration. In recent years our talent in this direction has been limited to small pastries, which if less imposing still afford scope for ingenuity, taste and manipulative skill.

The quality most to be desired in pastry is lightness, and when it is thoroughly understood that this depends almost entirely in the amount of cold air in the pastry when expansion takes place in the oven there will be few failures. The difference between puff paste and short paste is that in the former there are thin layers of air and pastry alternating, while in the latter the air is mixed in irregularly.

A frequent cause of failure with pastry is the use of the ordinary household flour, which, while more valuable as food than the fine starchy flour, contains a larger proportion of gluten and makes tough pastry.

The butter used for pastry should be good and sweet. For ordinary pastry, good clarified fat is better than lard or dripping.

Rich short crust is lighter when made very stiff using little water, but a plain crust unless it is sufficiently moistened will be hard and tough. The consistency of the butter determines the amount of water to be used in making puff paste; when the butter is soft the paste must be equally so, otherwise it is impossible to keep the layers separate and the paste is deprived of some of its flakiness.

The fat or butter should never be rubbed in with the palms of the hands but lightly and thoroughly with the finger tips. A knife is best for mixing as it is cooler than the hands and paste should be kept as cool as possible.

Paste should never be rolled backwards and forwards, but in short forward rolls, lifting the pin between the rolls. Puff paste should never be rolled off the edges, as this forces out the air; thin the edges by a little pressure or by an inward roll. Care in this respect and allowing the paste to stand between the turns and so giving the butter time to harden and keep the layers separate will ensure success with puff paste. Paste to which baking powder has been added should be got into the oven as speedily as possible, otherwise the effect of the baking powder will be lost.

Puff paste:—One pound of flour, one pound of butter, one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Wash and squeeze the



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butter in cold water, dry well in a floured cloth. Keep out about two tablespoonfuls, shape the remainder into a square about the size of a slice of sandwich bread and keep in a cool place until the paste is ready. Sift the flour, mix in lightly, but thoroughly the two tablespoonfuls of butter. Make a well in the centre, put in the lemon juice and add water gradually until a smooth paste is formed. The condition of the butter determines the consistency; when soft the paste must be equally so. Toss the paste out on a floured board and knead it into a strip a little wider than the butter and more than twice its length. Place the butter on one-half of the paste, fold the other half over, enclosing the butter entirely, and press the edges together with the rolling pin. Let it remain in a cold place for about fifteen minutes, then roll out to about three times the original length, but keeping the width the same, and fold from ends to centre exactly in three. Turn the edges round, so that the folded edges are on the right and left, roll and fold again, set aside for fifteen minutes in cool place. Repeat this until the paste has been rolled out six times. The rolling should be done as evenly as possible and the paste kept in a long narrow shape which when folded forms a square. Each time the paste is rolled out it may, if necessary, be sprinkled with flour, but it should be evenly distributed, and all the loose flour brushed off with a pastry brush before beginning to roll. When it has had its sixth roll it is ready for use. It should be baked in a hot oven and set where the bottom will get the heat first. A layer of brown paper should be used to line the bottom of the pan in which it is baked.

Round the House Recipes

Did the cork of your glue bottle ever stick tight? In fact, was there ever a time after the bottle was first opened, when it did not stick? To avoid this, rub the cork all over with lard.

Fine sewing pins to pin fast a piece of work will be found very useful to one who does much sewing on delicate materials. They can be made of different sized needles in the following way: Dip the eye of the needle into melted paraffin, and shape into a round, smooth head with the fingers. Sealing wax may be used if preferred.

Grass stain is removed from children's hose and dresses by saturating the stain with corn syrup or molasses, previous to washing with soap and water. Blood stains disappear after being soaked in glycerine and washed out with soap and water. Automobile grease is easily taken out of washable material if lard is generously applied before laundering.

Never use a cloth or brush to remove the soot from cooking vessels; they are most easily and quickly cleaned by rubbing with old newspapers; if this is done each time they are used, soot will not accumulate on them; the paper can be so handled that the soot will not come into contact with the hands, and, when through using, it should be burned. When the deposit on them becomes caked, heat the vessel and rub the rough surface with a sandstone, but this will never be necessary if cleaned when used.

Common salt can be put to a great many uses if one only knows what they are. It will remove grease spots if dissolved in alcohol; cleanse glass bottles if put in water; relieve nasal catarrh if put in water and used to spray nose and throat; cleanse the teeth and harden the gums; brighten the colors in carpets if they are wiped up with cloths wrung out of salt water; relieve tired eyes if it is dissolved in a little warm water and used to bathe them; clean rattan furniture if dissolved in water and used for scrubbing; and will prevent pastry from scorching on the bottom if put under baking tins in the oven.

To keep the belt of a child's Buster Brown dress always in place, make a buttonhole in each end of the belt, and sew the button in the center of the front of the dress, placing a small pad of three or four thicknesses on the wrong side to prevent a tear.

To make bluing at home, buy a nickel's worth of the bluing powder at the druggist's and dissolve it in about a cup-

ful of hot water. After it is cool add enough cold water to make three pints of the fluid, strain it through a piece of cheesecloth and bottle it.

A thin cold starch makes an excellent window wash. Rub it over the glass with a clean cloth, then rub it dry with a piece of chamois. Any cloth, however, that does not leave lint, answers as well as the chamois. This treatment leaves the glass wonderfully clear with very little labor.

Never lay any kind of a scrubbing brush upside down after using, as the moisture on the bristles will sink into the back of it and cause the brush to become soggy; but stand it on the end, so the air can pass through both sides of it and dry it, causing it to wear longer.

An excellent cleaning solution for housecleaning time is made by boiling two ounces of shaved soap in two quarts of water until it is thoroughly dissolved. Remove it from the fire and add two tablespoonfuls of strong ammonia. This can be kept indefinitely if tightly bottled.

Kitchen Recipes

Fruit and Savoury Soups

Germans make a variety of soups in which fruit appears. A simple milk soup favored by the family is made by cooking rice so that it is thoroughly done, but light and free. It is boiled up once more, in plenty of milk, and into this good raisins or currants are thrown and cooked well to swell them. Sometimes this milk soup is seasoned just with a dash of cinnamon, or it is served merely with salt or sugar. In any case it is nutritious and hygienic.

A chocolate soup is a favourite sweet one very acceptable on a cold day. I add the recipe.

Take three pints of milk, four ounces of chocolate, two yolks of eggs, one teaspoonful of potato flour, sugar and salt to taste and the whites of the eggs. Boil the milk (saving a little to mix, later, with the flour), with the chocolate grated finely. Stir in the dissolved potato flour and then the yolks of the eggs. Sweeten with sugar to taste. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth and throw it, in lumps, on the soup in the tureen. Serve hot or cold. Cranberry soup, cherry, bilberry, pear or apple soup are all easily and simply prepared; they are all calculated to make a change in the round of daily food. Now that fruit is so well preserved, and so moderate in price, they are all within reach of the most thrifty housewife and tend to reduce the outlay on meat.

Rabbit Soup

It is a well-known fact that clear soup made from rabbit or Belgian hare, especially the latter, has a greater amount of nourishment than clear soup made from beef and mutton.

Skin, clean and singe a good-sized hare; cut off the hindlegs and shoulders, divide the remaining part into three pieces. Put two tablespoonfuls of olive oil in a saucepan; add an onion sliced. Cook slowly without browning. Cut the rabbit into pieces; roll each piece in flour, drop the pieces in the oil, shake until a golden brown, being careful not to brown the oil. Add a bay leaf, a saltspoonful of celery seed and two quarts of boiling water; bring to boiling point and skim; cover and simmer gently for an hour and a half; add a level teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. Take up the hare, remove the meat from the bones, cut it in blocks. Strain the soup, return it to the kettle; add the meat, a teaspoonful of kitchen bouquet and a teaspoonful of mushroom ketchup. Put into a tureen two hard-boiled eggs, and half a lemon cut in thin slices; pour the soup over this, and serve at once with crescent-shaped croutons.

Science in the Kitchen

When the cook has commenced to look a little further afield than usual she will soon find how sweets are mingled with flesh food. There is, for instance, a whole range of Austrian omelets, made somewhat sweet, into which meat, of almost any kind, is put. Ingenuity may easily be applied, for there is no law to denounce any experiment made by the seeker for variety.

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Poultry Column

By H. E. Vialoux, Sturgeon Creek

A Peep at the Poultry in M.A.C.

The "Better Farming" train is working its way through Manitoba giving much practical advice and expert knowledge on the care of the farm flock as well as many other live topics.

I quite enjoyed a little visit to the College when the chickens were being put in readiness to go on their travels at an early age, 40 youngsters were only just out of their shells. Of course their grown up aunts and cousins with an old daddy or two went along as well, but the little yellow, fluffy darlings were the most interesting.

Incubator hatches have been coming off, at the College since March 20th. The young fry number 900 of all sorts, White Leghorns were more numerous than the other breeds.

The March hatched broilers were very fine indeed: over 100 of these had been reared and the dozen pairs marketed June 1st had averaged 3 lbs. to the pair, which is excellent. The poultry runs presented a pretty picture, the neatly painted colony houses made of piano boxes, dotted at intervals over the field of peas, drilled in and growing well, despite the dry weather.



Happy with the Family Favorite Magazine

Each colony house contained a hover of the outdoor make and sheltered 50 chicks, ranging from 7 weeks to a few days old. The chicks look the picture of health and seem to enjoy browsing on the field peas.

Each house was provided with a hopper of dry mash, grit, a tin of butter-milk and a water-fountain. The obliging attendant told me bowel trouble had caused them some trouble and loss, but cutting off the buttermilk had helped in overcoming this disorder. Personally, I am afraid to use much milk for very little chicks, though an excellent food for month old chicks. I always make curds for little chicks and poulters sweet skim milk is much better and care is needed in feeding it as well, in hot weather. Prof. Herner has found the intensely dry spring we have had much too lacking in moisture for successful incubation, therefore the hatches have averaged small in percentage of chicks. I have experienced the same trouble this season, fertile eggs not hatching as well as usual either in the machine or under hens. Though the eggs have been well sprinkled with water, the chicks have had a difficulty in hatching freely in some cases.

The incubator room is full of interest with its row of machines of different makes and tables of new laid eggs, some boxed in neat cartons, ready to send to Roblin Hall for immediate consumption.

Lucky students, to have new laid eggs for breakfast!

The 300 hens, kept at the College, supply eggs for the institution as well as for incubation. The egg yield is not so good when the hens are kept in the somewhat restricted runs as under present conditions at the plant.

In St. Vital, the poultry plant will cover twelve acres, when doubtless better results will be obtained. For a splendid egg yield commend me to the well kept farmer's flock of hens especially if the farmeress is fond of poultry and keeps her watchful eye upon feed hopper and water fountain! If confined hens need so much green food, meat scraps, etc., to lay through rain or shine, but put mesh wire around your garden and give Biddy her liberty and see her pay "the grocery bill."

There are some fine water fowl also, at the M. A. C., but owing to cramped quarters and lack of water the eggs of either ducks or geese have not hatched as they should. Dry weather affects them even more than hens' eggs. Green fodder is quite an essential as well.

I heard the other day of a busy farmer's wife, who is located near a good duck pond where keeping ducks and geese is a simple matter. She had 200 ducklings and goslings hatched out by June 1st from a flock of 13 breeding birds.

Bronze turkeys and White Holland are kept as well at the College, but doubtless these birds will give a better account of themselves, when given heaps of room as they are essentially creatures of wild habits and liberty is the breath of life to them.

To sum up, the poultry plant is a splendid one indeed, every artificial aid to raising fowl being in evidence but after all I prefer a good strain of any utility breed and natural methods for the really successful rearing of chickens and any farmer can have these with a little effort.

"Breaking up" setting hens is one of the tasks that we are confronted with at this season. Very little trouble will be experienced if the broody hens are at once removed to an airy crate, which may be hung up to allow the air to circulate around it, feed well and keep in three days when the fever will have passed as a rule. Sometimes a half dozen can be broken up together by putting them in an outhouse with a lively cockerel to keep them awake.

Now is the time to introduce the axe to all but the finest of the roosters, as infertile eggs are the only reliable new laid eggs during the hot weather.

It is to be hoped Manitoba will follow Alberta's lead in the matter of egg circles and Winnipeg can then count on a better fresh egg supply. City people are quite prepared to pay the price for a superior article. Strictly new laid eggs are at a premium all the year around and customers will come some miles out to get these eggs, as they cannot rely upon the ordinary stock offered in town. Eggs should be sold by weight also and in the future these good things will come to pass.

From the Schoolroom

The Salis law is that you must take everything with a grain of salt.

Julius Caesar was renowned for his great strength. He threw a bridge across the Rhine.

The Zodiac is the Zoo of the sky, where lions, goats, and other animals go after they are dead.

An abstract noun is something you can't see when you are looking at it.

Algebraical symbols are used when you do not know what you are talking about.

Cataract is the name of the mountain on which the Ark rested.

The Mediterranean is joined to the Red Sea by the Sewage Canal.

The hole in the top of a volcano, out of which the lather comes, is called the creator.

Hoarding

Written for the Western Home Monthly, by Dell Grattan

WHO of us is there that has not carefully cherished articles for time unknown because they seemed too good to throw away, and because we didn't know exactly how to dispose of them anyway?

Almost every woman has some squirrel-like characteristics in her makeup. She hoards the most hopelessly impossible things under the delusion that they will come useful some day. Keep a thing seven years, and it will come in useful, our grandmothers used to say.

Perhaps you have a cupboard under the stairs. One of those long, dark, narrow old-fashioned horrors that reach away and away in, are as dark as Egypt in the days of the plague, and filled right up to the door with things that "are sure to be needed some day." One morning, under stress of housewifely zeal, you conclude that the cupboard un-

dust and tumble over things you have laid down, and fume and perspire, and drop candle grease over everything, and then when all is said and done you turn round and put everything back again because, well—they are too good to throw away and there is no place else to put them. Have you ever spent an hour or so in this manner?

Then perhaps you are a miser of old clothes. It may sound romantic to hoard the gowns of long ago, but it is really a poor policy. You know yourself they never are useful again, and you would not for worlds at thirty-seven, passing for twenty-seven, show to your dearest friend a relic of finery that you wore when you were sixteen. Your friend keeps just as strict tab on the fashions as yourself, and she can tell to a year, from an old dress, your correct age.



Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, new British Ambassador to Washington, and his family

der the stairs really must be cleaned out, so donning a big apron and dusting cap you seize the broom, and armed with a candle stuck in the neck of a bottle you sally forth. For a minute you stand irresolute in the flickering light of the candle, the awful hodge-podge of hoarded relics in front of you looks so formidable, but sternly conquering a decided inclination to leave it for a more convenient time, you fall to, after shoving and poking into the darkness to scare away any possible mice.

Dear, dear, how does stuff gather so quickly! First, an old rubber, some pasteboard boxes that would surely be useful some day, an old checkerboard, a discarded wringing machine, two or three fruit sealers, a used up lantern, a forgotten pair of shoes, a fishing rod (ouch!) a fish hook and then a broken hammer. Now comes a box of cartridges with the lid off and the contents rolling over the floor, a few glassless picture frames dangling from the wall, and then you lug forth a bundle of old magazines carefully put away in the uttermost corner, awaiting the day when someone might want to read them again. Out they all come, while you sweep and

The other day a garbage man found in a barrel a fat bundle wrapped in newspapers, and tied about with tape. Thinking he had made a find, he unrolled it. Out dropped two suits of fine cloth and good cut, but every portion was literally honeycombed with moths. He badly needed clothes and here were two good suits hoarded by some foolish woman until they were ruined. Why didn't she give them away? So it happened the man had a very large family, and his wife works out by the day. It was she who told me the story. "And how it would have helped me," she said, sadly enough, "with all them boys and my old man himself."

So give out of your store, give with both hands, broadly, kindly, and make another human creature, not so fortunate as you, the happier for the gift. Don't sell your cast-off clothing for a trifle, which in no sense repays you. Give it away. What to you is shabby and out-of-date, the old coat, (don't please don't, cut the buttons off) or the faded skirt, will make some person warm and happy when the winter winds blow.

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The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

This is the Exhibition number and I have been asked to say something appropriate to the occasion. I have looked through the prize lists of the different fairs, and cannot see anything strikingly new or interesting. The

Exhibitions only thing which seems to demand attention is the Dominion Exhibition at Brandon. I notice in this connection that the prizes for women's work are good, and I know that very extra efforts have been put forward by the management to make the grounds especially comfortable for women who may come in in the morning, and wish to spend the day there without the expense of going to a hotel. I think that I can assure the women who want to do this that they will be very comfortable. There are some very nice nooks to picnic in on the Brandon grounds, and while there will no doubt be good meals to be had, the attendance is likely to be very large and those coming in from near-by points might find it very comfortable to bring their own baskets with them. So far as Winnipeg Industrial is concerned, I have not heard of anything new in connection with it. The fact that this is probably the last fair on the old grounds has no doubt to some extent damped the ardour of the management in the line of introducing new features. In spite of this, however, I think the Exhibition will be well worth attending, and as the rates are reasonable, it is an excellent opportunity for women to come in, and I might say also that it will be an excellent opportunity to shop. We had rather a cold and backward spring, and while it has been hot enough of late, still the merchants did not sell as many summer goods as usual during May, and there are certainly splendid bargains in wash goods being offered and I understand that there are to be special sales of this kind during Exhibition week.

Since last I wrote I have attended the triennial meeting of the C.W.P.C. It was, as I stated in last month's page, held this year in Edmonton. It was a wonderful experience, this trip. For the first time in my life, I

The C.W.P.C. travelled for nearly ten days with a party of women. In the course of my newspaper experience I have more than once travelled with parties of men who were delegates to various conventions, and have been upon several occasions the only woman in the party. This meant that I enjoyed the luxury of a dressing room in the sleeper to myself, and had no trouble whatever. I have travelled in trains where the bulk of the passengers have been women, and have suffered a good deal of inconvenience from overcrowded dressing rooms and lack of consideration on the part of the women travelling for the comfort of others beside themselves, and I must frankly state that I looked forward to a train made up entirely of women with considerable apprehension, only to find that my fears were quite groundless, and that everybody was considerate and obliging, and everybody had a simply splendid time. So many of the members of the C.W.P.C. devote themselves to the writing of women's pages that I feel that an account of their triennial gathering and the social events that affected it, will be interesting to nearly all my readers.

On the afternoon of June 7, some 44 members of the Club came in from Eastern Canada. They covered the territory from Halifax westward, though there was only one delegate from Halifax and only one from Montreal. There was a good contingent however from Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, London,

At Winnipeg and individual representatives from some of the smaller cities and towns of Ontario. When the train pulled into Winnipeg Station, they were met by not only the members of the local branch, but by the civic and railway officials, and both the visitors and members of the Winnipeg Branch were taken out by the Publicity Commissioner in mo-

tor cars and had a splendid run round the city. Tea was served by the Parks Board in the beautiful Pavilion at Assiniboine Park, and later at the Royal Alexandra the City Council of Winnipeg tendered the newspaper women and a number of invited friends a banquet. It was a very jolly affair and an admirable augury of the good things to come. The banquet was concluded just in time to give the members a chance to get comfortably on board their train for Edmonton, which left at eleven o'clock. Everybody was tired, and it took a considerable time to get evening gowns packed away, and the berths located and everybody in bed, so that it was not surprising that everybody slept pretty late on Sunday morning. However, the sound of "Last call for breakfast in the dining car" was sufficient to bring out even the greatest sluggards. All day Sunday the train sped westward, and all day the women visited back and forward. The Winnipeg branch was 20 strong, and occupied a Pullman of their own. The eastern delegates had two cars, so that there was plenty of going to and fro. It was like one happy family which had been separated a long time and had come together for a reunion. One very distinguished guest who accompanied the party was Miss Agnes Maude Nachar, whose verse and novels have been familiar to nearly all Canadians for many years. Miss Nachar is a dainty little lady, her face surrounded by soft silvery curls; she was the oldest member of the party, she was also one of the brightest and most contented members, always ready to enter into anything the others wished to do, and enjoyed the scenery and the people with a zest and vigor that was not outdone by the youngest member, who was a sweet bud of seventeen.

At Saskatoon, on Sunday afternoon, the train was met by the District Superintendent, Mr. Edward Duval, and several officials. There was time for a nice stroll up and down the platform, and the party was augmented by several members from Saskatoon.

At Saskatoon Our train arrived in South Edmonton on Monday morning about 7.30, and here the delegates were met by many of the citizens of Edmonton. All who wished to accept hospitality were bidden, and they were met in almost every instance by their host or hostess. Just prior to our arrival, a train had come in from Calgary, bringing the Vancouver and Calgary contingent, also some odd members from points where there is not sufficient to form a local branch. Monday morning was spent by the majority of the delegates in getting located and changing into lighter attire, for Edmonton gave us a very warm welcome in the matter of weather. The executive was called together in the morning, but the rank and file did not convene until the afternoon. When the roll was called, it was found that, with the members of the Edmonton local branch, there were 13 members present. The Club was organized in Winnipeg in 1906, and at that time there were only some 40 members present, and there was not a single local branch in existence. The Secretary's report showed that the total membership in Canada is now 240, so that 200 members have been added in the seven years that have elapsed since the organization of the Club. The actual business of the Club would not be of special interest to the general reader, as of course it consisted largely of shop. There were, however at this meeting many interesting women present—Jean Blewett, Nellie L. McClung, Mrs. Murphy (Jennie Cannuk) Mrs. McKay, Miss Emily Weaver, and last, but not least, Miss Marjorie Mac-Murphy of Toronto, President, who has been for years a writer on many topics, and has more recently become very prominent through her articles in the Canadian Courier on the cause of the working girl.

The citizens of Edmonton gave the Club a royal welcome, and on Monday evening there was a civic conversation and banquet. At this conversation the

guests had the pleasure of hearing Jean Blewett, Isabel McKay, and Nellie L. McClung recite from their own works. Tuesday was taken up with business meetings of the Club until

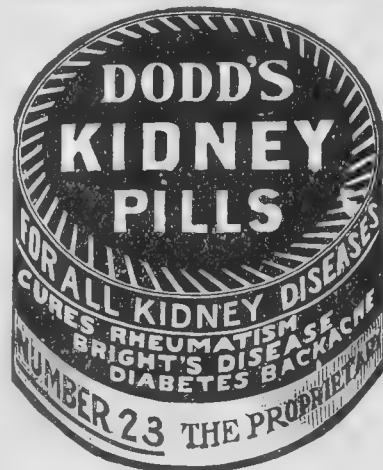
Edmonton five o'clock in the afternoon, when the whole Club

was invited to an afternoon tea at the home of Mrs. Secord, one of the old timers in Edmonton, whose beautiful home, overlooking the valley of the Saskatchewan, proved an ideal spot in which to hold such a function. The guests strolled about admiring the fine pictures and exquisite statuary and listened to the music of the first-class orchestra. Everyone had on their prettiest gowns and it was a charming scene. Mrs. Secord proved a most gracious hostess, and was ably assisted in her efforts to entertain the Club by a number of Edmonton women.

On Tuesday night at 8.30 the entire Club became the guests of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. The Railway had provided a special train to take the members through the Rocky Mountains to Tete Jaune Cache, which is practically

the end of the steel at the

G.T.P. present time. The night was spent in covering the territory between Edmonton and the Mountains, and just at sunrise the party awoke to look out upon the glorious snow capped peaks. All day long we followed first the windings of the Athabasca River, and later, after we had passed the great divide, those of the Fraser. No one can by pen describe the beauties of that scenery. At Jasper Park the party was joined by Colonel Rogers, the Superintendent, who knows all this country thoroughly, and who was indefatigable in giving the party information.



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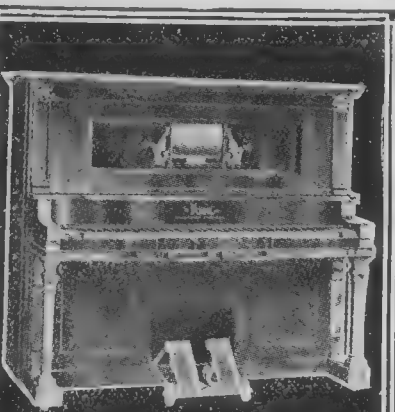
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For the first time many of us learned the origin of the Yellowhead Pass, Tetejaunecache. In some remote period, even before the Hudson Bay, a Scotchman, or a Dane, named Jasper Hawes, went into this country to trade with the Indians for furs. He was a typical

Yellow Head cal blonde, and had a wonderful quantity of fair hair, which he wore long, and the Indians called him in their own language "Yellowhead" which the French voyageur speedily translated into "Tete Jaune." "Cache" came from the fact that this man had, at this particular point on the Fraser, cached all his surplus supplies before starting in canoes down the Fraser towards Fort George. His name is perpetuated not only in Yellowhead and Tete Jaune Cache, but also in Jasper Park at a station called Hawes. Jasper Avenue in Edmonton is also called after him. There is very little definite data about this man, but he must have been a strong personality, or he would not have succeeded in impressing himself so indelibly upon the country. We had nearly two hours Tete Jaune, which by the way was flooded the day we arrived owing to the rapid melting of the snow on the mountains. We also spent an hour at Robson, and gazed on the wonderful 13,700 ft. high mountain, which has only twice been conquered by man—Mount Robson. It was capped, and though we waited for over an hour, the cap was never lifted, though during our stay occasionally it shifted. Sublime seems to be the only word which at all approaches a description of this massive pile of rock, snow capped and cloud crowned. The great summer Hotel of the Grand Trunk Pacific will be built facing this mountain, and from it parties to attempt the ascent will be made. We got back to Jasper Park in the evening, shortly before sunset, and had the pleasure of sitting on the banks of the famous Athabasca and watching the gorgeous display of colors as the sun went down. At this point, we ran across a woman who before her marriage had also been a journalist, having worked as a reporter on the first 1/2d paper in London, England. She was overjoyed to meet with sisters of the craft, and was eager with questions as to how we did our work. It was not hard to guess that she still hankered for the old life. Her husband is an engineer on the construction, and soon she will be moved still further westward into the mountains.

At Tete Jaune Cache we ran across Mr. Jowatt, who 25 years ago was organist of Holy Trinity Church, Winnipeg. When the darkness came, there

was not much difficulty in getting the party to bed. **An Old Timer** Everyone was dead tired, and the moment berths were made up, in we tumbled, and slept the sleep which comes from long hours in the pure exhilarating mountain air. We reached Edmonton about eight o'clock on Thursday morning and at ten were taken out in automobiles by the Advertising Club of Edmonton to see the City. It was a gorgeous day, and Edmonton certainly looked a queen among cities. The lush verdure of June was on all the trees in the deep valley between the north and south sections of the town, and the members from Eastern Canada were loud in their enthusiasm of the beauty of the place. The Saskatchewan is very high this year, which of course adds to the beauty of the picture.

Thursday night the party left for Calgary and arrived there about eight in the morning. After breakfast and a general cleanup, there was an adjournment to Paget Hall, where the party was met by the City officials, who with others of the City took them out in automobiles. Calgary was looking her very best and "Sunny Alberta" was no misnomer that day. At noon the members of the local Press Club and the ladies of the National Council of Women entertained the whole party at luncheon, and a very jolly affair it was. In the afternoon there was a tea and speeches. The evening was free, and as many members had friends in Calgary, it was spent largely in individual social festivities. On Saturday morning the C. P. R. once more received the party, this time as their own special guests and whisked the whole of them off to their magnificent Hotel at Banff. We arrived shortly be-

fore noon, and after everyone had secured their baggage and got something to eat, the delegates broke up into small parties, some went driving, some riding, some indulged in golf, many spent the afternoon in the hot springs, but by 7.30 everyone was in evening dress, and after dinner assembled for the opening of the new ball room, a wonderful apartment with walls of glass, and which gave on some of the most magnificent scenery the world knows. It was a very pretty compliment to the Press Club that the C. P. R. should tender them this ball. It was not a very formal affair, and for that reason was all the more enjoyable. At this function, the Press Club seized the opportunity to present to George Ham, of the C. P. R. a fitted suit case, and the members of the Winnipeg Branch at the same time presented to Fred Trautman a handsome leather travelling case as a token of their appreciation of his care of their particular car. On Sunday morning, before seven o'clock, there was a grand stampede for the hot sulphur pools. After that breakfast, gathering together of luggage and the drive down the mountain side to the station. Once more aboard, the train pulled out for Calgary, but not with all who had gone west, as many of the members had seized the opportunity to go through to the coast. However, a very jolly contingent came back, and en route were entertained at Moose Jaw and Regina.

A Sleeping Child

Lips, lips, open!

Up comes a little bird that lives inside,
Up comes a little bird and peeps, and out he flies.

All the day he sits inside, and sometimes he sings;

Up he comes and out he goes at night to spread his wings.

Little bird, little bird, whither will you go?

Round about the world while nobody can know.

Little bird, little bird, whither do you flee?

Far away round the world while nobody can see.

Little bird, little bird, how long will you roam?

All round the world and around again home.

Round the round world, and back through the air.

When the morning comes the little bird is there.

Back comes the little bird and looks, and in he flies.

Up wakes the little boy and opens both his eyes.

Sleep, sleep little boy, little bird must go.

Round about the world, while nobody can know.

Sleep, sleep sound, little bird goes round.
Round and round he goes—sleep, sleep sound!

Home Economics Column

Swan Lake

There was a record attendance at the Swan Lake Home Economics on Thursday afternoon, May 22nd, when Miss Kennedy, of the Agricultural College, Winnipeg, gave her promised demonstration on dressmaking.

Three of the ladies on the May programme surrendered their turn so that the proceedings should not be unduly lengthened; but as the meeting was held so near Empire day, it was decided that part of the programme, which was under the direction of the Misses V. L. Gordon and Christilaw, should be given. After the usual business the president introduced Miss Kennedy to the members. The following items were much enjoyed: Recitation, "What shall we bring from the Motherland?" by Amorance Vermore; chorus, "Oh Canada," by school children; recitation, "Children of the Empire" by William Couch; chorus, "Land of our birth," by school children.

Miss Kennedy opened her address by emphasizing the need for the thorough

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It's a horribly loathsome disease—is Catarrh. It makes you an object of disgust to your friends—though they're usually too kind to tell you so. As a matter of fact your hawking and spitting and constant nose-blowing fairly make them sick. They turn away nauseated by your foul, fetid breath. Such things hurt you tremendously, not only at home but also with outsiders—with the people you meet in daily life.

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Do you take cold easily?

Is your nose stopped up?

Does your nose feel full?

Do you have to spit often?

Do crusts form in your nose?

Are you worse in damp weather?

Do you blow your nose a good deal?

Are you losing your sense of smell?

Does your mouth taste bad mornings?

Do you have a dull feeling in your head?

Do you have pains across your forehead?

Do you have to clear your throat on rising?

Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?

Do you have an unpleasant discharge from the nose?

Does the mucus drop into your throat from the nose?

NAME

ADDRESS



Don't be a nuisance to your friends.
And that's just what you are,
With hawking, spitting and a breath,
Made loathsome by Catarrh.

and explain to you just how you can be cured. For years he has studied the causes and cure of Catarrh. Today he is recognized as a leading authority on this common but dangerous disease. His success in conquering it is unparalleled; yet with all the benevolence and open heartedness of a good as well as a great man he now offers, free of charge, the benefits of his amazing skill and knowledge to all who need his help. He has saved thousands from Catarrh after all other treatments had failed to help them. They came to him sceptical and unbelieving, he cured them and their cures have been PERMANENT. He will send you the names of people, living right near you, who will tell you how successful he was in their cases. Without its costing you a cent he will gladly give you the most valuable and helpful Counsel. Don't miss this golden opportunity. Answer the questions yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the Free Medical Advice Coupon and send it at once to

Catarrh Specialist Sproule
117 Trade Building, Boston

Make Wash Day a Pleasure!

"HANDY BOY" WASHING OUTFIT

Only \$65.00

Complete and Ready
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Including "Canada" Power Washer, Wringer, Belt and Engine. Any boy or woman can operate this engine, that is why every farm should have a "Handy Boy" to do light work or chores. No exposed cog gears on this washer to tear the clothes. It is a combination hand or power washer, and guaranteed the best made.

Test it for 30 days in your own home before you need keep it.

If you haven't a copy of our catalog we will be glad to send you one free. Write us today.



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Adanac

Cast-Iron, **BOILERS**



TEA KETTLE No. 1
It took eight minutes for the water in this kettle to boil.



TEA KETTLE No. 2
It took just two minutes for this kettle to boil on the same fire as Kettle No. 1 required eight minutes.

The Adanac Boiler

STEAM OR HOT WATER

The Adanac Boiler is constructed on the principle of Kettle No. 2, obtaining, of course, a great deal more direct fire surface, which increases and intensifies the fuel's heat, and as a result adds about 300 per cent more heating surface than is found in the ordinary boiler.

Adanac Boilers have been rigorously tried and tested as to their efficiency, and More Heat and Less Fuel is the answer in every instance.

If Building

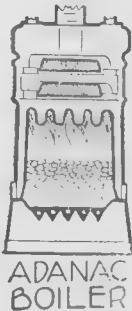
A New House, don't install the heating plant until you have seen the Adanac Boiler.

If Buying

A Home, see that the builder supplies an Adanac Boiler, then you will have the most efficient heating plant it is possible to secure.

Estimate of Cost supplied upon request. Send Today for illustrated literature.

CLARE & BROCKEST LTD.
WINNIPEG CANADA



and systematic study of each subject which was taken up by the Home Economics societies. In dressing each part should be well thought out, and the directions studied before any attempt was made to cut out from the pattern. Miss Kennedy also spoke very plainly on the necessity for every child to learn to sew properly.

In studying the art of dressmaking, the best article to begin upon was a house dress which should be simple, washable, durable, light in weight, comfortable, skirt and waist joined, short and becoming. Although a house dress is one of the most simple that can be made, any worker who could make one well would be capable of so altering or adapting from the original pattern as to be able to make any dress desired. Miss Kennedy then laid down certain rules which should always be followed in the art of dressmaking:

First—When it is found necessary to shorten the skirt never attempt to do so by turning up the bottom hem; shape the skirt up from below the hip measure in the waist line, taking in the seams until the desired length is found.

Second — Mark the centre front and back, top and bottom, with a few running stitches, and be sure to have all seams running in straight lines from the waist to the bottom of the skirt to insure a good "set."

Third—Do not be afraid of over-basting. Basting is most important, and should be carefully done before any real work is commenced on the gown.

After thoroughly demonstrating the making of a house dress, Miss Kennedy gave practical directions for drafting a pattern of a dress or coat by using a corset bust placing the pattern material on it and fitting and moulding it. This was an interesting part of the demonstration and was thoroughly enjoyed. It was so clearly and fully explained that it could be easily understood. A hearty vote of thanks to Miss Kennedy for her splendid demonstration was moved by Mrs. Gardner, seconded by Mrs. Flack, and unanimously approved.

Then followed the second part of the programme: Solo, "My heart is over the sea," by Mrs. T. W. Simpson; flag drill by nine school girls; duet, "God Bless Our King and Country," by the Misses V. L. Gordon and Christilaw. The National Anthem was then sung and lunch served.

Mrs. W. E. Gardner kindly acted as corresponding secretary during the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Langridge.

THE MONTH'S BRIGHT SAYINGS

Arnold Bennett: It is as great to be a woman as to be a man.

Sir William Osler, M.D.: Our greatest misfortunes come to us from ourselves.

Viscount Okuma: There is no more helpful and profiting exercise than surmounting obstacles.

William Jennings Bryan: Sometimes noble failure serves the world as faithfully as distinguished success.

George Horace Lorimer: Some people spend their lives waiting at way stations for the limited express.

Andrew Carnegie: Misrepresent nothing. No permanent success was ever built upon a foundation of fraud.

Dr. J. W. Robertson: To learn and then to practice opportunely what one has learned—does not this bring a sense of satisfaction?

Edna Ferber: You would probably be surprised if you know how much good has come out of your mistakes.

Rev. R. E. Knowles: It is better to tempt the fates and "breast the blows of circumstances" than to sit in the shadow of progress when another step would admit you into sunlight.

Thomas A. Edison: Those who have real merit are the last ones to see it in themselves and the first to see it in others.

Sir Hiram Maxim: We learn wisdom from failure more than from success; we often discover what will do by finding what will not do.

Lord Strathcona: It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthful; you can hardly put more on a man than he can bear. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.

Rev. Dr. Bland: Some people would rather beg what they want from heaven than work for it. They forget "in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread" and that one should pray as if everything depended on heaven, and work as if everything depended on man.

James L. Hughes: There are just two classes of children who should be kept in the kindergarten until they are nine or thereabouts—the unusually dull child and the child who is unusually bright. And I make that statement as the result of almost a lifetime's study of the question.

The Popular Cook Book

The cook book, with its varied recipes and the assistance it gives housewives is comparatively a very modern product. In the old days the women of each home cooked and baked with the knowledge gained only by individual experience. The desire for greater variety and for more economy led to exchanges of recipes and methods of cooking and this in turn led the assembling of large numbers of these recipes in what are now termed cook books. The most widely used and most popular cook book in Western Canada is the Blue Ribbon Cook Book. It was compiled by experts of national reputation whose time for more than one year was occupied in preparing it. The Blue Ribbon Cook Book is a cook book for Western women and was in fact prepared especially with the needs of Western women in view. There are scores of thousands of Blue Ribbon Cook Books now in use in Western Canada. When one housewife gets it her friends invariably want one and so recognition of its value spreads. Its oilcloth cover which is so easily kept clean is one of its unique features. This popular cook book is issued by Blue Ribbon Ltd., of Winnipeg, whose Blue Ribbon Tea and other Blue Ribbon pure foods are so widely used in the West. Any Western housewife can secure a Blue Ribbon Cook Book by sending one of the Blue Ribbon advertisements from this paper with twenty-five cents to Blue Ribbon Ltd., Winnipeg.

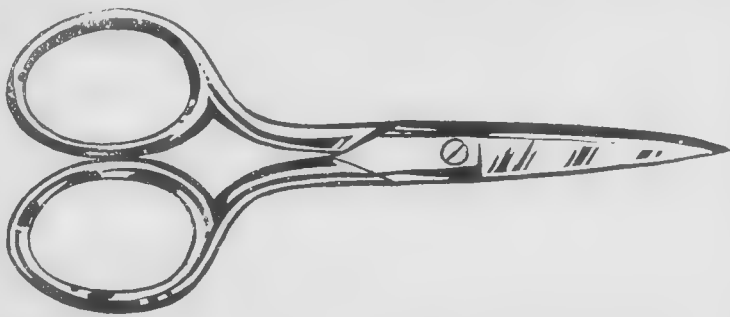
Keen Rivalry in Contests

Championship Honors to be Keenly Contested on Frontier Days' Exposition in July.

Cheyenne, Wyo.—The championship honors for lady riders, to be competed for at the Winnipeg exposition, July 8-16, will be keenly contested. In the broncho-busting competition. Fanny Sherry, who won the championship at the Calgary Stampede last year, has signified her intention of challenging "Prairie Rose" Henderson, who won the world's championship at the "Rhodio," Los Angeles, last year. In the relay race, after seven years' retirement, Mrs. W. H. Irwin, winner of the ladies' championship at Cheyenne Frontier Days in 1902 and 1904, will compete against last year's champion. It had not been the intention of Mrs. Irwin to compete again, and it was only the excitement of last year's race that induced her to change her mind. In a recent interview she said, "I'm going to show the youngsters that sometimes a champion can come back," and from appearances at her training camp the would-be champions will have to show splendid form to enable them to win.

In the broncho-busting, outlaw horse riding, and in every other feature of this great exposition visitors to the Winnipeg fair will see just as keen competition and witness a spectacle to be remembered for a lifetime.

A Premium Worth While



This Handsome Pair of Embroidery Scissors Free for One New Subscriber

These Scissors are made of the finest Sheffield steel and are useful in a thousand and one ways to every farmer's wife.

The usual retail price of these Scissors is 60 cents, so that you are in reality getting \$1.60 value for \$1.00. A limited number only on these terms, so let us hear from you immediately.

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Winnipeg, Man.**

Gentlemen,—Enclosed please find \$1.00 for Western Home Monthly to be sent to

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THE PHILOSOPHER

THE EXHIBITION SEASON

Once more, in rounding the circle of the year, we have come to July, the month which stands out on the Western Canadian calendar as bringing the Exhibition season. The Winnipeg Industrial starts and the other Exhibitions throughout the West follow in their due order, the whole succession furnishing a striking manifestation of Western progress. Every year sees a marked advance in the all-round development of Western resources and the building up of Western Canada into vastly more than "a mere geographical expression." Broad-based upon the agricultural industry, the life and work of Western Canada are shaping themselves into a great complex development, which is going to make itself more and more felt in the world. The industrial development of these provinces is going forward rapidly and variously. There are many Western Canadians, indeed, who do not realize to the full how rapid and how various that development is. The Exhibitions serve to bring them into contact with it, and help them to realize the progress the West is making. The Exhibitions serve, also, as the great annual round-ups for both business and pleasure, while the grain-maturing heat is doing its work over the millions of prairie acres ripening unto the harvest.

THE MOVEMENT FROM EAST TO WEST

There are increasing indications of disquiet in Eastern Canada on account of the movement of population to the West. For instance, the Woodstock Sentinel-Review says in an editorial in a recent issue:

"There are indications that the rush to the West has already gone so far as to invite at least a temporary check. Farmers in various parts of old Ontario are crying out because of the scarcity of farm help. In the Woodstock district the complaint is serious enough. It seems to be even more serious in other parts of the Province."

Among many other like expressions, take the statement made in the pamphlet issued by the County of Huron Publicity and Improvement Association that the population in that district of Ontario "has been decreasing for several years, owing to the stampede of young men and women to the West." To quote a few more lines from that pamphlet:

"Only the older men have been left on the farms, in many cases, to do the work. The attempt to replace the native population by means of immigration has not been very successful so far. Only a small portion of the immigration that remains in the Province is attracted to the farms."

Similar quotations from Eastern newspapers and other publications might be cited in great number. And, on the other hand, it would be easy to set forth a multitude of quotations from Western newspapers and other publications to the effect that, as the Medicine Hat Call tersely puts it, "The great reason why many young Ontario farmers have come west is that they could not see in their own province anything like the opportunity they knew the West held for them." The West is getting its turn in the development of this Canada of ours, whose vastness of area is matched only by the variety of its natural resources.

EMPIRE POSTAGE STAMP

An English newspaper makes the suggestion that all the postage stamps of the Empire should be of the one design, the only difference being in the names of the countries issuing them and their designations of value. The idea is that the words "British Empire Postage" should appear on them all. "The stamps could be uniform in color, the 1d. stamp of the United Kingdom being of the same color as the 1d. stamp of New Zealand or the 2c. stamp of Canada, and so on." It is a good idea. If such a system of Empire postage stamps were established, every one of the many millions of such stamps used each year would announce the unity of the Empire. It is to be noted that this country led the way in the matter of "Empire" postage stamps, though not in the sense here referred to. At the time of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, the then Postmaster-General of Canada, Sir William Mulock, caused a whole set of "Empire" stamps to be issued, in commemoration of that historic Empire festival. They were of oblong shape, and bore a miniature map of the Empire, with the inscription, "The Vastest Empire That Has Been." They are now curiosities in every stamp collection of any magnitude. They were a notable and significant issue, and if—or, rather, when—the excellent suggestion of the English newspaper for Empire postage in the sense of having all the stamps in the Empire of one design is realized, those Diamond Jubilee stamps will give this Dominion some claim to have foreshadowed that particular feature of the development of Empire unity.

ROSEATE HOPES AND HARD FACTS

There is, unfortunately, some loose talk heard on the other side of the Atlantic from some of those who undertake to induce emigration to Canada. Most of it comes from persons having no official responsibilities. The Victoria Colonist has lately been protesting with proper vigor against the statements which Miss Binnie-Clark is reported as making in the addresses which she has been delivering in London with the object of inducing women to come out and take up five-acre lots on Vancouver Island, on which, according to roseate word-pictures of the lady lecturing in London, as reported, they will be able to combine pleasure with profit in growing fruit and vegetables. She is represented as saying that lots of five acres each, with the very best of soil and all the conditions most favorable for successful fruit and vegetable growing, and with a market at hand in which there is a constant demand, can be bought near Victoria for \$100 an acre, by paying \$100 down and having the balance extended over a long term. "Will Miss Binnie-Clark," asks the Victoria Colonist, "be good enough to cable us, at our expense, where this land is? With some little knowledge of prices we would think it lucky to get a 30-day option on five acres of farming land near this city 'where the bulb-garden will slope down to the seashore' at \$1,000 an acre. There is none for sale at such a price or anything near it."

"HE WHO RUNS MAY READ."

In your survey of any issue of any newspaper you find something of the seamy side of life presented to your view. And if you do not remember that the news of the day is not a full and true picture of human life, as it is being lived from day to day, you are apt to think that the world is getting no better. The plain, honest, uneventful lives of the mass of humanity furnish nothing to the day's chronicle of humanity's doings that is printed. The crimes and disasters claim attention. Not that there are not included in every day's news records of personal heroism, cheering notes of progress in human welfare and advancement. But, taking even the murders, the suicides and other like events, we should try to analyze what led to them, and examine our own personal aims, inclinations and acts, with a view to discerning their tendencies. The same thing can be done with the more cheering items of news. Thus the newspaper can be made a teacher, a guide, a mentor, a friend. It can be made to breed in the thoughtful reader a deeper interest in humanity and a wider sympathy, a more alert conscience and a stronger will. And it is only through individuals becoming better that the world becomes better.

THE DIVORCE PROCEDURE

Within a fortnight of the close of the session of parliament which occurred in the first week of June, it was announced in the newspapers that already there were six applications for divorce listed for hearing at the next session of Parliament. The Senate Committee on Divorce will meet in November and December and take the evidence in these and the other cases that will have been listed by that time, and will later on make its report on each case to the Senate, which body in its intervals of work between the long intervals of rest in which it indulges during the session of Parliament, will consider these reports. In each case where the Senate decides that a divorce should be granted, it passes a Bill to that effect, which then goes to the Private Bills Committee of the House of Commons, which may reject it on the ground that the Senate was too accommodating. Well may one of the leading journals of the Dominion say:

"The spectacle of a number of elderly gentlemen without any special legal training conducting this kind of case is not very creditable to the country. When shall we have the end of this farcical procedure?"

Moreover, it is notorious that there has been lobbying at Ottawa in connection with divorce cases. In one case last session, when the Senate rejected its own Committee's report, the lobbying was openly denounced. The divorce procedure in this country is antiquated and costly. Right may be, and sometimes is obtained, but it is in spite of, and not because of the procedure.

AS TO DRINKING AND EATING

Perhaps there is no abler physician living than the great Canadian, Sir William Osler, who has held the leading positions in the two greatest medical schools on this continent, at Montreal and at Baltimore, as well as the Professorship of Medicine at Oxford, in England. In his latest book he says that sensible people everywhere have begun to realize that alcoholic excess leads invariably to impaired health. "A man may take four or five drinks a day,

or even more," he writes, "and think that perhaps he transacts his business better with that amount of stimulant; but it only too frequently happens that early in the fifth decade, just as business or political success is assured, Bacchus hands in heavy bills for payment in the form of serious disease of the arteries or of the liver, or there is a general breakdown." It is to be noted that Dr. Osler goes on to say that while temperance in the matter of alcoholic drinks is increasing greatly on this continent, intemperance in the quantity of food eaten is almost the rule. Adults eat far too much, he declares, and physicians are beginning to realize that the early generations, particularly of the arteries and kidneys, leading to Bright's disease, which were formerly attributed to alcohol, are due in large part to too much food.

ARE HINDUS WHITE MEN?

The recent decision of a court in Spokane that a Hindu is a white man, as defined by the present laws of the United States, and the admission of one to citizenship, is causing widespread comment. The Spokane judge gave credence to the declaration of the Hindu in question:

"I come from the northern part of India, or Hindustan proper. I am a high caste Hindu of pure blood, belonging to what is known as the warrior or ruling caste. The high caste Hindus always consider themselves to be members of the Aryan race, and their native term for Hindustan is Arya-Vartha, which means country or land of the Aryans."

The judge pointed out the difficulty of defining the term "white man", for no such man exists, in the common meaning of the word, "white." A "white" man would be a ghostly and repulsive object, and the meaning of the term "white man," as we commonly use it, must be taken as indicating people of light colored skin, some pink, some sallow, some brownish. The ethnologists have defined seven different types among the natives of India, some of them varying only slightly from what is accepted as the Aryan type. For a long time the Aryan race, which includes the most advanced people of Western Europe, was believed to be a distinct type, but recently some distinguished ethnologists have been denying that the blond race of northern Europe was Aryan. These ethnologists say it is impossible to define an Aryan. It would seem to be a matter of difficulty, likewise, to define a white man. But the decision of the court in Spokane is contrary to the practice of the British courts. It is only a few years since it was decided in this country that the Hindus are not entitled to be recognized as white men, no matter what their caste. In Australia and in South Africa the same decision has been arrived at. The Spokane decision has given further cause for complaint against the United States on the part of Japan and China, and has also added to the dissatisfaction of the people of California and the other Coast States, in view of the possibilities of the implanting in the minds of the Hindu millions in India, of the idea that it would be a good thing to move across the Pacific.

THE JAP QUESTION ON THE COAST

It is only within the past decade, or, indeed, within the last half of the past decade, that independent farming by the Japanese, the real object aimed against by the California legislation which has caused so much commotion, has become an actuality on this continent. California fruit farming requires a very large amount of labor to the acre. The procedure which the Japs have followed has been to underbid the white workers and so drive them out of the fruit-farm labor market. Then he raises the price, and at the same time offers to lease from the owner at a rental which is anywhere from 10 to 50 per cent more than any white man, with the Caucasian standard of living, can afford to pay. That is to say, the owner of the fruit farm can take his choice between a remunerative lease and an unremunerative lease; and he has chosen the former, finding it convenient, as well as profitable, to lease to the Japs. Land ownership by the Japs is the next step. Cheapness being the great essential in the modern system of production, the Japanese labor carries the day; and then there is the keen Japanese desire to own land. The problem is one which we are going to hear more of, not less.

CHILD LABOR

The maximum refinement of cruelty to children is not developed until a community becomes overcrowded and the struggle for bare existence places the employers of sweated labor in a commanding position; until cold and want and misery have deprived parents of the instinct to protect their children. There is no reason to think that mere babies are sweated in Ontario. But child labor is employed, and it is incumbent on us to see that the abuses of older countries are not reproduced in this Province.—Toronto News.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg

FRIENDSHIP

It is the law of friendship which holds society together. The man who can make friends holds a strong position in the social circle. He has an influence which is potent in its character and increasing in its power. In the hour of emergency a man's friends gather around him and for the sake of friendship refuse to submit to his dishonor or dethronement. Many a time an average man with strong friends has proven mightier than a strong man without friends. Make friends, man, make friends! Col. McClure says: "From the moment Grant and Sherman met they understood and admired one another; their friendship, their mutual reliance and esteem was uninterrupted and constant through good and through evil report."

BE PRACTICAL

Be practical. We live in a real world. We are face to face with real problems. We must face conditions exactly as they are. I may preach ideals, but I am compelled to practice realities. And if I cannot get the best, I am going to take the best I can get. If I cannot close the saloon for twenty-four hours each day, I will try and close it for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. If I cannot get a whole loaf, I will take a half. Let us be as practical as sane men ought to be. An English writer says: "I was once passing through a little village in the Lake District, and there was a card in the shop window which gave me more than a passing thought. On the card were a number of artificial flies with this engaging headline: 'Flies with which to catch fish in this locality.'"

CAN YOU SEE?

Friend, can you see? And if you can see, what can you see? There is a vast difference in the quality of eyesight. The original thinker can see deeper than most men. The practical politician of principle can see farther than most men. And the genuine philosopher and poet can see away beyond us all. All nature is beautiful and suggestive to the man who can see. Lyman Abbott remarks: "I pluck an acorn from the greenward, and hold it to my ear; and this is what it says to me: 'By and by the birds will come and nest in me. By and by I will furnish shade for the cattle. By and by I will provide warmth for the home in the pleasant fire. By and by I will be the strong ribs of the great vessel, and the tempest will beat against me in vain, while I carry men across the Atlantic.' Oh, foolish little acorn, wilt thou be all this? Hark, and the acorn answers, 'Yes; God and I.'"

APPRECIATION

Some men are full of appreciation, but they never say so. They leave it to you to guess, imagine, infer or suppose, that they appreciate your efforts in their behalf. "Mum's the word" and silence is the rule. These are the mortals who appreciate appreciation when it is lavished on them. But they never seem to be conscious that others are hungering for a word of encouragement. Individually they accept all praise, compliment and commendation, but to breathe to another one word of approval or encouragement seems to go against the grain. The mother of Thomas Carlyle wrote: "If he would only be satisfied; but I have learned that when he does not find fault he is pleased, and that has to content me."

YOUR DESTINY

It is a great thing for a man to believe that he is a child of destiny. To believe that in the plan of God there is a place for him. This makes life worth living. How poor we should all be without such a confidence. It is ours to believe that the place where we live, the time of our existence on this planet, and all supposed limitations of our surrounding circumstances have been permitted in divine purpose. Booker T. Washington has said: "I am proud to be identified with the Negro race. If I could reenter the spirit world and be asked what race I would prefer, I would ask to be made a Negro again."

ENCOURAGE

Blessed is the man who knows how to encourage. Blessed is the man who can criticize with kindness and suggest improvements with tact. It is always possible to cut the wick without putting out the light. It is always possible to prune the plant without injuring the root. There is danger in praise; but there is a greater danger in an absolute absence of praise. Canadians may read with profit the following paragraph: "The United States has rarely been the home of pessimism for any lasting period. Foreign visitors who stay long enough with us to really catch the spirit of the nation often remark on our spirit of enthusiasm and confidence. Among our recent visitors of whom this has been true is

the English novelist, Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. Wherever she went, she said in an address at a dinner of women writers in London recently, she was conscious of the same pervading atmosphere: 'An atmosphere of alertness, of enterprise, of hope, and, above all, of warm encouragement for workers of all sorts and conditions.' As an illustration of the difference she told this story: 'I showed an American artist a sketch done by a clever child. His face lit up. 'Why, now,' he cried, 'that's good. The coloring's fine. She'll get on, sure.' I showed it to an English artist. He examined it cautiously and remarked, 'I can't tell you all the faults at one glance, but I can see it's a little out of drawing.' Both spoke truth, but with the American truth and enthusiasm joined hands. The American wasn't afraid to encourage the little artist to think well of her work, and the Englishman was.'"

PAYING THE PRICE

Everything has its price. There is nothing in this world worth having which cannot be secured or attained if you are willing to pay the price. There is a price to be paid for skill, success, honor, popularity, power and character. There is only one question to be asked, namely, "Are you willing to pay the price?" And you will pay the price in toil and tears, blood and brawn, brain and thought, anxiety and sweat—if you are you can choose what you will. A lady fluttered up to an eminent violinist and said: "I would give half my life to be able to play like you do!" "That, madam," he replied, "is exactly what I have given to do it."

WISDOM vs. KNOWLEDGE

There is a difference between knowledge and wisdom. Wisdom is the "know how" of knowledge. Wisdom is the gift of knowing what to do with what you know. Wisdom is the difference between education and graduation. There are educated people and there are graduated people. There are people who "know why" and there are people who "know how." Solomon said "Get wisdom and with all thy getting get understanding." He was trying to express the same thought—the difference between book-knowledge and practical experience. Ruskin says a man may read all books in the British Museum and yet remain an uneducated, illiterate person.

GOD'S TOOLS

God can only use the tools which are near him, and among the tools which are near him, he will, all things being equal, use the instruments which are the sharpest. God can do more with knowledge than ignorance. God can do more with caution than with conceit. God can do more with intelligence than with a superstition. God can do more with convictions than with opinions. God can do more with mind than with missile. Get your tools ready. Have a keen edge on each blade. Remember God takes the instrument which is the nearest and the sharpest. Dr. Burnham, of Colgate University, once said: "God Himself can cut more wood with a sharp axe than He can with a dull one."

A SMALL ROOM

Within four walls is God, Time, Eternity, Thought and Spirit. You are a child of God, therefore, your presence makes a small room great—great if your thoughts are great—great if your ambitions are great—great if your desires are great—great if your ideals are great. Henry Ward Beecher once said: "Go into that little closet-room, not as large as this platform, in which Jonathan Edwards wrote his Treatise on the Will, in a cane-bottom chair (which a man promised to give me and never kept his word); and would you say that in that room about eight feet square, with a little miserable table and chair, it was not possible for a man to write an immortal treatise? You would have him sit on a meeting-house steeple, and write under the broad canopy of heaven. You would have the place where he worked bear some proportion to his magnificent treatise."

CUT IT OUT

The best surgical operation is the removal of a bad habit. And the removal of a bad habit is certainly a surgical operation. There is no gradual process by which you can remove the tainted roots of character. The thing must be done at once, immediately and instantaneously. The emergency calls for decision, action and execution. The man who can stand a moral surgical operation possesses "nerve." The fact is the whole matter is a question of nerve. Can you "cut it out?" To quote: "Henry Drummond used to relate how a gentleman went to a London doctor for a private consultation about his health, and how the doctor declared to him that, unless he made up his mind and relinquished a certain sin, he would be blind in three months. The

gentleman turned to the window, looked out with wistful despair, clasped his hands, exclaimed, 'Then farewell, sweet light,' and turned again to the doctor and said, 'I can't give up my sin.' And soon he was for ever blind. This is the climax of human tragedy, when a man's will-power is so enfeebled that he is practically paralyzed."

WITHOUT AIM

There are prodigals who never leave home. They are intellectual wanderers. They go from idea to idea as a bee passes from flower to flower, but more rapidly. They find no resting place for concentration. They are storm tossed on the ocean of their own emotions. They are as feathers on the stream of existence. They pass from pillar to post and from post back to pillar. They are double minded without being two faced. The black gulls at the Golden Horn are noted for seeming to be ever on the wing. They are darting everywhere and at all times, restlessly seeking something that continually eludes them. The natives called them "lost souls."

DONT "PUT HIM OUT!"

It may be easy to get rid of the man who differs with you, but have you gained anything by the process of elimination? May it not be possible that your critic may be correct? Might it not be possible that the man who stands in opposition may have a suggestion or two which would be profitable to you? And if he is wrong and you are right, do you not owe your opponent the debt of enlightenment? If your ideas are of any practical value does not "your friend the enemy" stand in urgent need of them. While W. J. Bryan was speaking to an audience a few days ago, a man in the crowd disagreeing with a statement made interrupted with a remark. Instantly half a dozen policemen had seized the interrupter and were rushing him out of the hall, when Mr. Bryan cried out: "Don't put that man out, officers; don't put him out! He's the man I'm trying to reach."

AS I GROW OLDER

Time tests all. Time proves friendship. Time determines character. Time cools the passions. Time eliminates the unnecessary. Time enforces the essential. At sixty only a few things are necessary—a place to live, a dollar or two to spend, a few associates for friendship's sake, and a quiet hour for meditation. At seventy the sun is setting and life's circle is contracting. At seventy the sun is sinking behind western hills and the western stars are piercing the blue. Said Thomas Carlyle: "The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the first sentence in the Catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes: 'What is the chief end of man? To glorify God and to enjoy Him forever.'"

TENDERNESS

Truly great men are tender. Tenderness is a soul quality—it is about the finest thing in human nature. It is love in germ and kindness in liquidation. Softer than velvet, richer than the down upon the pansy, more glorious than the silver light of the star, and more fascinating than the sheen on a bird's wing is tenderness of heart and kindness of soul. The historian remarks: "Sir Walter Scott was a man full of the milk of human kindness. Everybody loved him. He was never five minutes in a room ere the little pets of the family, whether dumb or lisp, had found out his kindness for all their generation. Scott related to Captain Hall an incident of his boyhood which showed the tenderness of his nature. One day, a dog coming towards him, he took up a big stone, threw it, and hit the dog. The poor creature had strength enough left to crawl up to him and lick his feet, although he saw its leg was broken. The incident, he said, had given him the bitterest remorse in his after-life; but, he added, 'An early circumstance of that kind, properly reflected on, is calculated to have the best effect on one's character throughout life.'"

LIVING A LIFE

The main thing in life is to live a life. For a man can be great without being famous and mighty without being well known. Into the fibre of our character we can weave the golden threads of conscience and the silver threads of sincerity. And what we are, is more than what we possess, and what we think more than what we say, write or do. Philip Brooks once said: "I want to live, if God will give me help, such a life as that, if all the men in the world were living in it, this world would be regenerated and saved. I want to live such a life that, if that life changed into new personal peculiarities as it went to different men, but the same life still, if every man were living it, the millennium would be here—nay, heaven would be here, the universal presence of God."



Pipe and Drum Band 79th Cameron Highlanders, Winnipeg

IN REMEMBRANCE

The Antarctic Heroes of 1912

England, heroic deeds have ever crowned thee.

Have proved the dauntless temper of thy soul;

Great memories of the past have ever found thee

Intrepid,—as of old, untouched and whole.

Triumphant mother! make an end to sighing

For heroes, happy!—with sonorous breath

Let bugles sing their requiem who are lying

In all the full magnificence of death.

They knew not failure!—dream and aspiration

They knew, indeed, and love, and noble joy;

And, at the last, faith brought them the elation

That Destiny is powerless to destroy.

The utmost summit of desire attaining,
What further is there left deserving strife?

Ah, there is still the peerless hope remaining,—

In death to prove one's worthiness of life!

England, once more heroic sons has crowned thee—

With hard-won laurels have enwreathed thy name:

Have shown the world the bulwark set around thee.

Adding a consecration to thy fame.

Nor have they blessed thee, only: Fate defying.

Others, in Lands remote, shall fear contempt.

And find it easier, themselves denying,
To die like heroes, too, remembering them!

They do not lie in lonely graves, forsaken,

Who for high ends supremely strive and dare!

From human hearts they can no more be taken.

And Immortality is with them there!

—Florence Earle Coates in July Lippincott's.

The Fumigated Band

An antiseptic Baby and a Prophylactic Pup

Were playing in a garden, when a Bun-ny gamboled up.

They looked upon the creature with a loathing undisguised,

They said he was a Microbe, and a Hot-bed of Disease,

They steamed him in a vapor bath of a thousand-odd degrees,

They froze him in a freezer that was cold as banished hope,

They scrubbed him with permanganate and carbolated soap.

With sulphuretted hydrogen they bathed his wiggly ears,

They clipped his frisky whiskers with a pair of hard-boiled shears,

They donned their rubber mittens when they took him by the hand.

And elected him a member of the Fumigated Band.

Nowadays there are no Microbes in that garden where they play,
For they bathe in pure formaldehyde a dozen times a day;

They take their daily ration from a hygienic cup,

The Baby, and the Bunny, and the Prophylactic Pup.

For he wasn't disinfected, and he wasn't Pasteurized.

They Have

"Now children," said the new school teacher, "we must have some sort of appropriate exercises in celebration of the opening of school. Would any of you like to suggest anything?"

"Why not recite 'The Melancholy Days Have Come'?" said the overwise boy in the back row.

Why She Thought So

"Mamma," said the little girl, "sister doesn't tell the truth."

"Why, Jennie," said the mother, "you mustn't say such things."

"Well, last night I heard her say, 'Charlie, if you do that again I'll call mamma.' And he did it twice more and she didn't call."—Ladies' Home Journal.



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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

Pampered Poodles

Chicago maids are protesting against being required to wash their mistresses' pet dogs. A long felt want would be filled by the invention of a canine vacuum cleaner.—Vancouver World.

An Unparliamentary Jibe

Says Maeterlinck: "I have ceased to look for anything more beautiful in this world, or more interesting, than the truth." Then he would not be interested in Hansard.—Toronto News.

Fashion Note

Men's trousers and coats will be skin-tight next fall and derby hats are likely to have crowns two inches high, says a fashion note. What awful things the women are wearing this year—aren't they?—Minneapolis Journal.

A Complaint from Greenwood

There is plenty of idle land in B. C., and yet around Greenwood some of us are eating cheese from Ontario, mutton from Australia, pickles from England, and beef and butter from New Zealand.—Greenwood Ledger.

The Lure of Western Canada

One of the wonders of the 20th century is the development of Canada. During the year ending March 31 it attracted over 402,000 immigrants, of whom no less than 139,000 went from the United States, many of them the very flower of western agricultural communities.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Busy Edmonton Minister

An Edmonton minister has distinguished himself by hitching up six married couples in one day. While it is not desirable to discourage this branch of local industry, it is to be hoped that the speeding up did not interfere in any way with good workmanship.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

A Quebec Boast

According to statistics of criminology for the past year, 40,782 offences, indictable and minor, were committed in Ontario and only 19,773 in Quebec. And yet there are those in our sister province who smile upon us as unenlightened.—Montreal Herald.

Vancouver Jocosity

A member of the Fijian Parliament objects to any reciprocal trade relations with Canada. As Canada has none of the favorite edible of the natives to spare, and there is no demand here for extinct volcanoes, the interchange of commodities would be inconsiderable.—Vancouver Province.

Surely Not

It is reported that the grey "murder car" used in the Rosenthal shooting case in New York, will be exhibited at the Central Canada Fair. Appropriately draped and stained it should attract the morbidly curious. But surely the Central Canada Fair does not have to tolerate such exhibits as that.—Ottawa Journal.

A Crime, and its Punishment

The Montrealer who sold wood alcohol to a number of foreigners and caused the death of eleven of them has been fined \$300. Canadians do not have to go to the United States for amazing features of the law to deal adequately with crime.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Athletics in China

The Chinese till lately disdained athletics, considering bodily exertion menial labor. But within a year the Manila Chinese alone have founded five athletic associations. The members display stamina, sporting spirit and pluck. They show themselves the best losers. The new development is sure to do the Chinese scholars good.—Victoria Times.

Human Nature in Moose Jaw

There was a considerable amount of human nature about the Moose Jaw man who is said to be going to claim damages against the hospital authorities for a nurse's mistake, unless the nurse is reinstated. He seems to be so determined to forgive his nurse that he cannot forgive others for not forgiving her. Lethbridge Herald.

"Splendid!"

Professor Darsonville, of the College de France, Paris, has invented an explosive ten times more powerful than dynamite, it is claimed. What a splendid substance it will be to place in bombs to be dropped from aeroplanes on the defenders of a country manoeuvring or attempting to hide below!—Ottawa Free Press.

While Stefansson is Away

Stefansson, the explorer, is soon to set out for the frozen north and expects to be away till November, 1916. Much will happen in that period in the world which he leaves behind. Much will happen in Canada; it may even be that by the time of his return the naval question will have been settled.—Medicine Hat Call.

The Problems of the Orient

We are sometimes disposed to feel that the white races of the earth are as powerless in respect to what is developing in the Orient as is a fire brigade watching a conflagration which has got out of hand. We are confronted by a mighty spectacle. And as it is not a spectacle of our creation, perhaps the best thing we can do under the circumstances is to take it for granted that He who rules all things well, is in this making no mistakes.—Montreal Witness.

The Art of Being Kind

There was a time when little children were worked long hours and whipped by their employers when they began to lag behind; there was a time when the miserable wretches who were imprisoned were clubbed and worse. But, happily for those unfortunates and the world in which they live, the individual who is placed in confinement today is considered human and worthy of better treatment than the dog. We are progressing some, but it's a slow job.—Windsor (Ont.) Record.

Justly Indignant Bridegrooms

Fifty brides-to-be arrived in Montreal one day last week from the Old Country. The majority were married a few hours after landing, but not without an indignant protest against the \$10 marriage license fee required in Quebec. They denounced the imposition of this single (or double) tax as being opposed to both public and private policy.—Toronto Star.

A New Brunswick Boast

In all Canada in 1910, 279 persons were charged with forgery or uttering false documents, and 237 were convicted. In 1911, 404 were so charged, and 328 convicted. There were in Ontario 171 such charges, in Manitoba 64, in Alberta 48. In Saskatchewan 41, in British Columbia 30, in Quebec 23, in Nova Scotia 10—and New Brunswick none.—St. John (N.B.) Telegraph.

A Hero in Humanity's Cause

A prominent and successful doctor in Connellsville, Pennsylvania, has just died of blood poisoning contracted while ministering to a "charity" patient. He had a big practice, was making money and could have made much more had he not insisted on giving so much of his time to poor people who could not pay him fees. Such men as this are the world's real martyrs. No money can pay them, and no medal or monument is needed to commemorate their good deeds.—Brantford Expositor.

Easy Come, Easy Go

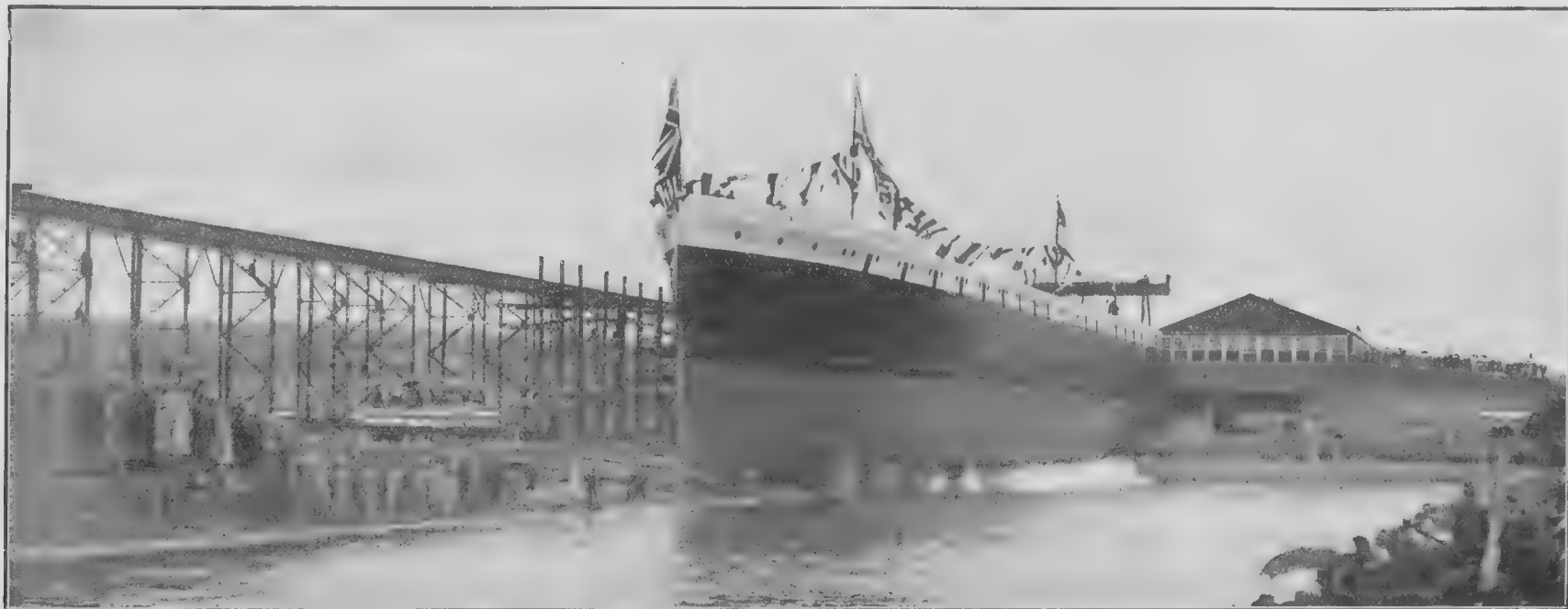
According to the press dispatches, Luther McCarty, the prize fighter whose tragic death in the ring, in Calgary, may not be deplored, made \$100,000 in the past 18 months, but his estate schedules only \$30,000. In 18 months he spent \$70,000 in ways that suited him and his friends, while his wife worked as a servant in a restaurant in Fargo. To spend \$70,000 in 18 months is to get rid of the cash at an average rate of \$4,000 a month, or \$1,000 a week, or \$145 a day, week in and week out.—Detroit Free Press.

Mistaken Methods

It is alleged that a school teacher at Niagara Falls, Ont., whipped an eleven-year-old pupil who refused to join in the singing of "God Save the King," the youngster being the child of parents who owe allegiance to the United States. A similar incident, with the conditions reversed, caused a stir in a New Jersey town not long ago and indignation in Canada. It appears that there are people on each side of the border who believe that the proper way to teach children respect for a free country is to beat it into them with straps and rulers.—Ottawa Citizen.

A Matter of Money

American news agencies are trying to work up an alarm concerning the dispute between Japan and California. Japan happens to be situated like every other "civilized" country; it cannot go to war unless the moneylenders advance the necessary funds. There is not much likelihood of money being forthcoming to attack the United States. The international money monopoly has too much capital tied up in America to take any risks.—Halifax Herald.



The Steamship "Noronic" of the Northern Navigation Co., being launched at Port Arthur, June 2nd, in the presence of a distinguished gathering, representative of Western and Eastern business

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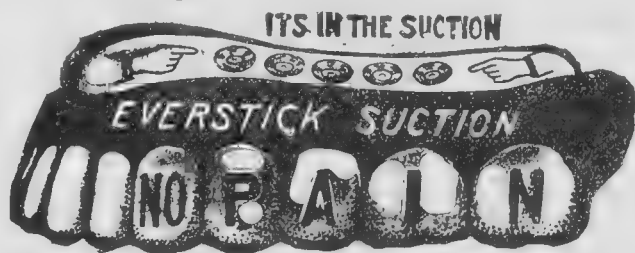
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**The Young Woman and Her
Problem**

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

The writer of this page appreciates very much the confidence her readers appear to have in her and since nearly all letters that come to this page are very confidential they are regarded sacredly and with the strictest privacy. We do all we can to encourage and inspire the girl who is lonely and discouraged. There are girls in environments that do not seem to furnish them a friend, and these girls appeal to us for advice. In a way they feel that we are an "unseen friend."

have been successful. This month we have had, among other prominent visitors, two well-known women—Major Soper, from England, who is the sister-in-law of General Booth, and Mrs. Florence Kelley, secretary and chief organizer of the National Consumers' League. Major Soper is doing a great work among girls and women in Great Britain, and her position in the Salvation Army makes it possible for her to inspire and help thousands of our British born women. She is making a thor-



Shadow Time near the Athabasca Ry.

One girl states in her letter these words: "I have prayed to God to help me and send me one friend, and He has sent you. He is good, and you are good, and I will do better, I will, I will." I appreciate these heart-to-heart letters, and I appreciate more than I can express the co-operation of The Western Home Monthly and management, for they allow me to write the truth, and for this reason alone hundreds of girls in Western Canada are warned of dangers that might wreck their womanhood. It is this very spirit in The Western Home Monthly management that has made this magazine a "home" publication in the true sense of the word, for our readers realize that The Western Home Monthly reading matter creates an atmosphere of sincerity, truth, and inspiration.

GREAT WOMEN

There are visiting Canada every month in the year famous women from other countries. They come rich in the experience of other lands, and are frank in relating to us their experiences that have failed and their movements that

ough study of the conditions of the wage-earning girl in Canada, as well as the Canadian homemaker in rural communities. She is stopping in the cities of Canada, and is interviewing personally the leading women from Great Britain, but we want them to know all about us. We feel that the greatest opportunities in the world are here, but they do not grow on bushes. One has to work and work hard. There are freedom and liberty here, but bitter and deadly are the harvests reaped from seeds sown in recklessness and carelessness. And so I am glad that a woman like Major Soper is here to learn personally about us. Major Soper herself is a woman of rare charm, with a personality that touches a responsive chord in the hearts of girls. I can understand the reason of her great success among girls in other lands—she loves them, and in loving them she inspires and encourages them.

Mrs. Florence Kelley, of New York, comes to Canada under the auspices of the Women's Canadian Club, to tell us about the work of the National Consumers' League. Next to Jane Adams she is the best known woman in social

service work in the U.S. The National Consumers' League is formed to protect women and children who work in factories and stores. Mrs. Kelley gave two addresses in Winnipeg—one on "Wages, Morals, and Shoppers," the other on "Who in the Long Run Pays the Minimum Wage." In her first address, Mrs. Kelley made these statements for us to consider while we are building our great new country:

"Old cities like Chicago and New York can only be useful to you as you take from us a terrible example and profit by our sins." If even in 1882 when Russian immigration began, if our forebears had been animated with the spirit that now stirs men's and women's clubs they could have avoided and annulled much suffering. The United States offered a home for the oppressed. Flocking there the immigrant merely exchanged the oppression of the Czar and his police for the perfectly new oppression of the sweat-shop of which America profited ignominiously by his defencelessness.

"We began wrong with the schools. In former years they only bought enough land for the schools of that year. With the docking of every ship the price of land went up, and now we are compelled to be niggardly. Never can we hope to get enough land for school accommodation. Every year 80,000 children are compelled to stand without the school. Always they play the losing game.

"Then we have our tenement house question. Our forefathers had not the imagination to forecast the growth of our

WANTED

Most women who have made a success of their lives have made it out of the minutes that other women waste. Careers are found in paths of opportunity that come into everyday life. Little incidents that the majority neglect to notice the capable woman turns into advantage. Never before was the opportunity of the capable girl so great as to-day. Never before has there been such a demand for honest reliable young women. A few minutes ago I was called up and asked if I knew of a reliable girl to fill a certain position, and the person mentioned the salary. I answered, asking, "That is more than is usually paid for that work, is it not?" "Yes," came the reply, "but I am willing to pay it if the girl can be trusted." "Wanted—an honest girl"—is the demand of the hour among business men. Never let your ideals grow dim or your ambitions waver. No matter where you are, you can rise. Some of the best women I know have risen from the depths of error. With eyes lifted up, and with a smiling sympathetic face, a girl can conquer any obstacle. The mission of woman is to show the world a high, fine type of womanhood. The world also does not owe me a living, but I owe the world a pure womanly life. We want girls with hearts that are full of tenderness and sympathy, and faces that radiate the light and inspiration of beautiful thoughts. This is the kind of girl most worthy men want for their wives



Yellowhead Pass Route

cities. So they allowed tenements to be built that encourage tuberculosis. Population increased, so did the tenement, so did the rent. Only the size of the rooms shrank. Children 5 and 6 years of age worked to pay that rent. We women were dressed by the product of child labor, and could not defend ourselves. So the Consumers' League was initiated 20 years ago, and has since striven to investigate and right this state of affairs. We wish legislation to compel manufacturers to have their output made in factories under right conditions. Chicago women have stamped out sweating, New York in on the way. Four States following Europe's example have legislated against women and children working at nights.

"You cannot clear your conscience by individual effort," Mrs. Kelley concluded. "Industrial conditions must be levelled up so that a father can earn money enough to support his own children. Women armed with knowledge must stand together against industrial greed. Learn the conditions surrounding your defenceless brothers and sisters and the rest will follow."

It was then stated that Winnipeg has 360 factories, and one factory inspector—an octogenarian. I should like to ask one question. In our city is a woman in Christian uniform, who is doing a great deal of good among factory girls. In our own beautiful way she is helping scores of girls. Why is it that many of our factories will not allow her to enter their factories? Is it because conditions are so bad that they cannot bear inspection?"

LUNCH-HOUR

The other day I went into a certain dining room for lunch, and sat at a table near the door leading into the kitchen. Shortly the air in the room back of me was stormy with thundering oaths. I listened for a while, and then asked the waitress serving me who was swearing in this way. "Is it the chef?" I asked. "Yes," she replied, "that is nothing." But who are they swearing at?" I asked. "Oh at us." "Is this common?" I urged. "Yes, we hear it continually over the least provocation. A few minutes ago I had an order given me for pork and beans, which you see is on the menu. When my plate was ready for the customer there was no pork on it, and the customer asked me to get it. I went out into the kitchen, and told the man what the customer wanted, as it was on the menu, but all the satisfaction I got was a volume of oaths, such as you hear now. The customer was dissatisfied, and I was not to blame." I finished my lunch to the discord of the oaths quite out of tune with the orchestra in an adjoining room, and went home thinking of another problem concerning the wage-earning girl—and, by the way, a girl in another dining place was hurt severely this month by one of the men helpers, who threw a dish at her because she made a mistake in an order.

WHY HE REMAINED SINGLE

A bachelor of thirty-five has not married any of six girls whom he courted for these reasons: Elizabeth hated house work—she could not sew—she could not cook, and knew nothing about market-

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can be bought in these days for very little money if you know how to go about it. We pledge our reputation with the least expensive time-keeper we sell. By our special mailing system, we take all risk of safe delivery, and guarantee complete satisfaction with every purchase

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ing or keeping house; she was too placid. Margaret was too exacting; her demands resembled graft. Helen always entertained him alone—other members of the family felt they should not intrude. Louise talked too much, and Alice was extravagant in dress, and Grace's tastes were too expensive. Yet he says in closing this article: "What do I want? Am I unreasonable? I want to be happy. I want a helping wife, who pleases me. Perhaps my next matrimonial possibility will be a girl who can make me much happier than I am at present. There is nothing in the world I would like better. But I have not met her yet, and until I do I shall remain single."

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

I so often hear girls regret the fact that they are not rich. Wealthy women often suffer from their indulgences more than poor women suffer from their hardships. They continually contrive ways and means to murder time. Nothing deteriorates faster than an idle mind. No girl or woman can be really healthful whose mind is not usefully and continually employed. Begin early in life to develop fine qualities.

I know plain women who have a personality so charming that they are beautiful.

Antoine Berryer says: "There are no ugly women. There are only women who do not know how to look pretty." If we love the beautiful in everything and everyone, we shall become beautiful. Every girl's soul is respon-

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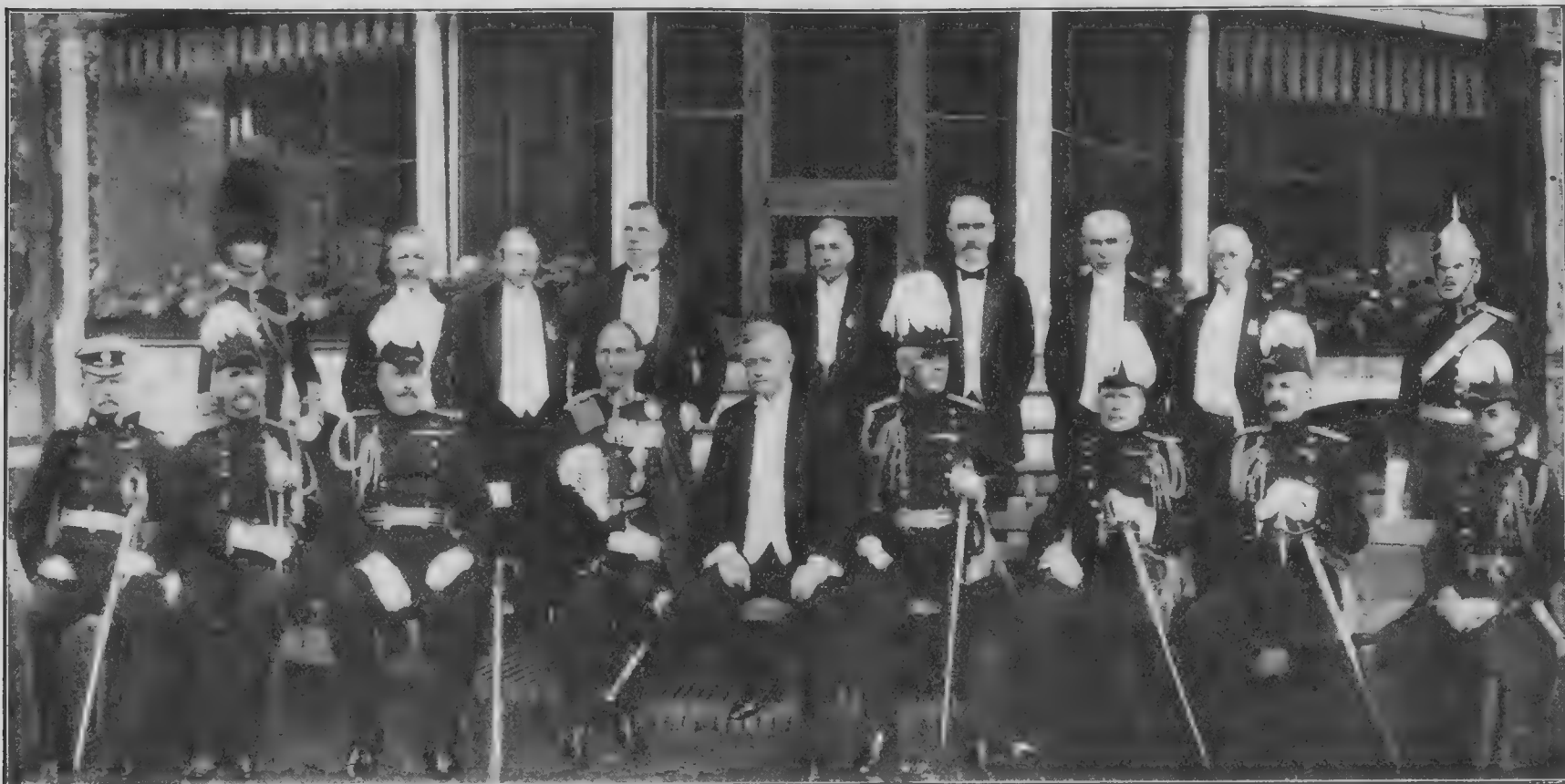
WANTED—Ladies to do plain and light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance; charges paid. Send stamp for full particulars. National Manufacturing Company, Montreal.

sive to the beautiful. A girl passed a magnificent home the other day, and carried away with her a vision of beautiful foliage that the daughter of this house never saw, because that daughter lay idly in her hammock finding fault with her father because he did not buy her jewel-studded bows for her slippers. The wage-earning girl saw the jewels of Nature's embroidery that sparkled in the morning dew. In this beautiful environment of Canadian country we have no right to devote our energies to the pursuit of selfish aims. Poverty of thought is worse than poverty of dollars.

Safer

Baker—"In five years you won't see a horse on the street."

Wayburn—"Yes; they would be safer on the sidewalks." —The Causeur.



The above photograph was taken on the occasion of the inspection of the troops by Sir Ian Hamilton, in Winnipeg on June 23rd. In the top row from left to right are the following: Count de Bury; Sir Hugh John Macdonald; Mayor Deacon; Colonel Thomson; Edward Brown; Hon. Robt. Rogers; Sir Daniel MacMillan, K.C.M.G.; His Honor the Lieutenant Governor is seated in the centre, having on his right General Sir Ian Hamilton, Inspector of the Overseas Forces, and Colonel Steele, D.S.O.; while the Hon. Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, on his left. It will be noticed that Sir Ian Hamilton, out of compliment to the 79th Highlanders, wore the uniform of the Cameron Highlanders, of which regiment he is honorary Colonel.

The Colonel's Gem Collection

By Emma Brooke

LATE one afternoon Colonel Danvers, of Thierthally, Mysore, sat in his veranda awaiting more or less patiently the arrival of his nephew, Bob Iverson, to dinner. Bob was a lieutenant in the — M.N.I., and it happened that his company had come into camp at Thierthally. The year was 1878 and the day was hot and close.

Colonel Danvers was one of the deputy-commissioners who, last century, were appointed to administer the affairs of Mysore during the minority of the Rajah. The headquarters of his court was at Thierthally, and there he had built his bungalow.

Round about the veranda was a low parapet wall; the Colonel, from his seat in a shady corner, looked across the compound towards a group of handsome, heavy-shadowed tamarind trees. The fragrance of champaka flowers filled the air, and the silence was only broken by the shrill "tret-tret" of a beautiful white-tailed bird which flew uneasily in and out of a pepper-vine. The vine twined about a betel-nut tree that lifted its crest close to the tamarinds.

The uneasy flight of the bird puzzled the Colonel, and, watching narrowly for a cause, he became aware that the heavy shadows under the tamarinds suffered a slight modification, such as might be occasioned by stealthy movements within them. Then came a gleam of something white, and almost immediately a dark-skinned native passed from them into the open, near the betel-nut tree. He wore a turban and a loin-cloth, and had a small leathern wallet slung over his shoulder by a strap. To the Colonel's surprise, he advanced straight towards the veranda, pausing some six feet from the wall to salaam silently.

"What's your business here?" asked the Colonel.

The man made no reply, but, looking steadily at him, slipped his hand into the wallet and advanced nearer the parapet.

"What do you want?" cried the Colonel in the Kanarese dialect.

"Nothing, O sahib!"

And as an illustration of his words he drew from his wallet a handful of silver coins of the heavier kind.

"Now, what the deuce does this mean?" muttered the Colonel.

The native, with imperturbable indolent dignity, laid his coins in a row upon the wall, fastened his eyes briefly but piercingly upon the Colonel, raised his hand, and began to make passes in the air. Then the Colonel became aware of a most stupefying and unprecedented fact. As the man continued his passes the coins visibly stirred; then they rose and stood upon their edges and began to spin, slowly at first, by degrees with rapidity, and at last fell back to their places with a silvery clash. Whereupon the owner clapped his hands and extended them, and the coins flew through the air and returned, with a hustling jingle, into his open palms. With a gleam of triumph in his eye he glanced at the Colonel, quietly replaced the coins in his wallet, and turned on his heel.

"Stop!" cried the Colonel.

The man paused without approaching.

"Come back! I want you to do that again. I will pay you to do that again."

The man faintly smiled, shook his head, and, at a run, sought the shade of the tamarind trees, where he disappeared.

The Colonel had witnessed many strange phenomena in India, and had found them inexplicable, but never had he been so far from a satisfactory explanation as at present. Had the whole thing been an illusion produced by a mesmeric influence of which he was unconscious? Or was it merely an extraordinarily clever use of a concealed magnet by an expert conjurer? Above all, why should the man have risked his intrusion into the compound to exhibit his skill unpaid?

His reflections were broken by the clank of a spurred foot on the veranda and the voice of his nephew.

"I am very sorry to be late," said the young lieutenant; "I've been detained in camp by a case of cholera."

"Ah!" said the Colonel, rising; "that means you are fast here in cantonment for weeks, if not for months."

"I suppose it does," said Bob.

He spoke gloomily, for his aim was Bangalore—cheerful, gay Bangalore! To be trapped in dull Thierthally seemed the very malice of fate.

"Come in, my boy," said the Colonel, kindly. "At least I can give you a good dinner."

During dinner came the hour of sunset, and a blaze of glory gathered over the landscape; as an appropriate frame and foreground to the picture were the creeper-hung veranda and the figure of a white-turbaned, white-coated peon, who had slid to a corner there to be in readiness if wanted.

"Your prolonged stay here would have been a godsend to my lonely life," said the Colonel, when dessert was on the table and, save for the peon, they were alone. "But, unfortunately, I go on Jumabundy [taking a court on circuit] shortly."

"That's bad luck," said the young man, absently.

"The most I can do is to offer you my bungalow and my servants during my absence."

Bob thanked him heartily and dropped into silence. Inwardly he was questioning whether it would be permissible in an impecunious lieutenant, and one, moreover, in debt, to write to the loveliest girl in Bangalore and acquaint her with the disaster to the — M.N.I. at Thierthally. He regretted his debts. They were a heavy weight upon his mind. Raising his eyes wearily he missed the figure of the peon.

"The peon's gone!" he exclaimed.

"He had no business to leave until dessert is over. Clap your hands, Bob."

Bob clapped as he was ordered, but clapped in vain. Some fifteen minutes passed without response; then Appao, the butler, appeared on the veranda at the open windows and salaamed.

"Where has that rascally peon gone, Appao?" asked the Colonel, as he and Bob stepped out on the veranda together.

Appao spread his hands and became voluble in explanation. It appeared that the godowns (servants' quarters) were in excitement, owing to the unprecedented arrival of a yellow-cloaked traveller, who was entertaining them with stories of the far country whence he came.

"There's no objection to the servants listening to the tales of the holy man," said the Colonel; "but the peon should have waited until his duties were over. Where does the traveller hail from?"

"The yellow-cloaked one say he come from very far, sahib—even from Trichinopoly," said Appao. And in his solemn eye lurked the hint of a sly twinkle.

"He calls that a far country, does he?" laughed the Colonel; and he waved his hand in dismissal. But Appao did not move.

"The sacred yellow cloak is a disguise, O sahib. This man no traveller."

"Ah!" said the Colonel, quickly.

"No traveller," repeated Appao; "I saw him with the pack-bullocks and the betel-nut drovers on the hills. O sahib, he a Korchar."

The face of the Colonel became grave. It is a peculiarity of the wandering tribe of the Korchars that, by long-inherited custom, they bind themselves to thieving as a by-occupation, adding this nefarious pursuit to more honest callings; and in the practice, prolonged through generations, they have acquired inconceivable dexterity. Of all this the Colonel was not ignorant; moreover, it happened that, for various reasons, the man's connection with the betel-nut drovers struck him unpleasantly.

"See him off the premises at once!" said he, sharply.

The butler shook his head.

"No good, sahib; let not Appao drive the thieving Korchar away. Give Appao leave, O sahib, to take him into the dwelling as a servant."

Bob removed the cigarette from his lips and grinned. The Colonel stroked his moustache and mused. Appao waited in dignity, his arms crossed upon his shoulders.

"Why should I do that, Appao?"

"If the Korchar eat salt in the house of the sahib, he protect the goods of the sahib. But if the sahib drive him away, he lick the walls of the house bare as the plate of a hungry dog."

"Then, take him on as an under-gardener," said the Colonel.

And the butler, well pleased, salaamed and departed.

"Uncle," said Bob, "are you mad?"

"No," said the Colonel, slowly; "it is possible that what Appao says is true, and that my only chance lies in taking into my service a man whom I suspect to be an emissary sent to rob me."

"Sent!"

"Have you never heard that I am a gem-collector?"

"There's a rumor going round that you are."

"Well, a few days ago I purchased from a wealthy merchant of Gubbi in Toomgoor, interested in the betel-nut trade, this stone."

He drew from his pocket a small packet, opened it, and laid the gem in his nephew's hand.

"Gemini!" cried Bob. "What a ruby! It fairly burns and spits fire. I expect you gave a fortune for it, sir?"

"I gave what would be a fortune to many a rogue in debt," said the Colonel, smiling.

Bob colored and glanced at his uncle with a startled air.

"I shall be sorry to leave any unusual responsibility on your shoulders when I go away," continued the Colonel, "but will you undertake something for me?"

"Of course," said Bob; "anything you like and that I can do for you."

"It relates to that merchant of Toomgoor. I think he wants his stone back as well as keeping the price. Perhaps he would like other gems besides."

"You don't mean that you house the gems here?"

"That's where the trouble comes in. I do; and I shall have to leave them in your charge. Come! Light the lamps for me in the dining-room, and I will show you."

In the dining-room was a recess in which stood a cabinet of inlaid wood; it was on castors, and the Colonel wheeled it easily aside. In the wall behind were two small iron doors, which on being unlocked showed a steel panel whose spring acted upon receiving a certain number of deft touches, each one lighting in a particular spot in a particular rotation. The fingers of the Colonel went through the operation with lightning-like rapidity, and the panel slid back, displaying the velvet-lined shelves with their treasure. He laid the ruby amongst the other gems, closed the panel and the iron doors, and replaced the cabinet. His actions throughout were marked by a certain dispatch.

"I didn't see how you manipulated the spring of the panel," exclaimed Bob.

"It takes time to learn," returned the Colonel, smiling, "and I don't care to linger over the affair. I wanted to put the gem in safety while I am certain that no one is about."

As he spoke he remembered his conjuring visitor of the early evening, and stepped out on the veranda to make sure that he was not lurking near. Night had fallen, and there was no moon; but the lights from the windows streamed into the compound, and he satisfied himself that no one was at hand.

The next morning when walking early in the compound he encountered there a small, lithe man at work; he was thin to emaciation, and the Colonel surmised in him one of the sufferers from the drought, followed by famine, which had afflicted Mysore in the years between 1875 and 1877, and from which disaster the district was only now beginning to recover.

"Hast thou eaten food this morning?" asked the Colonel, kindly.

At this the man turned with a hoarse exclamation and, prostrating himself at the feet of the old soldier, muttered unintelligible sentences in Kanarese. Then the Colonel, not without some inward amusement at his own predicament, remembered the thieving Korchar who had entered his service on the previous evening.

"Appao has taken thee into my service, as I know," said he. "Do thy duty; be true to thy master."

Two or three days later he set off with his court on circuit.

The circuit was an unusually busy and harassing one; drought and famine had left behind, not only disease and suffering, but a plentiful crop of petty attempts at extortion. In the mass of business the Colonel forgot the incidents immediately preceding his departure. But presently they were brought to mind by a singular personal affliction, which added to the exhaustion entailed by a pressure of affairs. He began to suffer from depression, waking morning by morning in a spirit of heavy foreboding, and in time found that this distressing mental cloud was attached to a recurring dream. It was some time before he could summon to his waking hours any clear presentment of the vision that harassed him by night; but at last, on a sudden and with a great mental shock, he had the picture clear. He saw the wooden cabinet in the recess of his dining-room at Thierthally, and before it the figure of Bob in an attitude of absorbed reflection. Was this perturbing and recurring phantasy a trick of an over-fatigued brain; or was it a warning of disaster — of some trouble connected with his nephew and the gems? The dream persisted and robbed him of peace.

Finally he determined to hurry on his work and, leaving the minor cases to a subordinate, to return unannounced to Thierthally.

A few days later he rode into the town an hour before sunset, and dismounting gave the horse to his sycle, with directions to place it in the public stables for the night; and walking to the bungalow, came unnoticed to the front. The day had been sultry and the cuscus mats hung over the windows — over all the windows save one — the French windows of the dining-room stood wide open, and one half had been left uncovered. No one was within; on looking into his bedroom he saw no one there, and, passing on to the office, found that also deserted. The absence of the servants did not surprise him, for at this hour they were usually in their quarters. But if Bob was not dining at the bungalow, why had he left the place unguarded?

The office was gratefully cool and dark in the shade of the cuscus-tatts, whereas over the dining-room floor fell a broad streak of light from the uncovered window. He remained, therefore, in the office, and, drawing a lounge chair near the open door, so as to command a view of the dining-room, sat down to await events, but shortly fell into a deep slumber, from which he awakened to find that the night had come, and that the streak of light had changed to the strong glare from a full moon. And still the place was deserted.



Horse-shoe bend in Saskatchewan River at Fort a la Corne.

This circumstance renewed his uneasiness, and convinced him that mischief was afoot.

In India the peculiar brilliancy of the moonlight is accompanied by shadows of contrasting depth; the spot where he sat was heavy with them, so was the near corner of the dining-room between the outer wall and the door of the office. Into this corner he stepped and there seated himself, slipping his hand into his pocket as he did so, to make sure of his revolver. From his position he had command of every part of the room, including the bedroom door which stood ajar; by turning his head slightly he could have seen the office door out of which he had come, had not that part lain in impenetrable shadow. He knew not what he waited for, but sat on in indomitable patience, finding for some time no change — save, indeed, that the strip of moonlight moved nearer the recess.

At last came that thrill which is apt to seize the nerves of anyone standing on the brink of an unusual event. He had heard nothing — not the slightest rustle of a sound — but became aware of a diminution of the light, and perceived that through the uncovered window a shadow was cast upon the floor, having the shape of a turbaned head and the bare arms and shoulders of a man; it moved over the threshold and into the room slowly, and then paused. There was no more than the head and shoulders, so that he knew the body casting the shadow stood a little distance back. Then he saw that the arms rose and that the hands moved rhythmically, making regular passes in the air. There was no sound; but so weird and stealthy was the effect of the shadowy, snatching fingers, making their mysterious movements on the moonlight floor, that he felt his heart grow cold

and his breath almost stop. So far, not for an instant had he thought of the conjurer; now he remembered him. It was more than probable that with him he had to do.

But for what purpose was he here? He could form no faint idea of his aim, and therefore waited on the event, until a slight sound came which brought him the first indication of what his seasoned courage might expect.

The sound came from the recess, and he perceived — or was it an illusion of the sight? — that the cabinet was moving on its castors, not lightly as he himself had been wont to move it, but slowly and, as it were, unwillingly. Presently he was sure of the fact, for he found that the iron doors became gradually visible behind. Could it be that the gems were the conjurer's object? From some unknown source he had received knowledge of them? If that were so, his former visit was explained as a forced opportunity for reconnoitring.

The Colonel's nerve was steady enough; he even felt a profound interest, and determined that — in so far as he could permit it without danger — the man should play his game unhindered. Hardly had he formed this resolve when the cabinet, whose progress had been of the slowest, gave a quick run forwards and stopped dead. The iron doors were now completely revealed; also more of the shadow was thrown over the floor.

scoop out the secret of his own dark corner. At once the Colonel came to his decision, and, easing his arm, he brought his revolver into aim upon him.

Then it was that the unexpected, the totally unexpected, occurred. As an officer of the British Army and an official of Her Majesty's Government, the Colonel found time to reproach himself that in his mental equipment a serious flaw should be discovered. He had forgotten, clean forgotten, the office door! He was reminded of it with a jolt. For as he raised his revolver it was dexterously twisted from his fingers by the hand of another, while his throat was caught in the vise-like grip of a hooked elbow, and before he could emit a gasp of astonishment a hand upon his mouth prevented him.

The Colonel knew when he was defeated. The plot to rob him of his gems was more extensive and better engineered than he had thought; as, obviously, his life was not worth a moment's purchase. He remained absolutely quiet, even making shift to notice that almost the whole of the conjurer's shadow was now in the room; and with that found place for a hope that the hooked elbow would fall short of throttling him until he had time to test the perfection of his complicated spring. The spring was his own invention, and, since mind was here measured against mind, it was a point to his pride that the uncanny powers should prove powerless against it.

His hope, however, was short-lived. The faintest rustle close at hand admonished him of some new movement on the part of his assailant, and a hot breath came upon his cheek. Ah! where was Bob? He closed his eyes in expectation of some swift death, then as suddenly opened them again. The pressure on his throat had relaxed, and he became aware of an almost voiceless whisper in his ear.

"Don't shoot; keep still."

The revolver was pushed back to his fingers and the hooked elbow withdrawn. In the immensity of his relief he felt more stunned than he had been by the terror. For the whispering voice was Bob's.

By now the conjurer had appeared upon the threshold. His eyes were fixed, his aspect was as one undergoing excessive and prolonged effort, and almost lost to consciousness of a world outside himself. He paced slowly into the room, the control of his steps being in contrast to his hand movements, which seemed, in shadow, to pluck and grip at the steel. In the bedroom the attitude of the accomplice had not altered; obviously he had not detected the presence of the watchers in the corner. But would the spring yield or would it hold? The Colonel asked the question in an incredible glow of interest, but was destined never to receive a reply. For at the very height of the excitement, when the movements of the hands had reached a point resembling frenzy, the man in the bedroom leapt from his concealment, and by the sheer impetus of his assault brought the conjurer to the ground. At the moment Bob jerked the cuscus-tatty from the near window, flooding the room with moonlight, and on the floor the two natives were plainly visible, rolling together, struggling, snarling, and gasping like wild animals. Presently it was clear that he of the bedroom got the better in the fight; at last he so far freed himself as to be able to raise his knife for a blow. But there Bob interfered.

"Halt, there!" he cried.

Not too willingly the victor rose and stood aside, while the Colonel hauled the exhausted conjurer to a chair and kept him prisoner while he with great minuteness examined his gaunt, dark features.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, when his scrutiny was over, "once you visited me as a merchant of Gubbi in Toomgoor. A second time you had thrown off that disguise, and came as a conjurer to exhibit your skill. Now I see you in your true character as a thief. I shall not forget your features."

At these words the native, whose exhaustion was not so great as he feigned, gave a sudden upward spring, and, when the Colonel would have seized him again, slipped like an eel from his hands and fled into the night.

But had there been some other sound in the room? A breath, a stir of life, so far unperceived? With an almost unconscious impulse the Colonel's glance leapt to the bedroom door, which stood open some ten inches, and, settling there with a snap of the eyelids at the unwelcome surprise, perceived, through the aperture, a black face whose eyes glared like a sulky tiger's.

He stole his hand to his hip pocket. There was an accomplice, and he was in a tighter fix than he had dreamed. Well, he had been in many an awkward corner before this, and had brought himself safely from it. But the intricacy of the matter was somewhat heightened, the question no longer being simply when he should interfere, but rather — if firing became necessary — in which direction he should aim his revolver first.

He was debating this nice point when from the recess came a fresh sound — very small, very strange. It resembled the turning of the lock in the iron doors under the key. Yet no more than the shadow of the conjurer's hands was upon the safe, moving there quiveringly, rapidly, with a shocking suggestion of greed. It could hardly be a surprise and yet it was in a kind of spell-bound stupor that he heard the lock reluctantly yielding; it slid back with a creaking, grinding noise, and the iron doors moved forward on their hinges. Nothing now save the steel panel and its ingenious spring lay between the conjurer and the gems. The Colonel glanced towards the bedroom to see what accompanying change he might find there. He discovered that the expression of the black face had intensified to savagery, that a bare foot was planted forward in the moonlight, while in the uplifted hand a knife glittered. At the same moment the glaring eyeballs, roving over the room, seemed to rest upon and

"Let him go!" cried the Colonel, as Bob ran forward. "Even if you caught him you could not take him, for the man is oiled."

He turned towards the second native, who stood patiently waiting his notice. When the eyes of the Colonel fell on him, the man instantly prostrated himself on the ground and murmured broken sentences in Kanarese. At that the Colonel's memory stirred, and a sudden light broke upon him.

"The Korchar!" he exclaimed.

"The sahib's gardener, O protector of the wretched!" corrected the man, anxiously. "The sahib say, 'Do thy duty. Be true to thy master.' I eat the sahib's salt. I true to my salt. I watch, and I see thief about. He man of the Lambadi tribe; he great thief. He steal a man's teeth from his mouth. I watch him as I garden; he not know I watch. At night he hide in the tamarinds and come near and make his magic. He has devil inside. I watch tonight, for the moon at full and I know he come. I find the young sahib gone and the windows open. I lift the cuscus-tatty and creep to the bedroom on my hands and knees and hide, before he drop from the tree."

The Korchar's story was corroborated by Bob over a late supper. Early in the Colonel's absence the young lieutenant had become persuaded that a plot to rob his uncle was at work; for returning one day unexpectedly from camp he noticed that the cabinet was



Happy fatherhood.

displaced from its right position. The displacement of the cabinet occurred more than once, and his suspicions fastened on the Korchar, whose persistency in gardening towards sunset in the front had puzzled and annoyed him. But in time he altered his surmise. One night he caught sight of someone lurking near the veranda; then the Korchar, like a noiseless shadow, glided from a concealed corner and the would-be thief fled. The Korchar, then, was also on the watch? By degrees he became convinced of the man's fidelity, and presently found a kind of sporting interest in his game.

"But, apart from this interest," continued Bob, "I had an anxiety of my own. How could I tell whether the gems were safe on the shelves or not? The thief might remove them and leave no trace. I had heard of the neatness and finish of Indian thieves in this respect. It was only the continued watchfulness of the Korchar which allowed me to hope I was still guarding a treasure and not the empty shelves. I regretted that I did not know the use of the spring. Many a time have I stood before the cabinet in great anxiety, trying to reproduce in memory some vision of your manipulation of it, but in vain. The gems might be there or they might not; I could not tell. And then some fresh assiduity on the Korchar's part would reassure me for a day or two. At last the matter got on my nerves, and I resolved to arrange a trap by which, if possible, to resolve my doubt. I had remarked that the appear-

ance of the stealthy figure was more frequent when the moon was full, so I planned my trap for this evening. First I managed to rid myself of the solicitous attentions of your excellent Appao and the rest, then I openly departed from the bungalow, leaving the windows as you found them. Afterwards I secretly returned and climbed up the veranda and hid there. Presently I ascertained that the Korchar was at hand. I did not see him enter. Before the moon rose I dropped down and got into the office. Here, to my amazement, I found you sleeping. That bothered my plans a little, but I decided to let things take their course and to act as events might direct. I followed you when you stepped into the dining-room; but only when you aimed your revolver at the faithful Korchar did I think it necessary to act at all."

"Ah, my boy," cried the Colonel, ruefully, "it was then I got my bad five minutes!"

A few days later the — M.N.I. marched on to Bangalore. Some little time afterwards Lieutenant Iverson sailed from India on leave, wearing about his person a belt in which were sewn his uncle's priceless gems; these he brought with him for safe deposit in an English bank. Also next his heart he carried a letter from the prettiest girl in Bangalore, while in his mind he had the cheering knowledge that his debts were paid and his future secured by his good uncle.

As for the Korchar, he was promoted to the post of matey, and served at the Colonel's table under Appao, the butler, and wore a good white suit and a crimson belt.

The Call of the West

Written for the Western Home Monthly, by William Lutton

HALF a million people will be added to the population of the dominion this year. This is the confident expectation of those who have to do with immigration matters. Of this total number the west will receive 80 per cent.

Europe pushes out her surplus—reluctantly, but necessarily. It goes deeply against the grain, for instance, for Germany to part with a single one of those sturdy fellows, who at home, would swell the ranks of the fighting forces of the empire, and who, abroad, contributes not a little to the wealth of the country of their adoption. It is because indeed that the bone and sinew of the nation emigrate that Germany builds her tremendous navy with such feverish haste.

The day may come when the German immigrant, bulking predominantly in the land of his adoption—say in Argentina may set up a replica of that government he has left behind him—when the European chancelleries have laughed the Monroe Doctrine out of existence.

Italy pours out her millions like water, and still maintains her population at 30,000,000 souls. Russia knocks at our door—stolid, patient, ignorant, but strong and worthy and hopeful. The smaller states offer contribution, for we are the last great West, and the world knows it.

The Britisher is giving South America the go by now and spreading himself under the British flag. He comes to Canada by the hundred thousand. He goes to New Zealand and Australia and South Africa, in increasing numbers. The Britishers are in small groups. They belong to different social strata. The farm laborer is among them—sturdy, wholesome, eager for the larger life and opportunity. The middle class family is plainly in the crowd—rosy of face, comfortable as to dress, significant and important as to baggage; commanding the regard with those bright yellow sovereigns which they still retain, and which, in all lands, speak an eloquent, if silent language.

They will be found in Vancouver, Victoria, in the fruit valleys of British Columbia—prosperous, growing fruit for the London markets, at once for profit and aesthetic delight, inoculating their neighbors with their own refinement and outlook, cultivating the spiritual, and setting down, in speech and accent and manners, a bit of Old England in the fairest province by the sea. They pass by the Lower Provinces, which have nevertheless a potent lure, in climate, undulating scenery, well ordered homes, and a life which, though not feverishly active, is yet by no means stagnant; pause at Quebec, with its store of historic memories; touch at Montreal, where the diversity of race quickens apprehension, where the glowing furnaces impress with the sense of vitality, and where the scores upon scores of factory chimneys hint the mighty organism which lures not a few of the host passing on its way to the illimitable factories.

The lure of the West is on them.

The majority will go straight to Winnipeg. They will glance at the big city, hastily, wondering at its size and vitality—its eager life which, thirty years ago, had little or no expression. Then they will disappear. Space will devour them. And this will go on all spring and summer and fall. And every family, new and fresh and eager, compels the C. P. R., the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the Canadian Northern to build, each of them, five additional freight cars. Somehow the flamboyant prognostications in regard to crops fail a little; but a young people is always exuberant. The acreage is veritably being increased. The Americans are doing that to some purpose all the time—doing it thoroughly and scientifically, independent of all extraneous aid, accustomed, as they are, to the rigor of winter, understanding the soil, ambitious and fitted to construct a prosperous and wholesome environment.

The ready made farm scheme of the C. P. R. is working hopefully. The irrigation plans have been advanced far enough to guarantee the reclamation of 5,000,000 acres of admirable soil. Now ground is broken; the railway, whether by main or spur line, comes reassuringly closer and the town, the city, grows like Jonah's gourd.

Sir Robert Perks—in the Dominion at the moment of writing—insists that the Georgian Bay canal, which he is ready to build, is an absolute necessity, more especially in view of the discrimination which the Americans threaten to practice against Canadian ships using the Panama canal. The great project may be delayed, for the Dominion is committed to many other large undertakings of an enormous nature; but, in any case the efforts of the three great national railways will take care of the output, though the extension of the all water route would be an unquestionable benefit, as offering alternative and competitive routes.

The chief marvel is, not where all the people go to, where they set themselves up, and form their own communities, making no bulk in the vastness, but the growth of the new towns and cities.

A recent visit revealed wonderful advance all over the country. One might say that there are too many people in the towns; but numbers are greatly desired by the ambitious Publicity Commissioners. There are unattached elements in many of the newer towns which do not make for wholesomeness. This is a temporary experience, no doubt. But the amount of work carried out; the immense undertakings of a government and municipal nature; the rapid way in which the new towns are supplied with permanent features and institutions; the eager and ready acceptance of all modern methods calculated for comfort; the unexampled pride in growth—all these are marvelous. Possibly, the pride in growth is too insistent. The supremacy given to the material is too candidly acknowledged, as constituting, in the general conviction, the sole desire; but these are passing features. There is a strange fascination in watching the growth of

these new places. The air is tonic. Every creature is keyed up—unwholesomely, some would say.

There is a general conviction that great things can and must be done. The emulation between the new towns is a wonderful stimulus, in the exploitation of material considerations values are soaring. Indeed they are the despair of all moderate persons. The corners are fabulous, the central coigns of vantage can not be bought, as Mr. Farwell, the President of the Eastern Townships Bank," said some time after trying hard himself—"for love nor money."

Although there is the sense that every citizen is in a hurry; that his eye is on the clock—the hospitality extended in every centre is a most delightful feature of any visit the eastern man may pay to the West. The hard grip of the hand; the cordial light in the eye; the insistence upon bringing the friend home instead of allowing him to stay at the hotel—all this is charming.

They are a fine, wholesome people in the Northwest. With material space and breadth, there comes an answering enlargement of the heart. "Too material," as a local minister said to the writer, in a certain town which need not be mentioned.

"It is all real estate—not a word about higher things. The people are bitten with the desire for sudden gain. It is awful."

In young communities the material is always exaggerated for a brief space. When institutions are formed, and manners are given the best sanctions, and social life adopts its code—the spiritual



Native medicine man and his wife.

enters, in due season. The problem of assimilation is intense in its character and urgency.

The chief feature of the new land is individualism. It is, until you have something of the grace and leisure of life, every man for his own hand. Accordingly, the various elements, for the time being, are left largely, at any rate, to work out their own salvation. Agencies are working for assimilative processes and the fruit will appear, when differing ideals and habits will be thrust into the melting pot of Canadian citizenship; but there is something tragical in the consideration that forty nationalities have set up their standards and sanctions in a country of which it was the hope that it would be unequivocally British, if not in name—in texture.

The growth of manufacture is attracting population in such places as Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, etc. Manufactures are bulking. Every town boasts its manufactured product, however slight. As Mr. G. E. Drummond, one of the great manufacturers of the Dominion said recently to the writer; "the great thing in the West now, is to put as many people on the land as will correspond, in productive power, to the people who are engaged in manufacturing in the new towns and cities in the west. If the land does not attract, while the workshops do, then you will have such inequality between agriculture and manufacture as must result in an increase in the cost of living. Only a few years ago, and such manufacture as showed itself at all was an offshoot of certain firms in the east. Today local capital is invested; local men de-

pending, it may be, to some considerable extent on the banks, but with native daring and enterprise, have taken off their coats to do things off their own bat. The initiative came, was bound to come, from the east, where the experience and money were; but the optimism was a native product. From less to more the local manufacturers, grew, until today, we find an almost equal equipoise between the agricultural and manufacturing interests which could not have been dreamt of a decade ago. This, too, is only an earnest of what is to come in the near future.

Amid it all, one is hopeful that the British heaven will ultimately be determinative of the whole lump. There are tremendous possibilities, but also great dangers in the northwest. The type to be evolved in the crucible of time is of haunting interest. At present, each segment of the varied population is ministered to by its own business and spiritual agents. Possibly this is unavoidable; but this maintains segregation, aloofness, and the continued disinclination for Canadian citizenship, as we understand it.

Moral and religious agencies are at work and progress is being made, especially in those districts in which the common school without restriction, flourishes; but this is the mastering feature of the Northwest—its racial diversity and the problems that are bound up therewith. On the material side, we are anxious to see the fulfilment of Lord Strathcona's prophecy of 300,000,000 bushels, for every creature in the West is obsessed, with the desire for a success that bulks and stuns with its bigness; but more important from the moral, aesthetic and religious point of view is the problem of assimilation, which can only be settled by molding influences constantly exerted by those who are best fitted to inoculate our own ideals, which have had telling effect, not only within our own borders, but throughout the world.

A Story-Book Story

The story-book tells, that once upon a time there was a pleased man who lived somewhere, and who was very much pleased with his room, and his table, and his chair, and his dishes, and his dinner, and his cat, and himself. The pleased man had a pleased cat who was very much pleased with the pleased man, and her home, and her mice, and her own whiskers, and her fur, and her eyes, and her nose, and her paws, and her tail. This pleased man and his pleased cat sat down together to eat their dinners. When the pleased man bit off a piece of bread he was so pleased that he laughed a pleased laugh, and when the pleased cat bit off a piece of bread, she was so pleased that she laughed a pleased laugh; thus there were two laughing pleased laughs, the pleased man and his pleased cat; and if anybody had looked in at the window to see them, anybody would have laughed a pleased laugh; and that would have made three laughing pleased laughs; the pleased man, and the pleased cat, and the pleased anybody.

Catarrh Advice Free

The attention of our readers is called to the really generous offer announced in this issue of our paper—the offer of helpful and valuable medical advice on Catarrh, absolutely free of charge, from one of the famous Specialists and great public benefactors of this country,—Catarrh Specialist Sproule.

We advise our readers to turn at once to this offer on page thirty-five of this paper and we urge them to read every word of it and send today for that valuable medical advice. Remember, this advice is free. Address Specialist Sproule at his office, 117 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

Quiet Timpers

"Timpers is a very quiet man."

"Yes, indeed. Timpers makes about as much noise as the letter 'g' in imbroglio."

Corporal Jim

By Charles F. Nash

HIS real name was James Mason Coolidge. He was plain "Jim" to his grandmother, "Marse Jim" to the servants, and "Corporal Jim" to the "Yankee" soldiers.

His mother was dead, and he lived with his grandmother on a plantation in Alabama, near the Alabama River. This was in 1864, and as all the men of the family had gone to the war, Jim and his grandmother were the only white people left on the plantation.

Times were very hard in those days down South. The ports were all blockaded, so that nothing could be brought in except by blockade-runners, and they were having lots of trouble with the gunboats; consequently the people were obliged to do the best they could with what they could make and raise at home. There were plenty of chickens and fresh vegetables to eat, but fresh meat was scarce, and coffee and tea were almost unheard-of luxuries. Wheat flour could not be bought for love nor money, and you know corn-bread is not very nice for a steady diet, however good it may be occasionally.

Grandma Coolidge had endured the privations very well until her tea gave out. She had been content to wear homespun dresses that she had made herself, from the spinning of the cotton to the cutting and fitting of the "frocks," as she called them, and had contentedly knit the stock-

"The idea!" she exclaimed, indignantly, "of a Coolidge selling vegetables. It would be a disgrace to the family, and I will not permit it. You may as well dismiss the matter from your mind."

Jim, however, did not dismiss it, but kept up his assault with so much persistence that the good lady succumbed at last and consented, with the stipulation that Ben should be ostensible merchant while Jim could accompany him merely as a looker-on. This plan satisfied Jim, and with his assistance Ben soon had the largest farm-wagon filled with choice vegetables. Jim, to do honor to the occasion, dressed himself in his best suit of homespun gray cloth, the coat of which, in keeping with the warlike spirit of the times, was trimmed with black braid, and had regular stripes on the sleeves, not unlike the chevrons of a corporal.

The camp, which was about six miles from the plantation, was on the bank of a small creek or branch of the river, and there was a pontoon bridge across the creek, in place of the regular bridge which had been destroyed by the Confederates.

As the wagon jolted along the road toward the camp Jim told the sympathetic Ben all about his plans; and Ben, who was as full of the scheme as he, coincided with him in every detail. To have heard the two discussing as to the best manner in which to expend the money, one would have thought that they possessed all the



A picturesque home.

ings for the household, and woven the cloth for Jim's clothes; but when her only solace, her cup of tea, could no longer simmer on the hearth and send its fragrant aroma over the cozy sitting-room, then indeed the good lady lost her equanimity and denounced the "Yankees" in good round terms. She tried to make tea of dried willow-leaves, upon the assurance of old Aunt 'Tildy that the decoction was very fine; but the first taste of the bitter infusion was enough for her, and she gave up in disgust.

Mr. Coolidge's favorite servant, Uncle Ben, and his wife, Aunt 'Tildy, remained with the "ole Miss," as they called Grandma Coolidge, all the other negroes having left the place when they heard that "Marse Linkum" had set them free. Ben worked in the garden, and Aunt 'Tildy did the housework and cooking. Ben's garden was very fine; but the first taste of the bitter infusion was enough for her, and she gave up in disgust.

One day Ben went to the mill to get some corn ground, and when he returned he told Jim that there were "more'n a milyon sopers down thar by the crick, all a-livin' in little cotton houses, and a-cookin' of deir brekfus' at fires right on de groun'." When he heard this news, Jim was struck with the idea of selling some of their vegetables to the soldiers, and getting some tea and white sugar with the money, for he had heard that there was tea for sale at the store at a figure far beyond their present means. He went to his grandmother and unfolded his scheme to her, but she refused flatly to entertain a thought of such a thing.

treasures of the Klondike instead of a wagon-load of truck. Jim's first object was to get some tea and white sugar for his grandmother, for he knew how much the old lady longed for her favorite beverage.

They had nearly reached the creek when they heard the beat of horses' hoofs on the bridge, and in a few minutes a large party of horsemen dashed up the road between them. These men were a foraging party from the camp, and when they saw the fresh, crisp vegetables in the wagon, they stopped to investigate.

"Well, uncle!" called out the leader, "where are you going with your truck?" "We's gwine to de camp to sell it to de sopers, sah," replied Ben, touching his hat politely.

"We'll take the whole of it now, and save you the trouble of going to the camp. What will you take for the load?"

"I don't rightly know, marster; de truck a'nt mine 'zactly. It belongs to Marse Jim," replied Ben, indicating Jim, as he spoke.

The soldier looked at "Marse Jim," perched up on the high seat, resplendent in his new suit, and his quick eye caught sight of the trimmings on the coat.

"Hey, corporal!" he cried, in a bantering tone, "what will you take for your truck?"

"I don't know the value of it, sir," answered Jim, in his politest manner; "I will let you fix a price, if you wish to take it."

"Very well; pitch in, boys!" said the leader, turning to the rest of the soldiers; "I'll settle with Corporal Jim."

The boys, who had been enjoying their leader's conversation with the two merchants, did "pitch in," with so much despatch that the entire load was soon transferred to sacks which they carried, and was stowed on their horses' backs. When they had finished their task and remounted, the leader turned to expectant Jim.

"Now, corporal," he said, "you can right-about-face and march for home, and when you get there you can tell your folks to charge this load to Uncle Sam."

With this, he gave a word of command to his party, touched his horse with his spurs, and in a few moments the foragers were lost to sight in a cloud of dust, away down the road.

The whole affair had transpired so quickly that, for a short time after the men were gone, Jim was dazed and could not realize his loss; then, as it burst upon him, he laid his head on old Ben's shoulder and cried as if his heart would break.

Poor Ben was as much grieved as Jim, but he patted the weeping boy on the back, and with many endearing terms, besought him not to cry, telling him that, "Dem Yankees is a miserable set, anyway, and you don't want to notice sich trash!" Then he turned the horses about, and they drove slowly and sadly home, their bright dreams blasted and their golden castles demolished.

Grandma Coolidge was indignant at her boy's mishap, but assured him that it was just what she had anticipated when she allowed him to go.

This unfortunate conclusion to their first attempt put an end to the vegetable business. Jim had a notion that it would be a good plan to go to the commanding officer, and tell him of the treatment he had received at the hands of the foragers. He was afraid to tell his grandmother what he thought, for he was sure that she would object to his going. Still the idea grew on him, and at last he resolved to go. On the morning of the third day after the robbery he set out for the camp, just after breakfast, and walking rapidly, soon reached the creek.

It was early in the spring of the year, and the creek, swollen by the heavy rains, swept fiercely by in a yellow flood, full of swirling eddies and floating debris. Jim walked down to the bridge and saw that the rushing water had cut away the bank, so that the timbers to which the bridge was made fast were on the point of being torn from their places. The cable that held the centre pontoons in position were stretched as taut as a bow-string, and it was plain that they would not hold on if the shore-fasts gave way.

Jim stood looking at the swaying structure, expecting every moment to see it break loose and go spinning down the creek, when something called his attention to the opposite shore, where he saw a party of horsemen riding rapidly down the road toward the bridge, evidently with the intention of crossing over.

His first thought was that if these were the same men that had robbed him of his vegetables, it would be a good thing to let them come on, and in that way revenge himself upon them, for the bridge would certainly not bear the weight of so many men upon it at once. Only for an instant did he permit such a thought to remain in his mind, then he blushed to think that he had even allowed it to come to him, and he resolved to save the men if it were possible. The creek was about two hundred yards wide at the point where the bridge crossed, and as the men were not more than that distance from the other end, he hauled to quickly.

There was a wide space between the shore and the bridge, panned only by the swaying timbers, and it was a dangerous undertaking to climb out on the unstable structure, but he had made up his mind to do it, and without hesitating longer, he crept cautiously out on one of the rocking stringers and gained the bridge in safety. The men were still approaching the creek, and it was evident that they did not see the dangerous condition of things, for they had not slackened their pace. Jim seeing this started across at the top of his speed, waving his handkerchief and crying as loudly as he could:

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"Stop! Stop! The bridge is breaking loose!"

Fortunately the leader saw him when he was about half-way across, and stopped the men just at the edge of the creek. When Jim saw they had halted, he slackened his speed, but at that moment the overtaxed fastenings gave way, the mid-stream cables parted with a report like a rifle, and the bridge swung down the creek with a crash and a roar, breaking in pieces as if struck by an earthquake.

The soldiers on the shore saw the slight form of the brave boy standing on the parting timbers while the yellow flood surged and roared about him; for an instant he stood there irresolute, then he put his hands above his head, gave a spring, and disappeared, head first, beneath the yeasty water; only a moment was he out of sight, when he reappeared, and, shaking the water from his eyes, struck out boldly for the shore. His main object was to keep clear of the floating wreckage, for it was useless for him to attempt to stem the current, which bore him on so swiftly that when he got near enough to the shore to feel the bottom with his feet he was over a mile from the place where he had jumped in. The party on shore had kept pace with him, and as soon as he was near enough for them to reach him, willing hands bore him to a place of safety. When the exhausted boy was safe on shore the crowd around him and the leader recognized in their preserver the boy whom he had robbed a few days before.

"It's Corporal Jim!" he shouted as he grasped the panting boy by the hand, while a cheer rang out from the men when they heard this, that drowned for a moment the roar of the flood.

The men carried Jim to the camp in great state, and when his deed was made known to the rest of the soldiers, he became the hero of the hour. He had certainly saved the men, for the end of the bridge by the side of the creek being protected by the bank, had remained intact until the other side gave way. But for Jim's warning cry the men would have been on the bridge when it broke loose, and some, if not all, would have been lost.

You may be sure that he was paid for the vegetables that had been taken from him three times over, though he protested against taking so much, and when he went home in the evening by road that led around the head waters of the creek, where there was another bridge, the guard of honor that accompanied him took such a supply of groceries with them that Aunt Tildy's eyes fairly bulged with amazement at the welcome sight.

As long as the soldiers remained in their camp by the river, Jim was an honored guest when he visited them, and when they left for the North more than one of them carried away with him a kindly remembrance of "Corporal Jim."

The Voice of the Child: What may be Done with it

By Gabriel Katzenberger

If one travels abroad—say through the magnificent forests of Germany, France and England—everywhere is heard the pleasant sound of the songs of birds. But on a similar journey through the forests of Canada and the United States one is forcibly struck by the fact that few of the birds sing. They are silent or their noises are discordant.

Why there should be this great contrast between the birds of two continents—one flock so joyous and one so sad and silent—I do not know, but I have often thought of those two sets of birds, and then of the children of Europe and those of America. The children of the Old World sing, those of the New World do not.

In the alleys of Rome, the playgrounds of Naples, the parks and avenues of Berlin, the boulevards of Paris, and the gardens of England, the child's most natural form of expressing joy or sorrow is through a song. Here our children are preternaturally silent so far as music is concerned, maybe for the same reason the little Miss gave who was asked why she never smiled.

"It is not good form," she replied.

Now our American children ought to be good singers, and in singing, add more moral cheerfulness to their natures. They live out of doors, the national physical tendencies are athletic; thin-chested girls and stoop-shouldered boys are disappearing. The introduction of deep breathing into child culture has had a wonderful effect upon the stomach, lungs and voice.

Why then among American children have we so little singing, and, compared with the children of other nations, so little natural love of music? After a long life devoted to study and use of the human voice, and many years' connection with the musical education of the children of the public schools of Chicago, I feel somewhat qualified to answer the question, and to make some suggestions to American mothers, which may be of material benefit to the voice culture of their children.

I regard it as peculiarly unfortunate that many young men and women seem to think it necessary as soon as they are married to drop little artistic pleasures which had been a part of their life when single. In those days the father had a bass voice and the mother was a pleasing performer on the piano or violin. Perhaps for a short time after marriage their enjoyment in these wholesome things kept up, and then the sordid side of married life crept in and music went out of the window. The direct and indirect effect of this upon the child in the home is ugly.

We know what effect it would have upon all living things of this earth if the amount of sunlight were reduced one-half. The life of the soul is injured in a quite similar way when music is removed from the home.

Now in Europe few men of the middle classes fail to belong to chorals or other singing societies. The young boys follow in the father's footsteps. A great majority of the mothers play some musical instrument and nearly all sing. The evening pastime and the Sunday pastime is the family group gathered about an instrument, joining in folk-songs or renditions of more classical pieces.

The child yet unborn is constantly under the influence of music. There is song in the mother's heart, on her lips, and in the home, and it has a prodigious effect on the nature of the babe and its future appreciation of music. A mother can scarcely realize until she has tried it, the effect of music in the home upon the soul and voice of the unborn babe.

In the training of the finest canary birds, the best singers, the young birds and the mother and father-bird, are kept constantly under the influence of sweet music which will suggest the purest whistling and trilling to them. A horse that is being trained to perform to music is given a long experience with orchestra music before his technical education begins. The situation is no different with an unborn child whose parents constantly sing and smile, who have some kind of instrumental and vocal music always at hand.

Could we surround our national mothers with simple, pleasing home music during the period of child-bearing it would not require many generations to change our national tendency to somberness into one of song. I do not know that our crop of prima donnas or baritone notes of note would be increased, but national life would take on a more joyful tone, and the heart be lifted nearer to that God who bestowed the voice for purposes of melody and not discord. We would have tender, well-modulated and not strident, nasally offensive voices.

Child Voice Culture

Of the technical training of a child's voice by trained teachers I shall say nothing. If parents can afford to have the children receive a systematic course in voice culture, even though they are never designed to be public singers, so much the better for the children in particular and society in general.

But where this is not possible there is much a mother may do within the home for the benefit of the children's voices that will bear fruit in later years.

Now I am going to suggest some very simple things, that may seem ridiculous to many mothers, but they are born out of a long experience, and, if practised, will have excellent results.

Suggestion one is that the mother never speak to the babe or child in a loud, harsh, piercing tone of voice. No matter what the impulse of an angry moment is, keep the voice under excellent control, favor the harmonious minor tones. It is extraordinary what effect a voice that is always harsh and imperious will have upon the vocal powers of a child. A baby, just beginning to talk, and giving every evidence of having a rich and melodious voice, may through the constant shrieking at it by another, entirely change the character of its voice. The change will invariably be from accord to discord.

Uncontrolled anger, giving away to passionate expressions of rage or hatred, through the medium of the larynx of the throat, works immense harm not only on the physical and moral nature of the person enraged, but upon the mind and vocal organs of the growing child. The primary vocal or voice elements originating in the larynx are modified in their passage outward through the pharynx and mouth so as to form articulate speech or musical sounds, in speaking or singing.

The telephone receiver and transmitter is a modified form of the power of the human voice and its supporting organs to transmit not only articulate speech but music and a score of other forms of sound. Yelling, shouting, screaming into the telephone and its human-devised supports, produces jarring, confusion, im-

possibility of correct hearing at the other end of the line. A low-pitched, well-modulated voice can be distinctly heard if the mechanical service is of any worth at all.

Imagine then that the eardrum of the young child is a million times more sensitive than that of the receiver of the telephone, that this drum has surging through it a hundred and one curious vibrations previously unknown to the opening brain, and the throat organs striving to articulate, and you can faintly conceive what effect a screaming home voice, a voice coming from the mother who bore it, will have upon the child's sense of harmony in vocal expression. The low, self-controlled voice has led more generations upward than any high-pitched voice that ever existed.

My second suggestion is that no matter what the quality of the mother or father-voice, the baby child be sung or "crooned" to, morning, noon and night. Crooning is merely giving a simple melody to a yet simple heart and brain. It has some of its best expression in Juanita, Sweet A ce Ben Bolt, the Lullaby, "Scott's 'O Hush Thee, My Baby,'" or in these lines:

"The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But sure the big warld's care an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
May He who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their paws be bauld,

O bairnies, cuddle doon."

My third and last suggestion is, that as soon as children can produce any melody, they be told the story that lies behind nearly every world-old song that exists. A gentle mother-voice has taught them how to modulate their own tones, so that a whisper may be more distinctly heard than a shriek. Daily home-song service has brought them into touch with words and melodies that build for the stronger side of doing. The mother and father-fingers have gently shown them what their own fingers may do with piano key or violin string.

So shall the children know and take into their own daily lives, the wisdom and melody of the past.

Be Sure You're Right

"Be sure you're right, then go ahead!"
That's what a brave man wisely said;
And every man in wisdom's light
Can surely tell the wrong from right,
So that, the evil knowing, he
May work for good and victory.

There may be some who'll gibe and sneer

At honest effort, but it's clear
That he who dares to do the right
Shall some day conquer in the fight.
If, heeding not the scoffer's cry
He march right on e'er faithfully.

The grandest victories ever won
Are blessings sent for good deeds done;
And richer far than crowns of gold,
Or gems of fabulous wealth untold,
Is that bright crown of gratitude
The world gives to its brave and good.

Poor Little Chap!

A little boy from the slums had been taken out into the country for the first time. After a bit he was found sitting, all by himself, on a high bank, and gazing wistfully out over the hills.

The woman who had made the little excursion possible quietly seated herself at the youngster's side. To her the child turned a radiant face and asked: "Say, it's darn pretty, ain't it? Is this all in the United States?"

Generous

A farmer boy and his best girl were seated in a buggy one evening in town watching the people pass. Nearby was a popcorn vendor's stand.

Presently the lady remarked: "My, that popcorn smells good!"

That's right," said the gallant. "I'll drive up a little closer so you can smell it better."—Everybody's Magazine.



Demonstration Farm, Stratmore

How the Men who wait on the Public are cared for by the Canadian Pacific Railway

Commissary Building

A citizen of the world wishing to spend a holiday at Banff, in the heart of the Western Canadian Rockies or to make a business-journey along the lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway rents his sleeping car berth, boards the train, lives and eats in luxurious surroundings while being whirled across the continent, and has little idea of the vastness of the enterprise upon which he bestows his patronage, nor of the tremendous system

require an army of three thousand dining and sleeping car attendants with several hundred additional men at terminals to handle supplies for them. This is exclusive of the thousand men who would be operating the train in the capacity of brakemen, conductors, firemen and engineers, a total aboard in all of 34,000 people.

Taking Care of the Public

It would take a great deal of space to tell how the Canadian Pacific Railway takes care of that public which patronizes its lines and how also it takes care of

thresholds each meal hour. It is estimated that in the summer season the C.P.R. serves on an average twenty thousand meals a day on its cars. For many years the company has been grappling with the problem of supplying this enormous demand in a way that would insure to the general public absolutely clean and perfectly wholesome meals and only now has the company come to believe that it has the situation completely in hand.

The first problem that presented itself was to have secure a really assured and permanent source of supply. To attain this and, incidentally, to show farmers in various districts the possibilities of their lands when scientifically worked, demonstration farms were started throughout the Dominion. These supply absolutely fresh provisions to the chain of commissary stores stretching across the continent and give the Canadian Pacific Railway the assurance of a permanent supply at cost prices. In this an absolutely radical departure was made in that the C.P.R. actually owns and operates the farms which supply it with provisions.

The advantage of this is not far to seek. Fresh milk and cream will soon be secured in whatever quantities are desired. A sufficiently large number of poultry can be kept to supply all requirements for table fowl and eggs. To insure freshness in the eggs used on dining cars the product is gathered from the nest (all eggs are non-fertile by the way) stamped with the date, and then packed in cartons and sealed for delivery to commissary stores. Milk and cream are not handled in bulk. After being

thoroughly pasteurized the products are placed in sealed bottles and these are opened in the presence of the passenger with the day and date of milking right on the bottle. Similar care is taken to insure absolute cleanliness in all other demonstration farm products.

Fruits and vegetables form a large item on dining car menu. The Canadian Pacific Railway imports these from all parts of the world and offers them on its tables before they are available elsewhere, and then, when the Canadian products are ready the preference is given them. In fact the company specializes in the famous fruit and vegetables of British Columbia and contracts for these products for the entire requirements, especially apples and potatoes, for this service for all western lines one year in advance. The quality of these fruits, such as apples, plums, cherries, pears, and vegetables, such as celery and potatoes, now stands highest in the continent.

An Obstinate Problem

One really obstinate problem has confronted the Canadian Pacific and that has been the supplying of fresh bread and pastry to its patrons—bread and pastry of such a quality that the shield and beaver trademark would be its guarantee. Many experiences have been tried, but that degree of success desired by the company is only now being attained. Final upon all plans comes the announcement on this year's appropriation list to the effect that the company will install a chain of modern bakeshops at such terminal points between Halifax and Vancouver as would insure a complete restocking of dining cars with fresh bread,



Interior of Dining Car, C.P. Ry.

which must be maintained in order that he and others, likewise minded, may travel in such safety, comfort and luxury.

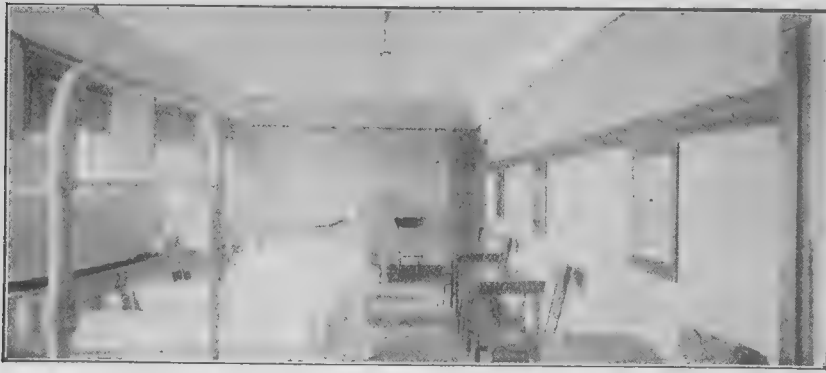
For instance he goes to bed and does not know that an army of men four thousand strong is employed by that Dining and Sleeping Car Department. He is not aware that the same company could, within five days, transport an army of thirty thousand people from Vancouver to Halifax, giving each a sleeping berth, and supplying ninety thousand meals a day, or practically half a million on the five day journey across the continent. Again, he does not realize that, if the dining and sleeping cars of the Canadian Pacific Railway were made up into a single train with a locomotive stationed at interval ten coaches apart, that that train would be fourteen miles long. To man this city on wheels would

those employees whose duty it is to minister to the comfort of that public. Yet the C.P.R. has taken many steps in that direction and it is safe to say that in a dozen particulars it stands ahead of any road on the continent when it comes to treating its dining and sleeping car employees humanely and sanely. These men are as desirable a class of public servants as can be found in any private house from the point of view of efficiency, personal cleanliness and freedom from danger of spreading disease. The company is as considerate of its men as it is of the general public and is fully aware that such a course is simply "good business."

Certainly the most colossal task that presents itself to the C.P.R. is that of provisioning its dining cars to feed the hungry multitudes who cross their



Section of Bakeshop, C.P.R. Dining Car Department



Dormitory for accommodation of layover Dining Car Crews



One of the C.P. Dining and Sleeping Car Departments

cakes and pastry every fifteen hours. Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Moose Jaw, Calgary and Vancouver are to have such railroad bakeries as well as several other points not yet definitely decided upon.

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Recognizing this, the Canadian Pacific Railway has worked out an elaborate system of individual service, reducing the handling of food to a minimum. All bread, cakes, pastry, pie, puddings, etc., are prepared in individual orders; in fact this system is extended to cover all possible service; even ice cream, which is made under most sanitary conditions, is prepared in individual portions, each portion wrapped in special case to prevent handling.

Its First Care.

One of the first cares of the Canadian Pacific Railway is to see that all its employees are physically healthy and clean and to this end it has been deemed expedient to establish a chain of homes for

Winnipeg, Moose Jaw, Calgary and Vancouver these dining car and sleeping car employees are housed by the company. In establishing this system the manage-

a position to assume responsibility for the cleanliness of employees. Under the system that prevails on the C.P.R. it is impossible for a dining or sleeping car employee to go out on a run, as it is called, without having first taken a bath and gotten his clothes newly cleaned and pressed free of any cost to the employee.

Nor is the Canadian Pacific Railway inspired by solely business motives in this work. The company is not a "soulless corporation" in dealing with its men. On the contrary, the homes, as the illustrations will show, are an embodiment of the cosy home spirit. Comfortable nooks and corners abound. All are scientifically ventilated and managed by competent caretakers. Libraries, bathrooms, including showers, large windows and indeed all the addenda of the modern home are present, and everything is spotlessly clean. Thus, when a C.P.R. man is away from home he is under the company's care. And so it comes about that C.P.R. employees would pass medical inspection to report for duty in any hospital, if occasion for their service arose. The result of all this care shows in the health of the employee by going out from the terminal rested, in good health, and in every way prepared to care for the public.



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the dining and sleeping car men over the entire continent. The C.P.R. is the only railroad corporation today which provides this class of employees with free lodgment had one main idea in view. It At all large terminals such as Toronto, ment had one main idea in view. It would be able to give the general public the assurance that every employee had a physique free from disease, because all are subjected to a periodic medical examination, and it would itself then be in

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A Young Naturalist on the Pacific Coast

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale

OUR home is on the sunny side of a little inlet. Only a long crooked spit of sand and shells and pebbles divides it from the ocean. We have a playground ten miles long of sand. It is beaten so hard that men have come all the way from New York to see what a fine race track it would make for their autos. We never know what wonderful things we may find on that big stretch of shore. But say! it's hard to run against a sandstorm, even if there is some big dark thing ashore a mile or two up the beach.

My brother Fritz and I have made a collection; some of it floated all the way from Japan. We have bamboos of many kinds. We have redwood bark from California. Once we found a spar, and on it was a big bunch of barnacles, just the same barnacles that are pictured in the old Natural Histories. They call them goose barnacles there. But I guess that was only a fable, as no goose could ever come out of these shellfish. Once a whale came ashore. No sooner did it lodge than a fleet of canoes swept down the shore, and the Indians landed and started to cut it up. My! but it was strong! I asked Dad—he's a naturalist, collects all the birds and

animals and fishes, and takes the tides and the rain, and the currents and the weather. He said "I think they must have smelled it," and he laughed, as Dad always does, and wrinkled his eyes up at me.



Setting up tidal scale at low tide

One day, after I had learned how to do it—Dad was ill that day—we went and caught the correct low tide line, and put up the tide scale for him. It must have been right, for he took several looks through his instruments, then he

put what he called a "bench mark" on a big boulder on the shore. Dad said the ice ages ago carried that boulder for thousands of miles, and put it there, and now he was going to turn it to some use. He said that men could tell hundreds of years from now the correct tide lines and height and depth by the "broad arrow" on that big rock. Then he put the instrument on the top of a long tube that had a float inside. He wound up the tall clock, stuck a bit of lead in a sort of nippers, placed a ruled paper round the tall clock cylinder, and off it went, drawing a line that told just how high the tide rose and fell every minute of every hour of the day. Dad told us about one of these tide recorders he had placed with an observer far up the coast. They built the tube—that the tide lifts the float in—of two inch planks, and staked it firmly down at low tide. The machine worked well for a few weeks, then it failed, and all the new recorder could do would not start that pencil. Disheartened, he gave up the work, until Dad made another visit. He took down the tube, and what do you think he found in it? A devil fish! This big slippery, gristly thing filled the whole square of the tube. Dad says it must have been quite small when it crept in through the tide hole, and that it shows what nonsense it is to say devil fish eat men, when this big thing grew so rapidly for six months, with only a two-inch



Putting the second sheet on the clock cylinder

square hole for its food to creep or swim through. None of us on this coast are afraid of the devil fish. Wee Indian boys take a cedar pole, and lash a big sturgeon hook on to it. Then they creep slowly up to the big rocks at lowest tide line. Down they drop on their knees, and if there is an octopus in there one swift dash in of the pole, and a swift draw back, and they have forty or fifty pounds of good Indian food lying on the

pebbles. I know they have to dart the pole in quickly or else the big thing would fasten all his sucking discs to the rocks, and you could never pull him out then.

One day we found a strange fish on the beach. Dad says it is very rare. He called it a ribbon fish. It was seven feet long; from the end of its tail went out a long six-foot whiplike thing. I guess this is why it is called the ribbon fish. Dad dissected it. It only weighed six pounds, although it was longer than he is. It looked like a silver slice of some big fish. It was no thicker than my hand, and it had the biggest eyes, Dad says, in any known thing in natural history. They were as big as a baseball cut across, and the funny thing was that they hung out of its cheeks, so that it could look up from the deep water it swam in. Its eyeball was as large as a big marble, and it had the funniest bone pump on its nose for straining its food through you ever saw.

We have a very strong telescope. Right in front of the big sand beach are two rocks that lift up out of the barrier reef, they are about half a mile from the shore, and about fifty feet high. The way their slides slope makes a long smooth valley between them. Every spring the sea lions gather and mate there. We can often see them roaring and fighting, but the surf is too great to hear them. There is an old male that seems to be ruler of the herd—he is boss all right. He always flops right up to the top of the higher rock, and gathers about six big females around him. It would make you laugh to see him twine his long neck about theirs, watching all the time to see that no other male dare break into his court. I have often seen one try; out flops the king, and his big teeth sparkle in the sun and his neck swells and he roars out his rage, but all the other males are afraid of him, and soon he flops back to his ladies. At low tide the two rocks are bright yellow, with the dry sea lions all over them. Soon the tide begins to run through the valley, and sends its big surf dashing up the sides. Then all the lions turn to brown, and the rocks look darker. Later the tide, rising swiftly, throws its great billows on to the reef and down the valley you will see hundreds of sea lions rolling, swept off the rocks. They always look like big bags of grain rolling down a hill. Before Dad dissected the female he got we had a lot of fun measuring it, and writing down notes about it; Fritz even pretended to go for a ride on the dead lion.



Pretending to go for a ride on the dead Sea Lion

The bays have lots of sharks in them, but we swim there just the same. Dad says they are mud sharks, bottom feeders, and will not disturb man. He says none of the mud sharks, or devil fishes, or panthers or black bears are dangerous, except in the magazines.

I must tell you about our shark. The men at the salmon trap had seen this big fellow swimming around the outside of the trap all the time they were building it; they drive down long fir trees for half a mile out from shore, and build a kind of a maze on the end, and hang it all with nets, and the silly salmon swim from one enclosure into another, and never swim out of the last 40 foot enclosure again. Well, I guess the trap-builders had chosen the shark's feeding bay to build in, for he was always there. Many times the men rowed up so close to him that they could throw a noose at his tail, but they never just managed to rope him. When the trap was finished the big, soft harmless shark must needs follow the "lead" into the "heart," and then into the "pot" and "spiller," and there he was a prisoner. Even if the

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men had wished to, it would have been very hard to let him out again. There were ten to fifteen thousand spring salmon in, beside halibut and skate and cod and bass and herrings, so the men had to picaroon the poor thing and also to shoot him. Neither of these things seemed to kill him outright, and I tell you it was a ticklish trip when we towed the big body across the deep water to our beach. We were in an easter cedar board canoe, sixteen feet long. The line that held the shark was tied to the middle seat, and Dad had his big skinning knife ready to cut it if the shark dived too far down. But he was pretty near done, poor thing, so we got safely but breathless to the beach. We staked him there for we could not move him. I guess he must have weighed six to eight hundred pounds. I know his two livers—he was all liver inside—weighed one hundred. Oh! he had the greatest



The Groundshark has the biggest cave of a mouth

big cave of a mouth. His oil and his skin were worth preserving. The meat was red fish-fed meat—at least, shellfish fed, for he is a bottom feeder, eating any small thing he can draw into his—well! cavern. He had three sets of teeth on each jaw, a couple of hundred in a set. If you put one row in, and it did not hold, you could roll around another two hundred, and if that did not hold, why there was two hundred more. These bottom feeders have very small teeth, as they eat very small things. All of its bones were just like thick jelly, and the whole animal—Dad says it is a true fish—sank flat on to the beach before morning.

All back of our house are thick woods of tall firs and cedars, with hemlocks near the shore. The blacktail deer feed in the valleys and along the sea beach; so we often try to catch them—and do sometimes—so do the big panthers that live in the dark woods. We are not afraid of them, as they never touch man. They are awful cowards; our little "Nipper" he is an Airedale, can chase one of these big cats up a tree. It was big enough to kill fifty Nippers if it had only known its power. The great big yellow thing had been hanging around our house for a long while, but it always went away up on the hills in the day time, and Dad never kills anything that is harmless to us young chaps, but this "mountain lion," as the tourists call it,



Of all the teeth I ever saw the Panther's were the biggest

kept hanging around, and finally Nipper treed it and Dad put a 45 through its head. Of all the teeth I ever saw these were the biggest. The hide of the panther measured seven feet ten inches. We sat quietly while Dad dissected the

great big soft paws. If you could have seen the wonderful crisscross mass of long muscles on the back of that silky foot you would not have wondered that it can leap thirty feet and alight almost without noise, or that it can carry off a sheep as a cat does a bird.

But I must tell you about the pretty black tail deer. Fritz and I have almost caught them a dozen times as they tried to climb the steep sandcliffs. One day we had two headed off on a blind trail at a height of about forty feet from the shore. There was a growth of hemlock on the outer edge of the trail, then it fell, with sliding shale and big rocks, forty feet sheer to the tid, that seemed to be beckoning us with its swirling kelp. Did you ever see deer run on the trail? Well, these were not running; they were leaping. They came straight for us, there was no other way to go. "Get out of the trail" I yelled to Fritz, and they bounded by us in leaps fully ten feet long; all four feet seemed to get together, and the deer just flew up in the air, and bounced on like a live red foot-ball.

Once a little fawn got separated from its mother. It came flying for dear life along the shore trail with two yelping Indian curs behind it. It saw our two dark figures looming up on the sands, so what could the poor little thing do but take to the sea. I suppose those half starved mongrels had run in it for the full ten miles between here and the Indian ranche. Well, we grabbed up clubs and drove the snarling dogs back. We had to fight a little bit, as they did not want to go. I guessed one limped a bit too, as Fritz got a real good whack at him, and say, that fawn was headed right for Japan. The sea was as smooth as it ever gets; the canoe was just above



Holding up the 7 ft. 10 in Panther's skin

high tide line. In a minute we were afloat and off after the little pet. It of course, took us for enemies, and it plunged and struggled on. The shock of diving into the cold water, and its long run, must have weakened it, as we were rapidly catching up on it when Fritz called back to me—I was in the stern—"Paddle! paddle! it's drowning." We put in for all we were worth, and when we dashed up alongside the dear little chap's head was under water. Fritz had him in the canoe in a brace of shakes, and was cuddling it and rubbing the water out of its coat. The hot sun soon made it feel better, and nothing would do but that it must get out of that canoe. So Fritz had to tie its feet with the bow line, and hold it tight too. Within twenty-four hours we had a big space wired off, and Nimrod is our dearest pet now. I'd rather have him than the porpoise, or the seal, or any of the wild fowl; yes, I'd rather lose all my other pets and keep "Nimmy."

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Sunday Reading

The Awkward Age

Mary Wentworth

A tender-hearted, sympathetic mother, looking after her ungainly, awkward son on his way to school, sighed out: "I think the woman must have been correct who said there is a time in every boy's life when nobody but his mother loves him, and she has a hard time of it." The big youth not old enough to be a young man and too big for a boy seemed all hands and feet, and his mother felt sorry for him. She was wise enough not to scold him for his awkwardness, but it was temper-trying to see him upset her possessions and get into trouble many times daily. Having never been a boy, she did not know by experience that her son was trying with might and main to keep his big hands and feet out of the way, and that was what caused all the trouble, but her husband did not know it, and consoled her by saying that "some day" the boy would come into his own and his awkward ways be forgotten.

Happy the ungainly boy who has a sympathetic father and mother when he needs them most! Sometimes fathers act as if they had forgotten they ever were boys, and mothers are ill or depressed or tired and have scant patience with the lads, but the wise parents know that the awkward age is harder for the boy than for those about him, so they help him along all they can, chiefly by not noticing his struggles. It is positively painful to the boy at the awkward age to be easy and polite in the presence of guests, and this accounts for the great desire to absent themselves from the table where there is company that vexes so many mothers. The boys simply can't help their awkwardness, and it doesn't help them a bit to exhort them to be polite and graceful. In time they will get to ease and politeness in the presence of guests, but not at the awkward age. Why, the boy who isn't awkward in his early teens is always called a "sissey" by his mates, and that is the worst condemnation that can come to any boy.

Of course, it will never do to allow the boys to miss every social duty just because one is sorry for them, but it is easy for the mother to excuse them occasionally. When they do well, or even make the attempt to do well, they should be rewarded, and in time they will conquer. And above all things no one should ever make fun of the poor, awkward boys suffering bashful agonies. If a mistake happens, and the mistakes will be numerous, it must be passed by in silence. It is hard enough for the blushing, self-conscious big boy to realize he is doing the wrong thing most of the time without somebody making fun of his blunders.

It takes patience and tact and sympathy and love to get boys through the awkward age, and sometimes it seems as if everything was wasted on them as they blunder from one error to another, but in time they blossom out all right and are able to laugh at their own mistakes. Some of the most courteous and polished gentlemen the world has ever known suffered untold misery in their teens, so don't be discouraged if the boys seem hopeless. They are having a much harder time than anyone else, and out of it all if they are wisely and carefully instructed will come gentlemen without fear and without reproach, the ambition of every mother in the land for her awkward boys.

The Child's Sense of Responsibility

How it is Bred into the German Girl

By E. G. Cooley

To an American who spends some time abroad and who is given an opportunity to enter the home life of the Continent one of the most interesting studies is that of the manner in which responsibility is instilled into the minds of the girls. This study is particularly attractive in Germany, for home life is a tremendous factor in all Teutonic existence.

"I love my home; I wish to own a home; I mean to be the head of a home," are expressions as common in German girl circles as "I want an automobile; I must have a diamond ring; I hate the bother of a home," in certain American circles.

While a German girl is yet a baby, just beginning to use sight and other senses, just gaining perceptions, its education begins with the example that is set it by every older member of the family. I know "we" think we work, but our interpretation of what work means and the German interpretation are two widely different views.

We seem to work under a certain sense of compulsion, as if it were something disagreeable to be undertaken but had to be done. The German works with, a conjoined expression of seriousness and pleasure—work is natural, work is helpful; idleness in man or woman, no matter what their station in life, is a disease.

I may say from my own viewpoint that if it were not for this great comprehension of work, this eating it up and enjoying it, I do not believe Germany would ever have reached the remarkable industrial standard she holds to-day, and possibly as a governmental entity she might not be on the map of Europe. Germany loves work.

The German baby girl therefore quickly learns that idleness is not to be part of her life. Pleasures and recreations she may have, but they are not to be the chief end of her life. She has said to her as soon as she can understand, while she is watching mother knit or father busy in the shop:

"You have a great many duties ahead of you. Your first duty is to your God. You must respect and love him. Your next duty is to your home and your parents. You must do all you can to keep that home intact and to help them. You must not bring dishonor to them by being an idle or vicious girl. In doing these things you will be performing your full duty to the Fatherland—the government. You will also be preparing yourself for the final great duty of your life—when you become a wife and a mother and have a home of your own."

I have been literally astounded during this year I have spent in Germany, in the many homes I have had the honor to be admitted to, to note the regularity, the strength, with which this thread of injunction and reasoning runs through them all. It is not in exceptional German homes that you find it; it is part of the lasting binding of the social and industrial fabric of the Empire. It would be a most difficult task to morally or physically overthrow a nation whose womanhood rises on a foundation of this character.

The girl is caught with this thought and the example of those about her at an early age—the impressionable period. There may be a lurking doubt in her mind that everybody works, but as her vision extends beyond the home she sees that the idle and useless are condemned, that in neighboring homes the same processes of work are going on as in her own. Her inevitable conclusion is that work is natural, normal, helpful.

There is everything to be gained in starting a girl off in life with that thought. To begin to impress it upon her when she is fourteen, fifteen or sixteen years of age is often too late. She has formed different impressions by that time, perhaps fallen under the control of false ideas. But taking her at babyhood and during the early formative period and showing her the true way to contentment and usefulness, there is not much chance of her falling into error.

The German girl, realizing that work is the most vital part of her life, immediately has her attention directed to the fact that she is a unit of work. The home is not kept as a mystery to her. Its mechanisms, working parts, are rapidly uncovered for her benefit, and she is shown where her place is with that machinery.

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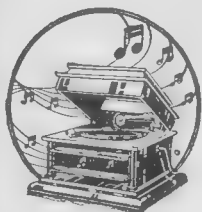
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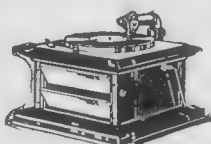
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is there and she is expected to fill it. In the town her place may be as assistant to her father in the shop, or bookkeeper, or she may be thrown into textile work, or plain household duties, but it is work.

The financial basis and financial scheme of the family is boldly laid before her. There is no boasting upon the part of the father that he is worth so much, or false pride on the mother's part that they have more than a neighbor. The cold statements the girl hears are that the family has accumulated so much, that it costs so much to live, that work is needed to keep up the family prosperity and contentment, and that work is necessary to accumulate for her future dowry its store of cash, or linens, or land, or cattle. She must come to her future husband a self-responsible, property-possessing being, capable of caring for what they both have when first married, and capable of helping him to add to their store.

I have not found that this method of education has robbed German girls of any of those charms that add to the loveliness of womanhood. On the contrary, I might say it has taken from them frivolity of expression and action and given them solidity of thought and great peace-loving minds. Their sense of loyalty to home and community has also been immeasurably strengthened.

A certain tendency noticeable in some girls of other nationalities to fly away from the home-tree, to discount the efforts of parents, to make womanhood a trifling bauble, is entirely missing from the great mass of the German girls. It may be said that they are not as familiar with the contents of daily newspapers and light novels as some girls. Gaudy and extravagant display of dress and jewelry is not conspicuous with them. But they are not stupid, they have light hearts, are fond of music and the simpler pleasures and have a sense of loyalty to home and duty which is as admirable as it is affecting.

Of the moral effect of training a girl in this manner of thinking, responsibility and usefulness I cannot speak too highly. Safeguards are thrown about her which rarely can be broken down. The girl is given an identity in her earliest years. She is a live, working part of something. Her relations with her father and mother and the other members of the family are co-operative. She is doing for them and they are doing for her.

When on some future festal day they give her to the man who is to be her final protector they pass with her prudence, thrift, industry, home intelligence, patience—all that goes behind a proper understanding of that word of extraordinary depth of meaning, responsibility.

When Love Came By

By S. Jean Walker

Fair love sped forth with wings outspread

In the hush of the fragrant spring,
His arrows were tipped at the altar fires
Where the vestal virgins sing.
His bow was curved from the rainbow's arch,

And bound with a cord so fine,
That only he, with his subtle touch
Could its wondrous strength divine.
The bright-eyed knowing flowers bent low

In homage as he passed;
The birds sang mating melodies,
His spell on them was cast.
The vernal air, the glowing sky,
Was never so fair, so blue,
As that spring morn of Hope's bright day
When love went forth to woo.
He coyly watched, then wisely smiled,
And placed his feathered dart,
Then drew his bow. The arrow lodged
Deep in a maiden's heart.

She heard a man's fond whispered words
Pleading for love's pure bliss;
Her maiden soul to woman's changed
In that long rapturous kiss.
Love smiled again as he heard there
Vows,
Like hymns of Paradise,
For only once from a mortal's heart
Does such oblations rise.
Now, from the god's vast, treasure gifts
He had bestowed his best,
Love sheathed his arrows, loosed his bow.
And then lay down to rest.

The Song of the Caribou

By R. T. Beamies, Prince Albert

The Jumping Deer hopped over the snow, a lightsome beast was he;
(Singing the song of the Caribou, the song of the wild and free.)
"I must bounce along and roll my tail,
For the Timber Wolf is on my trail;
He may succeed and he may yet fail,
'Tis not just yet. We'll see."

The Timber Wolf awoke with a snarl,
And said bad words in Cree:
(Yapping the song of the Caribou, the song of the wild and free.)
"I've a sinking feeling in my inside;
I'm narrow where I should be wide:
This living on air, though I've often tried,
Will never agree with me."

The Whiskeyjack sat up on his perch,
Screeching aloud with glee:
(Screeching the song of the Caribou, the song of the wild and free.)
"I've stolen, deceived and robbed down here,
Without relenting, remorse or fear:
I am a despicable buccaneer,
A disgrace to the family tree."

Sir Red Fox sat at the mouth of his den,
Hunting the festive flea;
(Crooning the song of the Caribou, the song of the wild and free.)
"To all the world I make appeal,
However good one mouse may feel
'Taint my idea of a first-class meal,
And I think you'll all agree."

The Mink, and Badger, and Coyote too,
Had each his separate plea;
(Sing ever the song of the Caribou, the song of the wild and free.)
"There's many a day we're short of meat,
There's many a day we've nothing to eat,
But, take it all round, this world's a treat,
As it was meant to be."

Then all the beasts in chorus sat,
The Wolf, the Coyote, Fox and Cat,
The Badger, Mink and the Whiskeyjack,
The Jumping Deer and the bad Grey-back,

On tussock, stump and tree;
And no one seemed to care a hang,
But through the air their voices rang,
And many an old, old song they sang
Came ringing o'er the lea.
Then, altogether, clear and true,
Louder yet the chorus grew,
Up to the heavens' deepest blue,
And farther yet their voices flew,
As they raised the song of the Caribou,
The song of the wild and free.

Unfaltering Faith

And shall I fear? Have I not learned
From childhood's years his tend'rest care?

Where'er my wandering footsteps turned
Have I not felt his presence there?
My Father! Yes, for he is mine!
I know his promises are true,
Through deepest gloom his glories shine;
Their bright rays pierce the darkness through.

I would not ask, if but my will
Could guild life over with delight—
Make time a river calm and still—
Light every day with sunshine bright.

Proud night adds beauty to the morn;
By contrast seems the sky more bright;

Wild grandeur rides upon the storm,
And glory shouts from ocean's night!

E'en in this night, so strongly dread,
And fearful with a vague portend,
His brooding care o'er all is spread—
Terror is lost in wonderment!

Bright faith, submissive, firm shall stand
And see his majesty displayed;
He holds the tempest in his hand
And says: "Tis I; be not afraid!"
Thus patience learns, from out the skies,
That half the miracle of grace
Lies hidden in the strange disguise
Of trusting where we may not trace!

—Luther G. Biggs, in Chicago Herald.

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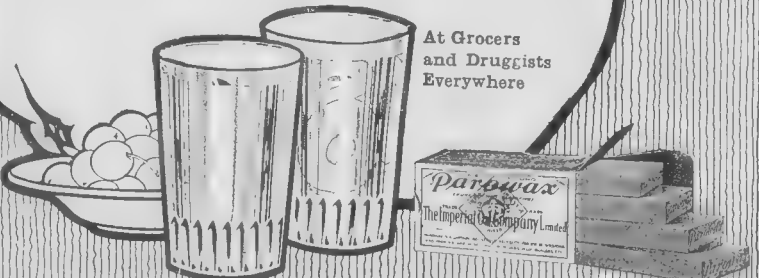
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Children

The True Story of Miss Muffet

I was sitting alone one summer's day
Eating my breakfast of curds and whey,
Not thinking of danger near,
When down by my side a spider drop-
ped,

And my heart gave a jump and nearly
stopped,
While my face grew pale with fear.

But the spider smiled and gently said:
"Little Miss Muffet, there's nothing to
dread.

I came for a friendly call;
I wanted to ask the reason why
Little girls never are scared at a fly,
But scream at a spider small.

"Now, a fly can do nothing but buzz all
day,
Or drop in your milk, or your curds and
whey,

Or else fly into your eye;
While a spider can spin a web of lace
For a fairy's dress, or to shield her
face

With a veil from the sun's bright
eye.

"A gossamer web with dewdrops hung,
And over a rose-leaf gently flung,

Makes a gown a queen could wear.
Now let me just try to spin a web
As you sit on your tuffet," the spider
said,

While he started to come quite
near!

So up I jumped with a scream of fright,
And ran till the spider was out of sight,
Or at least till he couldn't see me;
And now Boy Blue has promised to try
To catch that spider some day with a
fly

And never again set him free.

He says he is busy all day with the
sheep
And gets under the haystack and goes
to sleep

At night when his work is done,
But he'll watch for that spider each day
in the corn,
And when it is caught, why he'll just
blow his horn—

That's it now! Oh, I want to run!
—Wilhelmina L. Home.

Why Tony Bear Went to Bed

"It is time for you to go to bed, Tony
Bear," said Mama Bear to dear tiny
Baby Tony Bear, one day, when the
fall had come.

"I don't wish to go to bed," said
Tony Bear. "I want to play out in the
warm sun, and eat the good food from
bush and tree, and roll in the sand, and
make my fur coat nice. I will take
naps in our cave as I do now."

"But the cold part of the year is
near," said Mama Bear. "Now is the
time for our long, long nap. The cave
is too cold. I will put you in your nice
snug bed in the hole in the tree, and
you may stay till the warm time is
here."

"But I want to play out in the sun,"
said dear fat tiny Baby Tony Bear.

"Soon the sun will not give much
heat, and you will be cold, and cry,
'Wah! Wah! Wah!' all day long.
Come, Tony Bear, to bed."

"No," said Tony Bear. "If I go in
my bed, I cannot eat, and I like to eat.
I will hunt for that, and you may take
the long nap," and he shut his eyes,
and did not look kind.

"Oh, why are you not good, Tony
Bear?" said his mama. "If you stay
out in the cold time MAN may get
you."

"Who is MAN?" said Tony Bear.

"MAN can walk like a bear. He has
a head like a ball, with fur on it, and
he has pink paws. He is too wise for a
baby bear. He can take you and keep
you so that you can play no more,"
said Mama Bear.

"I do not fear MAN," said Tony
Bear. "I can run fast and far."

Many days went by, and Tony Bear
did not go to bed. Each day it grew
colder, and Mama Bear was not glad,
for she did want the long nap so
much. Once, at dawn, ice was hard on
the lake in the wood. Tony Bear
was able to walk on it.

"Now, Tony Bear," said his mama,
"you must come to bed with me, or
MAN will get us. This is the time
he will come. He will make a trap, and
put good food in it. He will wait for
us to get into the trap, and then he will
take us."

"What is a trap?" said Tony Bear.
"It is a cave that MAN can make,
and the bear who goes into the door
of that cave does not get out. Come,
Tony Bear!"

"I do not fear MAN, and I do not
want to go to bed," said Tony Bear,
as he ran over the moss away from his
mama.

This was the only time in his life
that Tony Bear had not been good,
and his mama did not like to hurt her
dear tiny Baby Tony Bear, so she said,
"I do not like to hurt you, Tony Bear,
but if you will not obey me what can
I do?"

Tony Bear shut his eyes, and he did
not look kind, and he did not move, so
Mama Bear gave him a soft slap with
her hard paw.

"Wah! Wah! Wah!" said Tony Bear,
and off he ran to his bed. It was far
away in a tree in the wood, and low
down near the moss. No one was able
to see the hole in the tree that was the
door, so Mama Bear and Tony Bear
were safe for the long nap till the warm
time came.

Mama Bear did not want her nap so
much that she soon shut her eyes, and
she did not hear when Tony Bear rose
up from her side and dug his way out
through the moss and the bark that
she had put up by the hole. Tony
Bear ran as fast as a fat baby bear can.
He ran, and he ran, till he came to his
home in the wood by the lake.

All that long day he had a fine time.
It was such fun to play in the sun, and
eat a root or a nut now and then, with
no one to say, "Don't do that, Tony
Bear!" It was fun to run on the ice,
and slip down, and rise, and fall once
more. It was fun to roll in the ripe
dry sand that is so good for the fur coat
of a bear.

"Oh, what fun!" said Tony Bear over
and over. He put his paw and his
claw upon the Bear Tree, and made a
mark in the bark to show how tall he
was.

"I am big," said he. "I can run far
and fast, so soft that MAN cannot hear
me. I will stay out all of the cold
time, and put many nuts in the cave
for Mama Bear. When she gets up in
the warm time she will be glad, and she
will like to see how tall and fat and
well I am."

Bye-and-bye the sun set, and the
Dark came. It was not so warm then
as in the day.

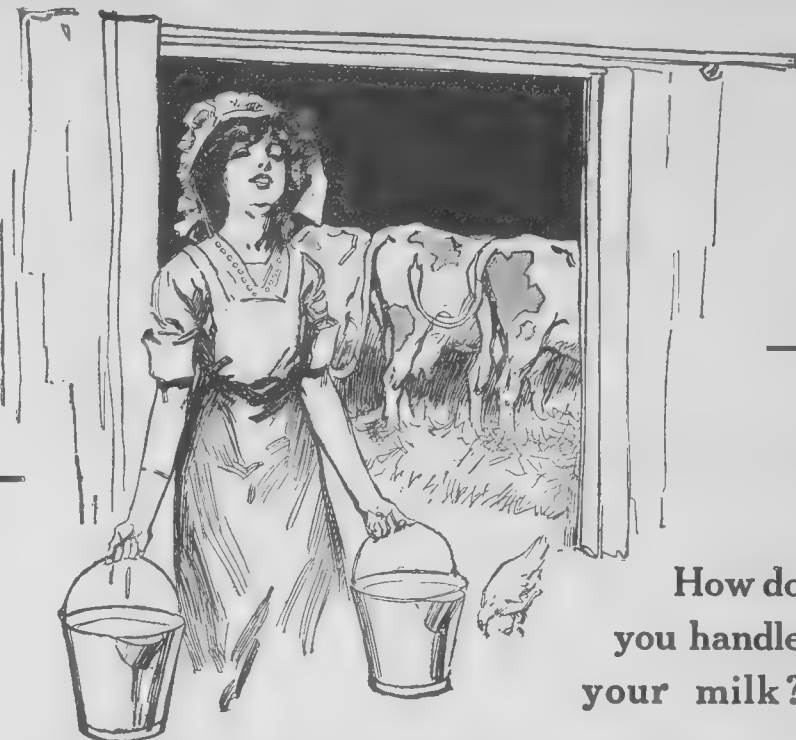
"I like the Cold and the Dark," said
Tony Bear, as he ran to and fro in his
play.

Then the dark Dark came, and the
cold Wind blew. Tony Bear had not
been in the dark Dark with no mama,
and he did not feel as glad as he had
in the day. He sat near a tree by the
cave, and how he did wish he was in
bed.

"I cannot find the way in the Dark,
and it is too far," said Tony Bear. "I
must wait here till day has come, then
I'll just run to Mama Bear."

It grew very cold, and soon the dark,
dark DARK came. Tony Bear was not
able to see the lake, nor the cave, nor
the tree near by. He was not even
able to see his paw when he held it up
near his eyes. He was so cold, and his
fur coat did not keep him warm. How
he did wish he was in bed.

"Wah! Wah! Wah!" he said, very
soft and very low. He did not dare to
cry much for fear that MAN was near.
He did not dare to go into the dark
cave when his mama was not by his
side, so he sat or lay out on the moss
in the wood all through the dark time.



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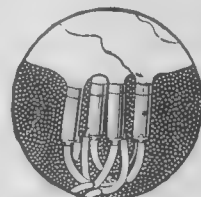


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My Friend--The Eskimo Mother

By Harry E. Lee. Alaskan Explorer and Collector of Wild Game Specimens.

I have met all kinds of mothers in my days of travel—those of the highest civilization and those of the so-called lower culture. I have the memory of the mother who gave me life and of a meeting once with the then Queen of the Hawaiian Islands, who asked me, through her interpreter:

"Are women alike the world over?"

I replied without hesitation:

"They are."

I might have added, if she could have understood, that civilization, after all is said, changes but few of the basic qualities of men or women. They are honest or dishonest, pure or impure, selfish or generous, much the same on every spot of the globe, whether a social light of a metropolis or the humble wife of an Inuit on the upper Arctic Coast.

Eskimo mothers have, however, particularly appealed to me, their unswerving devotion to duty has stirred me, because they live where food is so abominably scarce. It is something to be sweet, amiable and sincere in a clime where your children have three hundred days of sunshine and a certainty of three hearty meals a day, but to be that where the day is six months long, the night six months long, and food an unknown quantity—that, indeed, is showing lasting faith in all that is good.

Too many of us think of these Eskimo mothers as beasts, but until their civilization came in contact with that which sold liquor to their men, which made mockeries of their daughters, which justified a lie because the end to which that lie led seemed all right, their village and home life was exceedingly wholesome. I was caught one fall in a primal Eskimo village on the Kuskokwim River with a severe attack of pneumonia. My nurses were two Eskimo mothers whose husbands were famed hunters of the region. Some English was understood by the women because they had been in contact with heroic missionaries who had brought the Bible and a smattering of our own tongue to them.

Understood it Long Ago

As I began to recover from my illness I read—read the only literature I had with me, a leather-covered, waterproof Bible. My nurses would often look at the book curiously, but not a question came from their lips. The Eskimos are very polite in their manners and even when painfully anxious to know what you are about, will keep silent until you speak.

One day I offered to read to them, in English and such Eskimo words as I was master of, the story of Christ and his injunctions to all who believed in him. They were eager to listen. Propped up on rough blankets and furs and reading to them as if they were children (for they are childlike in much they do), day by day I spelled out to them the story which has never grown old. One day, one of the women—Ta-ki, mother of five sons—interrupted me to say:

"Me know dat long ago—be good, no lie, no be mean to friend, help dem dat hungry, love husband and children—dat always de right way. Get feeling mad, forget it. Man you read about good man, he good to Eskimo same as to white man. Husband come and listen."

Such was this northern mother's conception of the Christ-thought. She had a full grasp of what it was to live life as it should be. I do not believe, either, that I am relating an isolated incident, for I am sure the indomitable missionaries of the Arctic Circle have had similar experiences.

A school inspector, remarkable for his great love for neatness, happened to notice that a globe in one of the classrooms was dusty. This annoyed him, and, putting his finger on the globe, he exclaimed, "There's dust here an inch thick."

"It's thicker than that, sir," said the teacher.

"What do you mean?" asked the inspector sharply.

"Why, sir," came the answer, "you've got your finger on the Desert of Sahara."

What to put into the School Lunch Basket

A visit to a country school recently at the noon recess resulted in an invitation from the various children to share their luncheons. It was a sorry sight. The children, in many instances, left home by half-past seven in the morning, trudged a long distance to school, and spent the time until twelve o'clock at work in a room in which the air was stuffy and overheated from the stove. The luncheons, for the most part, consisted of a dry sandwich "with a hunk o' meat in it," as one of the boys remarked, a piece of pie and a doughnut, all thrown into a musty pasteboard lunch-box—the ten-cent-store variety—guiltless of a napkin, but sometimes lined with a bit of brown paper. Those children had air and sunshine, but what of adequate nourishment? The flabby muscles, dull eyes and pasty—or "pastry"—skin told the tale.

To bring home good reports, showing that keen work has been performed, the country child should take to school as appetizing, well-planned and wholesome a meal as he would obtain were he to go home to the noon dinner. It is a difficult task that is set for the housemother, for unfortunately the time to "put up" lunches comes at the busiest hour of the day—when the sink is filled with breakfast dishes, when there are hair ribbons to be tied and it is time to dress the baby! If enough forethought is taken, however,

to plan the luncheon menu the day before, most of the preparation can be made on the previous afternoon.

To Offset Indigestion

To insure the good condition of a luncheon a sanitary lunch-box is of prime importance. The old-fashioned basket may be used, for it may be aired and occasionally brushed or scalded, but the usual type of cheap imitation leather box must be discarded, because it soon becomes permeated with odors that taint the food and therefore dull the child's appetite. The best utensil of all is the old-fashioned dinner-pail, for it can be scrubbed, scalded and sunned each day, presenting absolute cleanliness.

A generous supply of paper napkins is necessary, and as they may be obtained for fifteen or twenty cents a hundred, the expense entailed is not great. Wax paper is excellent for wrapping sandwiches, although it may be dispensed with if necessary. The cheapest way to buy it is by the pound. Small paper plates and cups can also be purchased for a trifling sum at the same store, and are of the greatest assistance in packing salads and other moist foods.

A mother consulted a doctor concerning the bad attacks of indigestion which her small son had developed. "Takes his lunch to school?" the doctor inquired. "Well, buy him a thermos bottle," was the prescription.

There is no greater boon to the hungry stomach of the school child than a thermos or hot-cold bottle. By

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WEAK MEN I WANT TO TALK TO YOU

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Most of the pains, most of the weakness of stomach, heart, brain and nerves from which men suffer are due to an early loss of Nature's reserve power through mistakes of youth. You need not suffer for this. You can be restored. The very element which you have lost you can get back, and you may be as happy as any man that lives.

It is for men who open their eyes in the morning upon a world that looks blue and discouraging, for men who feel tired, despondent and out of luck; who have lost the fighting spirit—those fellows who have almost concluded that nothing is worth fighting for—who have pains in the back and who don't get rest from their sleep, and who wish that they were as strong as they used to be. It is all a matter of nervous energy—that is what ambition comes from—and that is what you can get from Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt. It is an invigorator of men.

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this means, danger of becoming a dyspeptic may be overcome, for every day something hot may be provided for lunch. Whether it is soup left from last night's supper, cocoa or cambric tea does not matter particularly, for it accomplishes the important work of stimulating the juices of the stomach and preparing it for the reception of solid food.

When the weather is not too cold the thermos bottle may be used for milk, or a malted milk chocolate shake, and during the oppressive days of June and September, lemonade or grape juice may be kept cold in it. It is needless to state that neither coffee nor tea should ever be given the child at luncheon or at any other time, for they are both stimulants and will train his taste toward abnormal foods. Wholesome bread and butter, either plain or made into sandwiches, should form the foundation of the luncheon. There is a great difference in sandwiches. When they are to appear at afternoon tea or the sewing society they should be made dainty and thin, cut in cunning shapes and the crusts removed; but when they are to be used as the main part of a growing child's luncheon the preparation is different. The bread should be at least twenty-four hours old, and the slices should be a quarter of an inch thick. The butter should be beaten to a cream—as for cake—with a wooden spoon, and spread on generously, "way out to the edge of the slice"; if this is done the crusts will not be thrown to the birds, for they will be kept soft and the child will eat them.

Eugene Field epitomized a child's ideal of a sandwich in *Pitty Pat* and *Tippy Toes*, when he said:

Only buttered bread will do,
Inches thick with sugar too.

A sandwich, whether for "grown-up" or for a child, should be filled generously and be spread just as thickly on the edges as in the centre. The slices should match, and when the second slice is placed in position the filling should not ooze out upon the other foods in the lunch-box, but simply reach to the edge of the bread.

Unless fish or some other strong filling is used which will permeate the other sandwiches, it is not necessary to wrap them separately. They should be neatly packed in waxed paper or, in case that is not at hand, a paper napkin will answer, or an old linen napkin dipped in hot water and wrung dry will keep them if they can be placed in a compartment by themselves so that the napkin will not moisten the other food.

South Pole—Earth's only Dead Region

North Pole Fair Weather Zone in Comparison, Says Sir Ray Lankester

Further exploration within a thousand miles of the South Pole will be of no scientific value, according to Sir Ray Lankester, in a statement made in London.

"There is no living thing on the Antarctic continent," he says, "excepting the seals and the penguins and a few other birds found on or near the coast line, and a minute insect like the so-called glacier flea, together with a few animalcules living in pools formed by the melting of ice in the brief summer, and species of algae, mosses, lichens and fungi."

Sir Ray, as director of the Natural History museum, had charge of the Antarctic birds, etc., brought back from the South Polar continent by Captain Scott's expedition on the *Discovery*, and he has had official first-hand information as to the results of all the explorations in that part of the globe.

Flowers would grow at the South Pole in the summer if it were not for the mountains there, according to Professor Lankester. It is these mountains that make the South Pole so cold. The South Polar area is an elevated mountainous land reaching twelve thousand feet in parts, covered with perpetual ice in consequence of the elevation. Moreover, the Antarctic continent is surrounded by the sea and is lifeless.

"There is a vast area of land around the north polar sea," said Dr. Ray, "which is green with vegetation and dotted with brilliantly colored flowers in summer, and yet is only five hundred miles distant from the North Pole. In the Arctic region there are seals, white bear, walrus, fox, wolves, musk ox, and many small mammals and birds which stray from the neighboring continental lands.

"There is abundant vegetation, including flowering plants, which find a growing place wherever land is exposed. So far as temperature is concerned, these flowers and plants would grow at the North Pole itself were there any islands in that part of the frozen Polar Sea. In contrast to the low-lying land around the North Pole, the mountainous interior of Greenland is of high elevation and covered with perpetual ice and devoid of life.

"The North Pole is, in fact, a fair weather zone, while, on the other hand, the Antarctic land is swept at all times of the year by blizzards of exceptional force and duration."

From the very beginning of life on the earth, it is asserted, the South Pole has been an uninhabited region. No animals ever lived there; the deepest digging will disclose no bones of extinct creatures. The Antarctic continent is literally the only place on the whole earth where silence and mystery have existed from the first. It is regarded as very doubtful if there are any minerals near the South Pole.

A Westerner's Recollection of Spring in Old Ontario

I see it yet, the hills are bare,
There's buds on every waving tree,
The tall pine's fragrance fills the air
And every herb has liberty.

The trout is springing from the creek,
Which trickles once again,
The March winds drive the rain and sleet
Against the window pane.

Oh! for the days of boyhood fun,
When limbs were strong and free,
When I'd start the maple sap to run
And climb the highest tree.

When floating down the Ottawa
The river-men would come,
I'd watch the boiling rapids draw
The leaping logs along.

I see the mill-stream's eager flow
Come down upon the mill
And in my fancy there below,
I watch it at my will.

The mill, the stream, I cannot lose,
Though all our visions go,
And I often love to sit and muse
On old Ontario.

Pertinent

An inebriated gentleman was going home one evening when he met a young man who was moving to a new home. The young man was very frugal and had decided to move his own things rather than pay a mover.

On this trip he had a large hall-clock on his back. It was heavy and he struggled until he heard the inebriated one call out.

"Shay, there, you!"
Thinking the man was going to help him, he set down the clock and said:

"Well, sir"
He was astonished to hear the other stammer:
"Shay, you, why don't you buy a watch?"

The "Health Bulletin" of the Great-West Life Assurance Company, a quarterly periodical mailed to all policyholders, deals, in the current issue, with the vital subject of tuberculosis. The wide interest displayed in this important subject suggests that many others than policyholders of the Company might like to have copies of this issue. These will be mailed to any interested person on request to The Great-West Life Assurance Company, head office, Winnipeg.

Fashions and Patterns

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c.
Order by number stating size wanted
Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

For Spring and Summer Dances

Girls who are thinking about a gay season will surely like this pretty frock. It is exceedingly smart, it is exceedingly dainty and, withal, it is very girlish and youthful in effect. In the illustration, it is made of fine embroidered cotton voile combined with messaline and trimmed with lace, and let it be remembered that "Cotton is King" this season, for it is used for the most formal as well as for the simplest toilettes; but an equally pretty effect could be obtained by flowered crepe de chine with a plain one or any two contrasting materials that may be liked. White Brussels net is being much worn and flowered net over satin would be lovely. Chiffon is always pretty made in this way and there are numberless summer fabrics appropriate for the design. There is a simple two-piece



7696 Semi-Princesse Dress for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

skirt which is attached to an over blouse that is quite open under the arms. Over the skirt is arranged a little panier drapery and there is a separate guimpe that can be made with high or low neck, short or long sleeves. The bertha and the flowers that hold the drapery are especially important features just now.

For the over blouse and tunic will be required 4 yards of material 27, 3 yards 36, 2 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 2½ yards 27, 36 or 44 inches wide; for the guimpe 1½ yards 36 inches wide, and 1 yard of lace 18 inches wide for the bertha and 3 yards of lace for trimming.

The May Manton pattern of the dress 7696 is cut in sizes for girls of 16 and 18 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

A Charming Gown of Crepe De Chine and Brocade

Combinations of plain and brocaded materials are extremely smart this spring and they are always beautiful. This gown shows plain crepe de chine combined with brocaded satin and the result

is both handsome and smart. The gown is distinct in effect 'and even elaborate' but it is very simple to make in spite of that effect. The blouse consists of a bolero-like portion with a full center portion. There is a very pretty fancy collar and the long one-piece sleeves are joined to the blouse at the long shoulder line. The skirt is in one-piece and is slightly circular. It is accordion plaited by machine so that the making means almost no labor. No prettier combination of materials could be found than this one, but there are many others that can be used for this gown. Any material that is soft enough to be plaited can be used for the



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

7726 Fancy Waist, 34 to 40 bust.
7669A—Accordion Plaited Skirt for Women and Misses, Small 22, 24, 26, Large 28, 30, 32 waist.

skirt and the center portion of the blouse with any other material that makes a pretty contrast for the waist or the same material in contrasting color. This waist and skirt are admirably well suited to each other, but either can be used without the other.

For the medium size, the waist will require 3 yards of material 27, 2¾ yards 36 or 1¾ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard 36 or 44 inches wide for the center portion, ¾ yard 27 for the fancy collar; the skirt will require 6¾ yards 27 or 5 yards 36 or 44 inches wide.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7726 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7669A from 30 or 32 inches waist measure. It is in two sizes, small 22, 24 or 26, large 28, adapted to misses as well as to women. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

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is
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Sherlock-Manning
20th Century Piano

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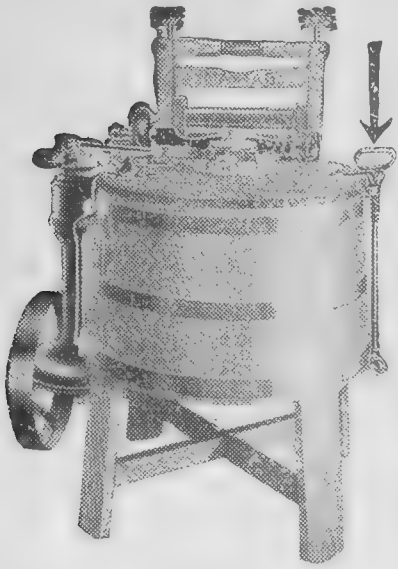
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We guarantee the "PASTIME" Washing Machine to wash the Clothing QUICKER, CLEANER, and to OPERATE EASIER than any other hand-power Washer on the market.

We further guarantee it to be well made and of good material throughout.



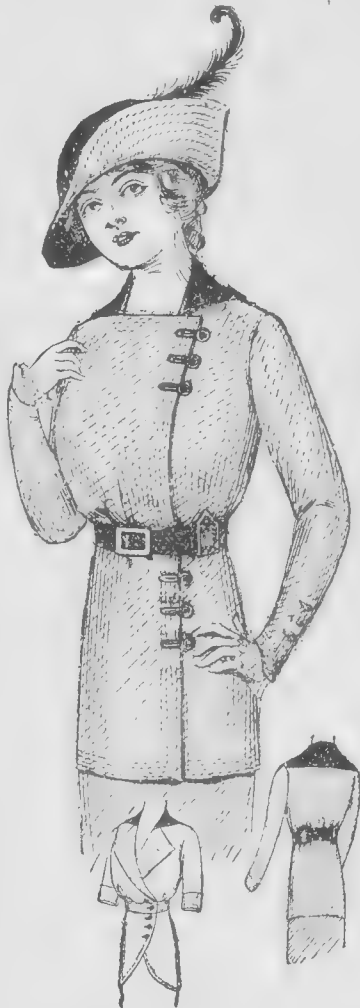
Electric Washer, showing the Swinging Wringer.

Here are the three best washing machines on earth. Ask your dealer to get one for you. If he will not, WRITE US.

MAYTAG CO. LTD., WINNIPEG

An Attractive Russian Blouse

Russian blouses are exceedingly smart this spring, and this is an unusually attractive model. On the figure, the blouse is closed a little to the left of the front, the peplum is straight and the sleeves are long but, in the small view, the fronts are rolled open to form revers, the peplum is cut away and the sleeves are finished at the elbows. Although the same model is used for both, the results are distinctly different. Made in either way, the blouse is excellent for the spring street suit and can be made from any one of a number of materials. On the figure, tan colored whipcord is trimmed with brown satin and that combination is always pretty. Navy blue serge or whipcord with black trimmings would be both serviceable and pretty. Silk suiting could be used for this model with perfect success, too. Charmeuse with trimming of brocade would be at-



7787 Russian Blouse for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

tractive made in either way. For the warmer season pongee, linen, pique and many other materials of similar weight will be found excellent for such use. The making is very simple. The blouse consists of front and back portions and one-piece sleeves and the peplum consists of three pieces. The blouse and peplum are joined by means of a belt. The little trimming straps that extend over the belt are smart features and give a touch of distinction.

For the 16 year size, the blouse will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 27 for the collar and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 18 inches wide for the revers and sleeve trimming as shown in the small view. The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7787 is cut in sizes for girls of 16 and 18 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

A Smart and Useful Blouse

The perfectly simple blouse with slightly open neck and Robespierre collar is being much worn. It is a very useful garment and it is smart at the same time. This one is subject to a number of variations which add to its usefulness. It can be made with a chemisette if high neck is desired, the

sleeves can be made shorter if liked and, if the pointed front is not found becoming, it can be made straight. Such blouse is available for wear with a separate skirt and a tailored suit as well as for the complete gown. It can be made from tub silk, from linen, from cotton crepe and from light weight flannel and serge with equal propriety. In the illustration, tub silk is trimmed with collar to match the stripe in color and with oval-shaped buttons that give a smart touch. Linen would be pretty with the collar scalloped or made from



7813 Blouse with Robespierre Collar, 34 to 44 bust.

eyelet embroidery, or a pretty effect could be obtained by making the blouse of white linen with the collar of colored or the blouse of colored linen with the collar of white, for such combinations are much used just now.

For the medium size, the blouse will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 27 for the collar, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7813 is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Five Little Brothers

Five little brothers set out together
To journey the live long day,
In a curious carriage all made of leather
They hurried away, away!
One big brother and three quite small,
And one wee fellow, no size at all.

The carriage was dark and none too roomy,
And they could not move about;
The five little brothers grew very gloomy,
And the wee one began to pout.
Till the biggest one whispered: 'What do ye say,
Let's leave the carriage and run away.'

So out they scampered, the five together,
And off and away they sped!
When somebody found that carriage of leather

Oh, my! How she shook her head.
'Twas her little boy's shoe, as every one knows,
And the five little brothers, were five little toes.

—New York Independent.

Maud: "What in the world made you buy more postage stamps?"

Ethel: "Why, I went into the drug store to get some face powder, and who should be there but Jack."



HOW TO KEEP YOUNG

THE freshness of youth can now be revived even when one is long past middle age.

No longer is it necessary to bewail the fact that advancing years are leaving an indelible mark upon the complexion, and upon the muscular and mental vitality. Old age can be definitely postponed and premature old age, as evidenced by anaemia, lassitude, nervous debility, constant fatigue—the outcome of strain, worry or overwork—should belong to a bygone period. The scientific researches of that world-renowned physician, Brown-Sequard, which resulted in the discovery and perfection of "Sequarine," have established a new era in the history of mankind.

"Sequarine"—the new organic tonic essence—is working wonders among all classes of the community in all parts of the world. Medical testimony is daily pouring in proving the efficacy of this marvellous preparation. Clinical reports

Signed by the Doctors

in charge of the cases are in the hands of the proprietors of "Sequarine," which prove beyond doubt that this preparation is unrivalled for its regenerative powers.

"Sequarine" is the true principle of life, and completely restores the harmony between the physiological functions.

If your face is pinched and drawn, if your muscles ache and refuse to do their work, if your brain is inactive and you are listless and weary—then take a few drops of this wonderful liquid daily. You will feel your vitality steadily coming back, you will see evidences of the rejuvenation.

In Your Mirror—

the pinched look will disappear, your eyes will become clearer, and the tell-tale marks of old age or worry, the foes of a healthy and youthful appearance, will beat a hasty and traceless retreat. Your whole system will be strengthened, your step will become firmer, your mental faculties keener, and your disposition more cheerful. In fact "Sequarine" will make you radiant with the bloom of health. Begin taking "Sequarine" today. Its wonderful reinvigorating effect will be a revelation to you.

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Two Minutes

Mr. Edmund F. Stratton, of New York City, has invented a camera that takes and completes pictures ready to see in two minutes. It does away with the expense of buying films or plates and the trouble, expense and delay of having them developed and pictures printed by a photographer. The camera has a fixed focus lens and there is no delicate focusing mechanism to get out of order or for you to learn to operate.

This camera, which is called the Gordon Camera, is being manufactured by the Gordon Camera Company, of New York. As they are desirous of making it known in every locality, they are making a special offer to our readers. For a limited time they will sell models A, B and C at half price. The regular price of Model A, which takes pictures $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, is \$5.00, but it will cost our readers only \$2.50. Model B (regular price, \$10.00) which takes pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, will cost only \$5.00, while Model C (regular price, \$15.00), which takes both sizes, will cost only \$7.50. Whichever one you order, enclose 90 cents additional to cover express charges, sensitized cards and developing powders.

The sensitized cards are wrapped for daylight loading, and the powders make the developing solution to be put into the developing tank, which is inside the camera. Model A is $5 \times 8\frac{1}{2} \times 9$ inches in size and weighs 2 pounds 4 ounces. Model B— $6 \times 9 \times 10$ inches, weight 2 pounds 14 ounces. Model C— $6 \times 9 \times 10$ inches, weight 3 pounds 2 ounces.

The cost of taking pictures with the Gordon Camera is almost nothing in comparison to all other cameras. Extra sensitized cards ($2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$) can be bought for $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents each ($3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$) for 3 cents, and 10 cents worth of developer will develop over 40 pictures. The Gordon Company sells flashlight lamps for 80 cents, which will enable you to take pictures at night in your own parlor, or out of doors.

The operation of this new camera is so simply that any little boy or girl can easily take pictures with it after reading the directions sent with each one. There is no customs duty to be paid, as the Gordon Company will ship to you from their Canadian factory which is near Toronto. All orders and letters, however, must be sent to their office, which is at 1819 Stuyvesant Building, New York, N. Y. When ordering a camera under this special offer, be sure to mention that you are a reader of THE WINNIPEG NOR-WEST FARMER



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Address Dept 8. A.D. Hastings, 393 Hargrave St. Winnipeg.

Effect of Embroideries

A handsome design showing a combination of the fashionable rambler rose and solid embroidery is illustrated by a centerpiece, cushion and table scarf. The rambler rose embroidery has been described before in these columns, but we will again show the diagram which explains the working of these effective little roses. The embroidery is very simple, as it consists of long outline stitches worked around a centre which centre is formed by making a number of stitches, crossing them in different directions until they form a little mound.



6610—Scarf.

About three shades of silk are necessary to work each rose, the darker shade for the centre, the next darker for the first three rows of long outline stitches, and the lightest shade for the outside rows. Do not pull the stitches too tightly, and the rows of stitches near the centre are worked very closely together almost one under the other, whilst towards the outer edge they are worked a little further apart. Thus the rose gradually flattens to the outer circle.

The design is stamped on tan-colored linen and the roses have been embroidered in shades of pink, the butterflies in brown, blue, gold, and black, and either lace or fringe may be supplied to complete these designs. Royal floss is used for all portions of the embroidery excepting the rambler roses.



Rose in the Making.

A handsome library set is a scarf and cushion (No. 5195). The mission design is tinted with effective colorings and indicates the shades of embroidery silks to be used in bringing out the design. This should be embroidered in solid padded satin stitch using rope silks. If the embroidered design is afterwards outlined with black it will effectively bring out the coloring. Heavy Russian fringe finishes this handsome set, which consists of cushion and oblong table runner.

A burlap cushion is 6216. These pillow covers are always effective and they come in shades of red terra-cotta, blue, and biscuit, and the design shown has been embroidered in blue, the daisies worked solidly in white, and the centres in golden brown, outlined with black.

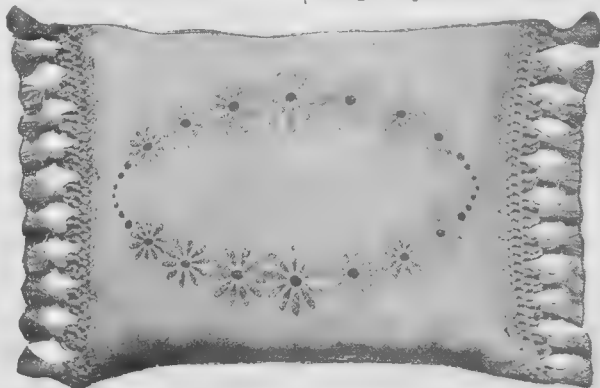
Any of the articles quoted on this page may be supplied by sending in the amount covering any of these articles to the address given below, and they will be sent postpaid. Allow at least three days from the time the order is received for filling.



No. 5195—Cushion, Front and Back—60c.

Rope silk is the proper thread to work these dainty roses and a sufficiently large eyed embroidery needle to allow of the silk to pass freely through the eye is necessary to embroider the rambler rose.

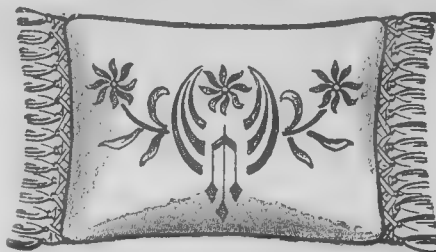
Royal floss and rope silk to embroider these designs may be supplied at fifty-five cents per dozen. Fringe or lace to finish the articles shown range from fifty to seventy-five cents per yard according to quality.



No. 6216—Burlap Cushion, Front and Back 65c.

If our readers do not clearly understand the method of working these roses a small sample showing the method of working this embroidery will be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents.

For further information regarding any of the articles illustrated address The Needlecraft Dept., Belding Paul Corticelli Limited, Montreal.



Design 206

TINTED IN SHADES OF BLUE, BROWN AND GREEN

GIVEN Pillow Top and Back

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One Pillow Top, size 17×22 inches, stamped and hand tinted on pure linen Russian crash.

One Pillow Back.

One Easy Diagram Lesson, showing you just exactly how to take every stitch.

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About the Farm

The Neighbor

He set his hand to the plow one day,
While yet his years were few,
Resolved to mark a distant field
With furrows firm and true.
His arms were strong for the toil of life,
His heart was all afire,
Till a neighbor laughed, and turned him home,
Rebuking his desire:
"You are too young, you are too poor, you are too weak," said he.
"Best leave such tasks to the rich and great, and strive to be like me!"

Then rosy Love brought largesse
To his very cottage door,
A maid of mystery and of charm
God never gave before;
And the lad held out dumb hands of Hope
To the mighty fires of Peace,
Till the neighbor passed with tongue in cheek,
And then he sought release.
"You are too dull" the neighbor said.
"To shine by such as she."
"Find you a girl of common clay to wed and be like me!"



Jasper Park Collieries, Pochontas, Alta

So time sped by, till the fading day
Could bring but one last chance
To break the bonds of a sordid life
And conquer Circumstance;
And, well-nigh spent, he sought the road
To the heights where life is great,
Eager to reach one shining goal,
But his neighbor whispered, "Wait—
"You are too old to do it now—it is far too late," said he.
"I could not do it myself, you know, and you are just like me!"
Marguerite O. B. Wilkinson

Poultry Production Notes

Generally speaking, the feed value of foodstuffs is not so well understood by the average poultry raiser and farmer as it should be for the largest profit. I have found that low priced food stuffs as a rule are the most costly feed in the end.

Food stuffs to have a practical value must be sweet and clean, and be of a variety that will furnish the poultry just the same nutriment required to develop whatever particular product that may be desired, without the poultry having to digest a lot of waste material that they have no immediate use for. As the old saying goes, 'It's just what you put into a thing as to what you take out.'

This saying is certainly true in the poultry industry, as hens are only capable of developing eggs or meat to that capacity in accordance with the material they have to work with. Nature has not given them the power of converting what they eat into any element different from the element the feed actually contains.

To illustrate the matter in a plain way, supposing that 160 hens are fed one bushel of corn, which is a fair day's ration for that number. The bushel of corn alone does not contain lime or

protein enough to develop over thirty-two eggs, which would only be seventy-three eggs per hen in a year, but it contains fat forming material enough for 320 hens for one day, or as much again as 160 hens should have for the best results. Now, as the whole food stuff must be digested before the egg-producing material is available for the development of the eggs, it is plain to be seen that the energy of the digestive organs when fed on a corn ration entirely is taxed to about double the capacity they should be, which means a loss to the raiser of, no less than fifty cents per hen in a year.

For those who prefer mixing their own poultry mashes in place of buying feeds already mixed, the following proportions may be followed:

Mix twenty pounds of wheat bran, forty pounds of corn-meal, ten pounds of fine middlings, ten pounds of linseed meal, ten pounds of gluten feed and ten pounds of meat scraps. This will cost in the neighborhood of \$1.70 a hundred.

Or a cheaper ration may be made of fifty pounds of wheat bran, one hundred pounds of cornmeal seventy-five pounds of wheat middlings and seventy-five pounds of clover or alfalfa. This will cost slightly over \$1.50 per hundred pounds.

Another ration may be made from sixty pounds of corn meal, ten pounds of wheat bran, ten pounds of flour middlings, ten pounds of linseed meal and ten pounds of fine scrap, costing in the neighborhood of \$1.65 a hundred.

The first named ration makes an excellent feed, though for laying hens I prefer to reduce the amount of corn meal from forty to ten pounds. Corn meal is good fattening food, but I would not feed too much of it to laying birds.

Cut green bone can be substituted for beef scrap.

Why Eggs are Infertile

Pitfalls the Poultryman Must Avoid.

There is nothing more disappointing to the poultry-keeper than to find that the eggs set under a hen or placed in an incubator are infertile. One can imagine no greater waste of time or effort than for one or other method to be adopted without the possibility of a chicken, in that the germinal vesicle within the shell has not been vitalized, so that no matter what may be done, or how complete the hatching influence, the result desired cannot be achieved.

Fertilization is positive, not negative. Therefore, infertility is due to a definite omission. In this respect the sitting hen or machine is not responsible. We have to seek for the cause at an earlier stage. To a large extent, man and not nature is at fault.

One fact is often forgotten, namely, that increasing the number of eggs produced by each individual hen and extension of the period of hatching account for some at least of the instances of non-fertilization of eggs. That is one of the penalties of domestication. We cannot expect that a hen which lays ten dozen eggs over several months of the

year will yield the same proportion of strong hatchable germs as the wild bird producing a couple of dozen.

And in the extension of the laying period the risks are increased. It does not follow that with the stimulation of ovarian activity there will always be a corresponding advance in other functions, whether of male or female. It is only reasonable to expect that there must always be a higher average of infertile eggs as the number increases and we hatch to a greater extent out of season.

At the same time infertility is often greater than need be the case, owing to influences which can be obviated, and, therefore, something can be done to prevent it. A few of these precautions, so far as our limited knowledge teaches, may be enumerated.

Highly fed and overfed birds of both sexes are most liable to fail in fertilizing or producing strong, hatchable eggs. Breeding stock should always be in hard, lean condition.

Lack of exercise not only tends to fatty deposits on the body but also to loosened activity of the organs and functions. Therefore, it is of supreme importance that prior to and during the breeding period every effort should be put forth to make the birds work all the day.

Feeding upon foods of a highly stimulative nature often results in ovarian activity beyond the power of fertilization. For breeding stock this is bad policy.

Breeding stock requires different treatment from those birds kept only as egg producers. They need more natural conditions.

It is a mistake to mate up the birds too long before fertile eggs are desired. Two and three weeks in advance is sufficient for introduction of the male bird. He should be kept up to that time where he can lay up a reserve of natural vigor.

Where very few chickens are wished for, it is especially important the hens shall be fully matured. Immature stock is often a cause either of infertility or weak germs. In that case a fresh male bird should be introduced mid-way in the season. If possible the preferable plan is to use different pens for very early breeding from those used in the normal season.

Why Farm Women are Over-tired

Magdalene Merritt

So many things tend to make the women of the farm tired, who can enumerate them all? I do not think the farmer is indifferent to his wife's comfort, but quite the contrary. There is no other example of the marital relation and home life so nearly ideal as that found in the farm home. The farmer and his wife work together every day in the year, they learn to know, trust and rely on each other as such intimate association only affords. That a husband under these conditions will deliberately allow his wife to become overworked, is not at all likely, but of course there are exceptions to this rule, and for the unfortunate woman so unhappily situated, too much cannot be said in condemnation of the inhuman practice. From the experience gained from living nearly half a century on a farm, with intimate associations with farmers and their wives. I do not know of half a dozen instances where the husband has not been good to his wife, but I do know of countless cases where he is noble and manly, unselfishly good and kind to his wife and family, a truly ideal husband in the highest sense of what constitutes real manhood, scornful of a mean or contemptible act; that such a man would fail in all true courtesy toward his wife is not possible. The underlying principle governing the life of the farmers' wife rests with herself, after all is said and done, it is not what someone else says or does that makes or breaks our lives, but what each one says and does himself or herself.

We know farm women work hard, for modern conveniences cost money, and in the majority of their homes affluence is out of the question, and so many expenditures are constantly springing up, it is hard to decide how best to utilize to the greatest advantage what little profits are secured, and if there is any

sacrificing to be done, from time immemorial it has always been the wife and mother who does that. It is these selfless farm mothers, for on the farm true motherhood is most often found, who think first of their loved ones to give them for their comfort and happiness, all that it is in their power to give, who wear the tired look, the mark of supernal service.

Parents' Responsibility

A mother once said to me: "We, who as parents are responsible for our children's existence, should place their happiness and good before our own desires, this we rightly owe them as their due." That is the highest and noblest conception of true parenthood, but in so doing no parent should fail to take into account that rightly to perform this duty, it is necessary to maintain a perfect standard of mental, moral and physical perfection themselves. And no human being can do this when exhausted with overwork. That physical conditions largely affect the mind is too well known to be discussed here. There are comparatively few things a normal person cannot do if he really sets himself

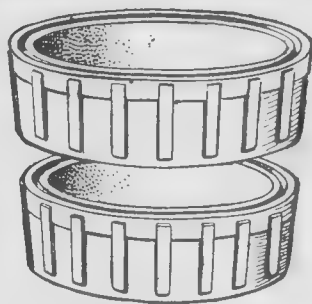
about it, the chief point is to take for a motto "What others have accomplished, I can do," and live by that resolution. One of the most trying things we as women of the farm have to contend with, it seems to me, is the water question, and it is so difficult to overcome as comparatively few homes are so situated that a natural gravity system can be installed, but where this can be had, it is the cheapest and most satisfactory of any. Forcing by hydraulic ram or gasoline engine is possible only occasionally, but a cistern is always available, and no farm home should be without one, and yet I know of very many who have not even this. With one, or an attic tank, except during an unusually dry season, the daily supply of water for more purposes would be then directly at hand without the labor of carrying in a pail from the pump or spring, often situated at some little distance from the house. Even without the necessary fixtures to have it in different parts of the house, a kitchen sink and the pump is a great saving of labor. Mine is a large pantry, where is also my work table, and in the bathroom adjoining, another pump

leads the water directly in the wash bowl, the tub is opposite with only a drainage pipe, as when taking a bath it is necessary for the cold water to be carried to the tub, while the warm water is heated on the kitchen range. [At very little expense a tinner will make an extension to go on the spout of the pump. When cold water is wanted in the tub, this is attached to the pump spout and the water is pumped directly into the tub. Editor.] We find this arrangement satisfactory, and is the best we could do, for our location is such that a well furnishing an inexhaustible supply is impossible. Any farmer can fix a place similar to ours by having the pipes and elbows cut the required length when purchasing them, and the cost is very little as compared with the benefits derived from taking a tepid bath at bedtime after a hard day's work in summer. The pores continually exhude waste matter, and assisting nature by frequent bathing, aids the body by the least possible resistance to maintain normal health.

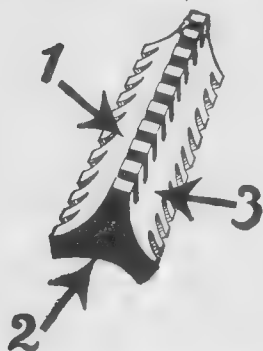
Home Conveniences

Most farmers possess all kinds of up-to-date machinery, and yet the women

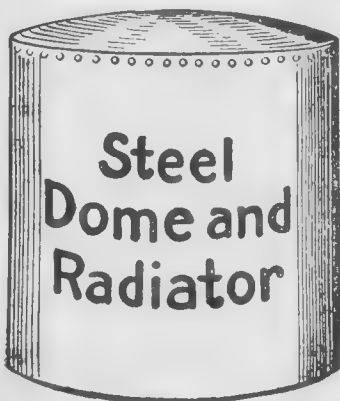
in these same homes too often still churn and do the family washing if not on a board, with a machine turned by hand. A gasoline of sufficient horsepower, with all the equipments necessary to do this work can be purchased for less than \$100. A binder is used only a few days during the entire year, but washing has to be done half a hundred times, and churning, during hot weather three or four times each week, both of which are too hard for any woman to do. Since the men do not cradle and bind the grain as their grandfathers did, neither should the women do their work by old-fashioned methods. Another thing that wears on women and prevents them from properly recuperating during the comparatively idle months of winter is lack of adequate heating facilities. Of course a furnace is a fine thing, but out of the question where fruits and vegetables in any quantity are to be successfully stored. Few homes, I find, keep more than two fires, and at that, allow the kitchen range to go out at night. Starting the fire is often done by the housewife and to do this on a bitter morning, and prepare breakfast in a kitchen where every-



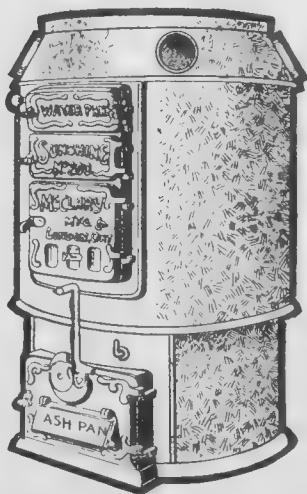
The Two-piece Firepot



Three-sided Grate Bars



Steel Dome and Radiator



Install A Modern Furnace

One With Latest Features, And Built To Last

CONSIDERING its extra weight, the superior quality of the materials, the skill and experience put into it, McClary's Sunshine furnace is the cheapest furnace on the market. You get more value for every dollar you invest in the Sunshine than you do in any other furnace.

McClary's Sunshine Furnace is the product of the largest stove and furnace makers in the British Empire. It has labor-saving, health-producing and fuel-economizing features—the result of long experience—that no other furnace has.

It has, for instance, the "rocking-down" system which eliminates the old-time back-breaking, dirty shaking. It has a conveniently located water-pan over the fuel door. It has a sure-acting dust-flue to prevent dust from falling ashes getting into the house. It has an almost straight-sided fire-pot to prevent ashes forming "pockets" and deadening the fire. And some coal-economizing features our agent will be glad to tell you about.

But, too important to overlook, is the fact that the Sunshine furnace is built to last. The materials are the best, and every piece of metal is tested. Every operation in the making is inspected, too. Nothing is left to chance.

As an example of the quality of materials used, take the fire-pot. This is of semi-steel—not gray iron as are other fire-pots. Semi-steel is not affected by sulphur fumes from burning coal. In addition, a semi-steel fire-pot weighs twenty per cent. more than the same size and pattern in gray iron.

But that's not all. The fire-pot is in two pieces to prevent it cracking from extreme expansion or contraction. One-piece fire-pots are continually cracking, having to be replaced.

Then take the grate bars. Those on the Sunshine are very heavy and have three sides—three lives. By exposing a different side to the fire every few days, the life of the grates is greatly prolonged.

Examine the dome, too. It is of heavy steel, as is also the radiator. The frame of the ash-pit, the doors on the furnace, the casing—every part of the furnace is of the most durable material. All joints are accurately fitted together, and rendered dust-tight by a special cement originated by McClary's.

Last, but not least, the McClary Company place the services of their corps of experienced installation men at your disposal. These men will assist you and the McClary agent in your locality to plan the arrangement of your heating system. They will also co-operate with you in other ways to insure the proper installation of your furnace.

Furthermore, the Sunshine furnace is guaranteed to heat your house to your satisfaction, if installed according to the directions of the McClary experts. You therefore run absolutely no risk in having one installed.

Send your name and address to our nearest office, with particulars about the size of your house, and we will tell you about how much it will cost to install a McClary's Sunshine in your home. The latest Sunshine booklet is also free on request.

McClary's Sunshine Furnace

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REMOVES

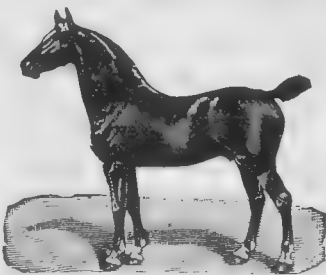
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We guarantee that one tablespoonful of Caustic Balsam will produce more actual results than a whole bottle of any liniment or spavin mixture ever made. Every bottle sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Write for testimonials showing what the most prominent horsemen say of it. Price, \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use.

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THE BEST FOR BLISTERING.

I have used GOMBALT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM quite a good deal, and for a blister it's the best I ever used. I wish your remedy every success.
CHAS. MOTT, Manager,
Mayfield Stud Farm, Leesburg, Va.

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Have used your GOMBALT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM to cure curb. I blistered it twice, and there is no sign of it any more. The horse is as good as ever.—DAN SCHWER, Evergreen, Ill.

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A 75-cent box of Kill-Em-Quick contains enough deadly doses to kill 2000 gophers. And there are that many on every small farm in gopher-infested regions. Besides, every pair raises from twenty to thirty-six young ones per year. Kill-Em-Quick kills gophers for less than one cent per acre. It is guaranteed. If it fails, you get your money back promptly.

**Mickelson's
Kill-Em-Quick**

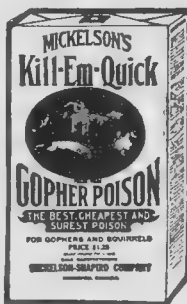
has a peculiar odor and taste that attract gophers, they eat it, and it is so deadly that the merest atom kills a gopher. No other poison compares with it. Others must be greatly weakened, are bitter, and are not eaten by gophers. Besides, you are never sure you are getting the pure, unadulterated poison. It's different with Kill-Em-Quick. You get what you pay for. It is

Absolutely Guaranteed

An hour after spreading it you can go into your fields and find dead gophers all around. It kills them before they can get back into their holes. They leave tender shoots of grain for Kill-Em-Quick. You ought to use it. Get a package at once—have it ready for the first gopher. Kill-Em-Quick is made in 75c and \$1.25 sizes. Get it from your druggist—or sent direct, prepaid, on receipt of price. Guarantee with every box. ANTON MICKELSON, Pres.,

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thing is cold, causes bodily discomfort that cannot fail but leave its mark on the system. If only one continuous fire is afforded. I should by all means have it in the kitchen where the work is done, and kindle the living room fire after breakfast. In my own home the chimneys are built in the second story only, the pipes entering a radiator in the rooms above before going in the chimney, by this method no heat is lost, and the chambers are always comfortable in the coldest weather. It seems to me that we should make the most of the winter months, for rest and recreation after the strenuous labor of summer.

Cheap Posts made Durable

Durable fence posts can be made of woods heretofore considered too poor for permanent use. Preservative treatment will make posts of maple, cottonwood or willow take the place of more expensive and rarer ones of locust, white oak or cedar. Wood decays only because of the action of small plants, called fungi, and if these plants are prevented from growing in the tissue of the wood, no decay will take place. Wood kept thoroughly dry or thoroughly wet cannot decay, nor can it if a poison is put into the tissue to prevent fungous growth.

Suggestions for prolonging the life of fence posts are given by Prof. J. A. Ferguson of the university of Missouri. Piling stones, ashes or gravel about the base of a post will help to keep it dry, and will tend to prevent decay. Seasoned posts last much better than those set green. The old method of charring the ends over an open fire gives good results. Charring should extend 6 inches above the surface of the ground.

Some good results are obtained from applying creosote with a brush, but not to compare with the complete dipping treatment. Prof. Ferguson explains the method of entire creosote treatment and illustrates a simple tank for heating the solution. Thoroughly seasoned posts are heated several hours in the creosote, all air being driven from the post. As the posts cool, still in the liquid, the contraction sucks small quantities of creosote into the fiber and makes a shell around the entire post.

When a farmer furnishes his own labor the cost of this treatment should not exceed 6 or 8 cents a post. A well creosoted post of perishable wood will cost less, and will last longer than an untreated post of more durable wood.

The Clipping of Horses

There is a Right and a Wrong Way of Setting About it.

The following notes on the clipping question are from Lieutenant R. S. Timmis, of Canada.

In his natural state the horse's summer and winter coats are of absolute necessity, as they are the only protection he has from cold or heat. The domesticated horse, however, is often placed under totally different conditions, and we must, in many cases, resort to means apparently unnatural in order to supply the necessary protection. I mean by this that we may have partly to remove the horse's winter coat. The various methods of doing this are:—

Good grooming, singeing, and clipping. The latter practice is one that is often denounced as being cruel. A few words, therefore, on the subject may enlighten those who have not studied the matter from a broad point of view. A horse who grows a long, heavy coat is, although well groomed, unable to do hard work, even in very cold weather, unless his coat is partly removed. Such a horse, if unclipped, will break into a heavy perspiration early in the day, and, besides losing much flesh and energy, due to the continued perspiring, runs the great risk of catching pneumonia when he is left standing.

In Canada the risk of catching such a chill is very great, whilst in a country like England a horse, as above mentioned, if unclipped, would wear himself out in a few weeks. On the other hand, when such a horse is clipped he must be properly blanketed when left standing for any length of time. Clipped private

carriage horses should be driven protected with loin cloths, and never left standing for more than a few minutes. A horse should never, on any account, be driven with a blanket on.

Clip at the Right Time

Clipping, however, should be done at the right time, not too late in the season. The horse should be clipped before its winter coat has finished growing, say, by the middle or possibly the end of November, and never in December, as it is commonly done. A horse, if clipped late, has scarcely any coat until the following spring, while one clipped fairly early will have a short coat throughout the winter. With a few exceptions a heavy draught horse, doing slow work, should not be clipped. There are, of course, a great number of horses who, if they are well groomed and well blanketed in their stables, need never be clipped. These may need to be singed with a singeing lamp, a practice which should not be attempted by an amateur.

As a general rule, a horse who can do his work without excessive perspiring, and keep in good condition without being clipped, need not and should not be clipped.

Clipping cannot be called cruel, however, if the horse is well cared for. Most of our military horses are clipped in November, and, I am quite sure, are far better off, as they are kept in well ventilated and fairly warm stables, and are never left standing for any length of time in the cold. My own experience has been that a weedy-looking, unclipped horse will rapidly gain in condition after clipping.

The practice of clipping a horse late in the fall, and of leaving such clipped horse to shiver, unblanketed, is foolish, unhorsemanlike, and cruel. I conclude with a most important point. A clipped horse must be well blanketed, and on no account must stable windows and ventilators be closed in order to raise the temperature. A hot, stuffy, unventilated stable is unhealthy, dangerous and cruel. A horse should get 1,500 cubic inches of air space, and the air in this space ought to be entirely renewed every half hour.

The Heart of the Rose

By S. Jean Walker

A flower bud grew by the streamlet's brim,
In the tender care of the sun and dew,
And the trees above it stood tall and grim,
While the wind came there to woo.

So warm and free was his whisper bold
The young flower stirred with joy a thrill
And smiling opened it, heart of gold,
While laughed the merry rill.

Then the sun remembered his own loved West,
And sailed on a crimson sea of light,
To pillow his head on her ardent breast—
The goal of his wayward flight.

Then the moon unveiled her sweet, shy face,
And the stars danced forth and gaily smiled
That the bold, strong wind by the gentle grace
Of the blushing flower was so beguiled.

But the wind cared not as with fond caress
It lulled the flower to sweet repose,
Then kissed one silky, shining tress,
And sped—well, no one knows,
Not the sun, nor the stars, nor stream,
But they found where they kissed a hidden gleam,
A tear in the heart of the rose.

It Will Prevent Ulcerated Throat.—At the first symptoms of sore throat, which presages ulceration and inflammation, take a spoonful of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Add a little sugar to it to make it palatable. It will allay the irritation and prevent the ulceration and swelling that are so painful. Those who were periodically subject to quinsy have made themselves immune to attack.

Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly
Special Rates in combination with other papers

The Home Doctor

THE nursing in contagious diseases presents some requirements that are not found in other diseases. Not only must the patient be considered but the remaining members of the family must be protected from the contagion. The nurse finds that she is much more confined and that she must take precautions to protect herself from the disease. For the trained nurse, there is one compensation; a nurse usually receives about ten dollars more a week when caring for a contagious case than when nursing any other case. This is only just, on account of the extra work and close hours required.

Isolation

In any contagious disease, the patient should be isolated and no one allowed in the room except the nurse and the doctor. The room preferably is at the top of the house and separated as far as possible from the remainder of the rooms. A sheet moistened with some disinfectant solution, as chloride of lime, should be hung in the doorway leading from the room. The room should be well ventilated, as fresh air is a great aid in recovery.

Disinfection During Illness

All secretions, as that expelled when the patient coughs, should be burned. It is better to have the patient expectorate in small pieces of cloth which may be burned, than to use a sputum cup. The urine, the feces and even the water in which the patient is bathed should be disinfected before disposal so as to prevent the germs of the disease being scattered about. Chloride of lime or a five per cent. carbolic acid solution may be used for this purpose. No articles should be carried from the sick room to other parts of the house. The patient should have separate dishes and these may be washed in the room. They never should be washed with the family dishes. The bed linen and night clothes should be allowed to soak several hours in a five per cent. carbolic acid solution before being sent to the laundry. Then they should be boiled thoroughly and dried out of doors.

Exposing Children to Disease

There is a common superstition that all children must have all the so-called children's diseases and that the sooner they are over with the better, for then all worry is past. Some mothers have been known deliberately to expose their children to the contagion of measles or whooping cough. Such a proceeding should be condemned in no uncertain language. It is no more necessary for all children to have these diseases than it is for all adults to have smallpox or typhoid fever. Indeed, the after effects of the latter diseases may not be nearly as serious as those from a seemingly mild attack of measles.

How to Reduce Flesh

It takes patience, perseverance and regularity in daily life to reduce flesh. Heroic measures such as hot baths, starving, etc., will cause rapid reduction, but will always weaken the heart and should never be tried by those who have a weak heart.

It is far better to let the change come more gradually by a system of daily physical exercises which are not exhausting to the strength and by a strict diet.

A daily walk, brisk enough to stir the circulation, will help to wear down excessive, soft, fatty tissue.

In the matter of diet a general rule should be laid down to avoid all foods containing fats; this includes pork, bacon and all fat fish as mackerel, etc. No bread nor cake should be eaten except as they are made of gluten flour, and this rule applies to gravies and soups thickened with flour.

All sweets are under ban together with cream and sweet fruits.

This reduces the list of food allowable to those who are earnestly seeking to lose weight, to the following: lean meats, skim milk, tea, and coffee without cream and sugar, fresh fruit (except bananas), gluten bread, vegetables that are not starchy, eggs and fish. This will prove a very good dietary.

Hiccough

A spasmodic contraction of the diaphragm and the breathing muscles is what is known as hiccough. It is caused by sour stomach, gas, food that doesn't digest or an overloaded stomach. This contraction of muscles makes the child uncomfortable and can usually be stopped by taking a full breath and holding it as long as possible. This gives the nerves a little time to regain control of the muscles. Nine swallows of cold water taken without breathing will usually stop it. A lump of sugar slowly melted in the mouth will stop the trouble. Any of these are only temporary. The cause must be removed. The hiccough is the symptom of the stomach's condition. A physic, a change of diet, an intelligent regulation of diet will remove the cause and the hiccough will disappear.

Diet for the Nursing Mother

The nursing mother needs more liquid food than she would otherwise require. A quart of milk should be taken in addition to regular meals. Gruels, broths, soups, cocoa and weak tea, meat, eggs, fruit and plenty of vegetables make a nutritious and good milk-producing diet. Fruit acids when taken by the mother are not supposed to agree with the baby. This is a mistake. Fruit taken regularly by the mother, if she can digest it, reacts on the bowels of the baby and prevents the constipation that is almost universal among babies. Fruit eaten at irregular intervals by the mother will give the baby colic.

If any of the foods in this list give the mother indigestion, she must immediately eliminate them from her diet. The effect of various foods must be watched for in the child. If the baby is not comfortably eating and sleeping and thriving there is something wrong and the diet must be adjusted.

The nursing mother should not eat highly seasoned and highly spiced foods, pickles, etc. Vinegar must be given up. Very sweet cakes, preserves and pastries, heavy vegetables such as cabbage and turnips, cauliflower and onions, fried greasy foods, rich puddings, and all alcoholic beverages must be avoided if the mother values the health of her child.

If she could realize that indigestion established in babyhood might go with her child through life, she would find it no hardship to regulate her diet for the healthy development of her child during the months previous to his birth and throughout the nursing period. Every child is entitled to legitimate chance, the healthy beginning that only his mother can give him.

Baths

By Dr. Edith B. Lowry

Ordinarily, we think of a bath as a cleansing agent only. There probably is no other health-producing agent so imperfectly understood and yet so capable of yielding comfort and benefit. Cleanliness is essential to health, and hence a bath is useful for that purpose alone. There are innumerable small glands in the skin that have important functions to perform for the welfare of the body. One set of these glands produces an oil which keeps the skin in good condition, another set helps to carry away the waste material formed in the body. The watery portion of the waste material evaporates, leaving a residue on the skin which clogs the pores. If any of the pores become clogged with waste material it will be impossible for the glands to do their work properly. Hence a cleansing bath is necessary for the health of the body.

Another important result of intelligent bathing is the effect upon the blood and circulation, and upon the nervous system. Besides being given for cleanliness, baths are given to reduce inflammation or fever, to produce relaxation of the muscles and nerves, to induce

The War on Flies



Call on Tanglefoot For Help

Spread a sheet of Tanglefoot when you see the first fly. For these winter survivors may breed countless armies later.

Tanglefoot will save you from untold annoyance from flies this summer. No other method has proved half so effective.

300,000,000 Sheets Used Yearly

A mighty army of Tanglefoot is ready to help you. Each sheet can destroy 1,000 flies. And Tanglefoot not only kills the fly, but seals it over with a varnish that destroys the germ as well as the fly.

So Tanglefoot is a double protection. Now after 30 years, hardly a household in America would be without it.

Don't Risk Poisons

Every summer fatalities are reported from their use. In several states the sale of poison is forbidden except by registered pharmacists.

The poison does not kill the germ on the fly. Poisoned flies drop into your food, into baby's milk, are ground to dust in the carpet.

Fly traps, too, are unsanitary and disgusting to care for.

Tanglefoot the Safe Way

You take no chances when you use Tanglefoot. It is the non-poisonous, sanitary way of fighting flies. In sections bothered by fleas, too, it is a veritable boon.

Don't be without Tanglefoot this summer, if you want to enjoy freedom from these pests.

Preferred for 30 Years



The original Tanglefoot always bears this trademark. It contains one-third more sticky compound, hence lasts longer than the no-name kinds sold merely as fly-paper, or sticky fly-paper. Ask your grocer or druggist for Tanglefoot for this season's war on flies.

Made Only by THE O. & W. THUM Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

A little gasoline will quickly remove Tanglefoot from clothes or furniture.

A Useful Premium for the Home



THE "IDEAL" Shoe Polishing Kit

This contains a LAMBSWOOL POLISHER, FELT DAUBER, and BOX OF SHOE PASTE, all packed up in a neat box.

This outfit will be sent you FREE with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly. Fill out this coupon now.

Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send The Western Home Monthly to

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perspiration and to modify the circulation of the blood. They may be classified according to the special purposes for which they are given, according to their mode of preparation and ingredients, or according to the temperature at which they are given.

According to temperature, they may be classified as hot (from 100° to 112° F.), warm (from 90° to 100° F.), tepid (from 70° to 90° F.), and cold from 33° to 70° F.).

Effects of Baths.—Baths of all temperatures are given to reduce fever and inflammation. The temperature is reduced by cooling the blood and equalizing the circulation. The older method was to give only cold baths to reduce fever, but the more modern method is to give warm baths. Cold water applied to the surface tends to contract the surface capillaries and drive the blood inward. If the system is strong enough, the reaction will be to dilate the surface capillaries but if the system is weakened, this reaction may not take place. With warm baths the temperature is reduced by evaporation. The heat applied to the skin dilates the surface capillaries and tends to bring the blood to the surface, then the water which is allowed to evaporate from the skin takes up the heat and so cools the blood.

Baths also are given to relieve thirst. Thirst is a sign that the system needs water, and this may be absorbed

through the skin. After an abdominal operation when a patient is not allowed a drink on account of the vomiting which would result, bathing the face and hands will lessen the thirst.

Hot and vapor baths are given to induce perspiration. They are given especially in diseases of the kidneys to cause the skin to carry away the waste material which cannot be taken care of by the diseased kidneys. These baths also are given for nervousness. Hot baths stimulate the nervous system, but they should not be continued too long at a time, as overstimulating would result in faintness. Warm baths have a sedative effect. For this reason they frequently are given at night to induce sleep. Their general effect is to relieve the congestion of the brain and internal organs. They dilate the surface capillaries, and as the blood is drawn to the surface the congestion in other parts is relieved and sleep follows. In the same manner hot foot baths may relieve sleeplessness and also cure headache. In any hot bath or hot foot-bath given for these purposes, a cold cloth should be applied to the head at the same time. This prevents a rush of blood to the head and also is an aid in the equalization of the circulation. The same principle is in force when heat is applied to the feet to reduce fever. Very frequently when the head is "burning up" with fever the feet will be found to be cold.

Then, cold applied to the head and heat to the feet will reduce the temperature by equalizing the circulation.

Hot alcohol sweats sometimes are given instead of hot baths in severe kidney lesions. Acid steam baths often are given in rheumatism. These are similar to alcohol sweats, only vinegar is used instead of alcohol.

Baths may be given to overcome stupor or delirium, and to soothe irritations of the skin. For the latter, starch baths—either sponge or tub—are given. About eight ounces of starch are used to a gallon of water.

Manner of Giving Baths

Sponge Baths.—The bath most commonly given a bed patient is a sponge bath. This may be given for cleanliness, for nervousness, or to reduce temperature. The water may be of any temperature desired, and may or may not contain various drugs, such as alcohol.

In giving a sponge bath, everything should be in readiness before commencing the bath, so that the nurse will not have to leave the patient until the bath is finished. The clothing that is to be used after the bath should be well aired and in readiness. When the sponge is given for temperature, the necessary articles besides the clothing are two blankets, one basin of warm water and one of cold water containing ice, a cloth for the head and a wash cloth.

The patient is placed between blankets, using the same method as in changing the bed linen. All clothing is removed. A cloth wrung out of the ice water is applied to the forehead (This should be renewed from time to time so that it does not become warm). The face is first bathed lightly with the wash cloth wet in warm water, then the remainder of the body is bathed in the following order: chest, abdomen, back, arms, legs. Remember the benefit is to be derived from the evaporation which is to cool the blood, so the body should not be dried, but the water allowed to evaporate. The wash cloth should not be wrung tightly, neither should it be so filled with water that the bed will become wet. The bathing should be done with long strokes, always towards the heart. For example, in bathing the arms the strokes should be the full length of the arm, going from the hand to the shoulder. A light stroke should be used. The inner surface of the arms and legs, the axilla, groin and neck should receive especial attention, as in these places the larger blood vessels lie near the surface and the bathing will have greater results. The entire bath should last from twenty minutes to half an hour. Only the portion of the body that is being bathed should be exposed, the remainder being kept covered with the blanket.

A sponge bath for nervousness should be given in a similar manner. In giving a bath, a nurse's manner should be quiet and calm so as not to excite the patient. Even in a bath for temperature, half the benefit of the bath is lost if the patient becomes restless and fretful. By her calm, yet assured manner, the nurse should quiet the patient.

In giving a sponge for cleanliness practically the same method is used except that the ice water for the head is not necessary and an additional basin of warm water and soap are required. The nurse should bathe one portion of the body at a time with the soapy water, rinse it with clear water and wipe and dry. With delicate patients it is not necessary to expose the body at all, as it is possible to bathe the patient by reaching under the blanket. However, one portion at a time usually is exposed as the nurse can work more quickly and easily this way.

Foot Baths.—To give a foot bath in bed the upper bedclothes are loosened at the foot. The lower sheet is protected by a rubber sheet or several thicknesses of newspapers. The patient lies on his back with the thighs and legs flexed so that the feet are easily placed in the foot tub. The upper bedclothes are then drawn around the feet. The water for a foot bath should not be too hot at first. It is better to place only a small amount of comfortably warm water in the tub at first then gradually add hot water until the water in the tub is as hot as can be borne. The feet should remain in the water about fifteen minutes. A little mustard added to the water increases the benefit derived from the bath. This should be added in the proportion of a tablespoonful to a gallon of water. It should be mixed with a little cold water before being added to the hot water.

Hot foot baths are used for headache, neuralgia in various parts of the body, dysmenorrhoea and sleeplessness. They also are useful for the chronic cold feet of elderly people, who are due to poor circulation. Such a person should take a hot mustard foot bath before retiring, allowing the feet to remain in the water fifteen or twenty minutes. After any hot foot bath the feet should be well dried and then not exposed to draughts.

"Pa, where is Easy Street?"

"It leads off Hard Work Avenue, my son."—Boston Transcript.

A Foe to Asthma. Give Asthma half a chance and it gains ground rapidly. But give it repeated treatments of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy and it will fall back even faster. There is no half way measure about this remedy. It goes right to work and drives asthma out. It reaches the inmost breathing passages and leaves no place for the trouble to lurk. Have it by you for ready use.

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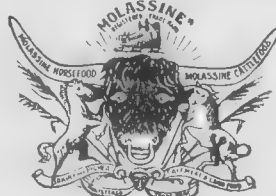


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Disproportionate

There was a fair maid with a hat;
It was little and ugly and fat,
But the charges were nifty—
\$250.
Now, what do you know about that?

Met His Approval

Passer-by (to farmer leaning on roadside fence)—“Do you approve of automobiles?”

Farmer—“Sure! Why wouldn't I? Didn't I make over fifty dollars clean cash haulin' 'em out of snowdrifts last winter?”

Cautious Sambo.

“Come right on in, Sambo,” the farmer called out. “He won't hurt you. You know, a barking dog never bites.”

“Sure, boss, Ah knows dat,” replied the cautious colored man; “but Ah don't know how soon ne's going to stop barkin’.”
—Success Magazine.

The Hero

It is easy enough to look pleasant
When the spring comes along with a
rush;
But the fellow worth while
Is the one who can smile
When he slips and sits down in the slush.

Her Reason

Mrs. Watts had a maid who used to boil eggs very well by her master's watch, but one day, as he could not lend it to her because it was under repair, she took the time from the kitchen clock, and the eggs came up nearly raw.

“Why didn't you take the three minutes from the clock as you do from the watch, Sarah?” asked the mistress.

“Well, ma'am,” said the maid, “I thought that would be to much, as the hands are so much larger.”

Well, Well!

Little Marion—Cousin Dicky Ferris was born in China!

Mama's Friend—Was he?—I didn't know that Mrs. Ferris was ever in China.

Little Marion (firmly)—Oh no! she was never there!
H. Z. M.

Duress

“I am afraid you have said things you'll be sorry for,” said the prudent friend.

“Of course I have,” replied the orator. “But the men who are supervising this campaign convinced me that I'd be still sorrier if I didn't say them.”—Washington Star.



White Dog Falls, East of Winnipeg, 3rd Pitch

The Younger Generation

No more within the copy-book
Our little lads and lasses look
For maxims prim and pious
To guide them through the years of
youth
Along the tangled path of truth
Because they look at them, forsooth,
As mere parental bias.

The boy and girl of seventeen
Their plumes of knowledge proudly
preen.

They know the world—Oh, rather!
With such advance the age is fraught,
The art of sucking eggs we sought
To teach our grandmamas is taught
By young Today to father.

—G. R. Sims, in the “Referee.”

Considerate

Some good stories of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree are told in “The Strand” magazine.

One day Sir Herbert was walking down the Haymarket when he was accosted by a stranger.

“Begging your pardon, sir,” said the stranger, “but aren't you Beerbohm Tree, the actor?”

“No, certainly not,” replied Sir Herbert unblushingly.

“I'm very sorry,” said the other, “but I thought you were. You look so much like the pictures I have seen of him.”

“I strongly resent the insinuation,” persisted Sir Herbert.

“Well, I didn't mean to insult you, sir,” observed the stranger apologetically.

On Accident

It was in the time of wild raspberries, and the Blanks were spending a few weeks in the country. Harold Blank, aged six, and his two little sisters had been out in the woods, and when they returned, Harold presented his mother with two very moist and slightly crushed wild raspberries. She thanked him with the effusion that mothers show on such occasions, and said, when she had swallowed the berries, “They were lovely. I wish I had more of them.”

“I did have another one for you, mamma, but I swallowed it on accident on the way home,” said Harold.

“Why, Harold dear, how could you have swallowed it on accident?” asked his mother.

“Well, it was like this, mamma.” Harold explained, “I was afraid Lucy and Alice would try to get the berries away from me if they knew I had them, so I carried them home in my mouth, and that was how I swallowed one on accident.”

The Reason

“And now, Johnny,” said the Sunday-school teacher, after an elaborate explanation of the flood, “can you tell me what caused the flood?”

“Yes, ma'am,” said Johnny, beaming with pride, “it rained.”

Our Pampered Pets

Mrs. Kawler: “I hear they have the most wonderful performing dogs at one of the Nickles.”

Mrs. De Swell: “Yes; I took dear Fido yesterday afternoon, and he enjoyed it so much!”

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WE have every confidence in our abilities to please our Customers, hence our remarkable offer of Six Months' Free Approval. Examine the articles you may choose, at your own convenience, in your own home, and if you are not delighted and fully satisfied with the high quality and exceptional value, return them to us within 6 months and we will immediately return your deposit.

May we solicit a trial order? Absolute satisfaction guaranteed or money returned in full.

TERMS OF BUSINESS:—Any Article Sent on Approval, Carriage Free, on receipt of remittance. Cash refunded in full for goods not approved and returned us within 6 months.

Read what “The Christian Age” says

“DAVIS & CO., of 26, Denmark Hill, have gained considerable reputation for supplying unredeemed pledges at very moderate prices. We gather from their latest Bargain List that great savings can be effected by purchasing a secondhand article of jewellery which has just had enough wear to test its value at about one-third the original cost price. Included in their catalogue are watches by some of the finest makers in the world.”

Read what “Great Thoughts” says

“There cannot exist much doubt as to the intrinsic value of any advertised article when such advertisers are willing to send the goods advertised on the Approval system. This system is adopted by Messrs. DAVIS & CO., and is a singular proof that Messrs. DAVIS & CO. have every belief in their ability to please their customers and prove the genuine nature of their announcements.”

\$3.75 (WORTH \$15).—FIELD RACE or MARINE GLASSES Military Binocular (by Lefaiet), as supplied to Officers in the Army and Navy; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles' range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; saddle-made case; bargain \$3.75.

\$5.25 (WORTH \$25).—POWERFUL BINOCULAR FIELD GLASSES (by Chevalier); 10 lens magnification power, brilliant definition, over 60 miles' range, great depth of focus, large field of view; adjusted to the highest degree of scientific accuracy; in saddle-made sling case; bargain \$5.25.

\$9.50 (WORTH \$40).—POWERFUL DOUBLE-DRAW BINOCULARS; 12-lens magnification power by Lumiere (as supplied to H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Greece), most powerful glass made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore; quick focus, brilliant field of view, colourless achromatic crystal lenses, enhanced stereoscopic effect, great penetration power; in solid brown English leather case; bargain, \$9.50.

\$3.25 Gent's Heavy 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunter Watch, improved action (John Forrest, London), 10 years' warranty; absolutely perfect timekeeper; also double Curb Albert, same quality, with handsome compass attached; all quite indistinguishable from new; complete, \$3.25.

\$3.25 —Lady's handsome 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Watch, improved action (Allen & Co., London), exact timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also long Watch Guard, same quality; together, bargain, \$3.25.

\$3.75 (WORTH \$17).—Real Russian Furs Rich dark sable brown Fur, 8ft. long, Granville stole, deep shaped collar, beautifully trimmed, 12 tails and heads, large Grumpy Muff matching; together, \$3.75.

\$5.75 (WORTH \$25).—REAL Russian Furs Rich, dark sable brown, extra long Princess stole, trimmed with head and tails at back and on shoulders; also large animal muff, with heads and tails hanging; in perfectly new condition; together, \$5.75.

\$2.75 —HANDSOME long Watch Guard or Neck Chain, 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case, solid links, elegant design; bargain, \$2.75. Another heavier, extra long (stamped); great bargain, \$3.25.

\$2.75 FASHIONABLE Curb Chain Padlock Bracelet, with safety chain, solid links, 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; great bargain; sacrifice, \$2.75; another, heavier; great bargain, \$3.25.

\$4.75 (WORTH \$20).—LADY'S 18-ct. Solid Gold half-marked Diamond and Sapphire Doublet Half-hoop Ring, claw setting, large, flawless stones; bargain, \$4.75.

\$39. (WORTH \$125).—VERY fine quality English-made Gun (by Fredk. Williams, Gunsmith, London and Birmingham) Double-barrel Hammerless, Anson and Dealey pattern, fine English steel barrels, left barrel full choke, right cylinder bore, nitro proved, tested and stamped, fitted with Greener treble cross-bolt action, automatic safety bolt, very highly finished and engraved, a first-class weapon by one of the best makers; bargain, \$39, in practically new condition.

\$3.25 (WORTH \$9).—EIGHT Superfine Quality Chemises, Knickers and Petticoats, magnificent parcel, \$3.25.

\$17.50 (WORTH \$70). Magnificent GENT'S Single Stone DIAMOND RING, exceptionally fine pure white stone, perfect in every respect, mounted in 18-ct. Gold, Government hall-marked, Claw setting. Great bargain, \$17.50.

\$5.75 (WORTH \$25).—LADY'S Solid Gold English hall-marked, Keyless Watch, highly finished movement, exact timekeeper, richly engraved, 12 years' warranty; wonderful bargain, \$5.75.

\$5.75 (WORTH \$20). Extremely beautiful LADY'S Solid Gold Long WATCH GUARD, handsome and very stylish in pattern, stamped and guaranteed, in faultless and new condition. Wonderful value, \$5.75.

\$13.75 (WORTH \$55).—GENT'S Magnificent Solid Gold English hall marked, Keyless Lever Centre second Chronograph Stop Watch, ex. by celebrated watchmaker (W. Russell, London); jeweled movement, perfect reliability in any climate in the world; timed to a minute a month; 20 years' warranty; 6 mths' trial; bargain, \$13.75.

\$15. (WORTH \$60).—MAGNIFICENT Diamond and Sapphire Cluster Ring; 18 ct. Gold, hall-marked; suit either lady or gentleman; there are 10 white and faultless diamonds surrounding a superb sapphire of richest quality; to appreciate the full beauty of this ring it must be seen; bargain, \$15.

\$4.25 (WORTH \$15).—MASSIVE Solid Gold Curb Chain Padlock Bracelet, with safety chain; bargain \$4.25.

\$6. (WORTH \$25).—GENT'S Solid Silver Real English hall-marked, Lever Watch, exam. by the celebrated watchmaker (W. Russell, London); high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable mainspring; timed to a few seconds a month; 10 years' written warranty. Also Gent's Solid Silver English Hall-marked massive curb Albert, with Silver Compass attached; together, \$6.

\$7.50 (WORTH \$25).—BABY'S Long Clothes, superfine quality, magnificent Parcel, 82 articles, everything required; beautiful garments; the perfection of mother's personal work; never worn; great bargain, \$7.50.

\$18.75 —FINEST quality Hammerless Gun, by renowned maker; well worth \$65; double barrel, 12 bore, proof tested barrels, very highly finished and engraved; in perfect condition, 6 months' trial; \$18.75.

\$7—VALUABLE Violin, perfect condition, Stradivarius Cremona Model, 1721; rich mellow tone, with Bow and Case, suit professional or soloist; bargain, \$7.

\$1.50 —HANDSOME Brooch, two hearts entwined with ivy-leaf centre; 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; \$1.50.

\$1.50 —PRETTY NECKLET, with Heart Pendant attached, set Parisian Pearls and Turquoise; 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled; in velvet case; bargain, \$1.50.

\$3.25 —LADY'S Very Choice EXPANDING WATCH BRACELET; finest workmanship, most successful ever invented, will fit and grip any wrist, thereby avoiding all vibration and insuring perfect timekeeping; 18-ct. Gold-Cased; week's free trial; \$3.25.

\$39.50 —Canteen containing 112 Pieces of TABLE CUTLERY and best A1 QUALITY TABLE PLATE, solid polished walnut, brass mounted, duplicate keys fitted, separate compartments; 13 Table Forks, 12 Dessert Forks, 12 Table Spoons, 12 Dessert Spoons, 12 Tea Spoons, 12 Egg Spoons, 1 Soup Ladle, 2 Sauce Ladles, 1 Gravy Spoon, 4 Salt Spoons, 2 Mustard Spoons, pair of Sugar Tongs, all of the very best quality, also 1 doz. Table and 1 doz. Dessert Knives, pair of Meat Carvers, pair of Game Carvers and Steel, real Crayford Ivory handles, by eminent Sheffield maker; highly tempered steel blades, all perfectly new, never used. Well worth \$130. Bargain \$39.50.

\$10 (WORTH \$40).—Spoons and Forks, A1 quality, silver-plated on nickel silver, stamped maker's initials, Queen Anne pattern; 12 table, 12 dessert, 12 teaspoons, 12 table, 12 dessert forks; service 5 doz.; Wonderful bargain, \$10; half set, \$5.

\$45 (WORTH \$160).—Real SEALSKIN JACKET, superior quality, sacque shape, double-breasted, with lapels, rich silk lining, latest Parisian style. Perfectly unsoiled. Great bargain, \$45.

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WINNIPEG

Scotch Column

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish Expert on Standard Dictionary,
Translator of New Testament in Braid Scots, etc.

The Kilts. A fervid Highlander was so strongly convinced that Joseph's "coat of many colors" was only another way of describing the Highland kilt, that he thought he would try how the idea looked in verse:

Auld Jacob made his dautit Josie
A tartan coat to keep him cosie;
Says he, "Gin e'er ye leave my bosie,
This coat I'll ken!"

This tale we hae frae honest Mosie,
The best o' men.

A "Crannog." This is an artificial island in a lake, generally founded on timber, and designed by the builder as a stronghold or place of residence. Of late years much attention has been given to this subject, as illustrating ancient and medieval history. In Galloway and Dumfriesshire, several of these have been examined and reported on. Once the beginning was made, in many instances the elements would make the island large; and when deserted vegetation—trees and bushes—would disguise its origin. We are always making discoveries.

Wersh! "Eh, Lizzie, thae parritch" (thae, those; porridge are always spoken of as plural,) "thae parritch are 'awfu' wersh!" "I'll tell ye what they're gotten. 'Ay, are they," said Jeannie, "awfu' wersh!" "I'll tell ye what they're like," said Lizzie. "They're like a kiss frae ane ye dinna like!" That would be "wersh" indeed.

The Highlanders. In Glengarry, Ontario, Gaelic still continues to be spoken; and it is there spoken as purely as it is in Dingwall or Lewes. The Highlanders of Glengarry are, physically and mentally, a magnificent race, and in no way bring any discredit upon the land of their forefathers. According to a census taken in 1852, there were in Glengarry County 3,228 MacDonalds, 551 McMillans, 541 McDougalls, 450 McRaes, 437 McLeods, 415 Grants, 399 Camerons, 312 McLennans, 304 Campbells, 133 Chisholms, 50 Cattenachs, 262 McIntoshes, 176 Frasers, 114 McGregors, and representatives of nearly every name peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland.
—Peter Ross, 1889



Some of the smaller mountain peaks on the G. T. P. Railway

Metaphysics. A Scots blacksmith being asked "the meaning of metaphysics," replied: "When the pairty wha listens disna' ken what the pairty wha speaks means; and when the pairty wha speaks disna' ken what he means his sel'; that's metaphysics!"

Raise a Corp. "My gude bairns," said a schoolmaster to his pupils, "there's just noo anither instance o' the uncertainty o' human life. Ane o' your ain schulemates—a fine wee bit lassie—gaed till her bed hale and weel at nicht, and raise a 'corp' in the morning."

Special Train. At the end of October a gentleman and his wife missed, by half a minute, a late evening train, from Edinburgh to London. He had such an important engagement for nine next morning that he went and secured a special train for himself and wife. He was in London at 8.30 a.m. The special train cost him £100.

The Blairgowrie Coach. Queen Victoria was fond of asking the Dowager Duchess of Atholl to read the famous notice about the Blairgowrie coach. The name of it was "The Duchess of Atholl," and the name of the hotel, which was its headquarters, was "The Duke's Arms." When her late Majesty wanted to make sure of a good laugh, she would call for a re-reading of the advertisement, which was as follows: "The Duchess of Atholl leaves 'The Duke's Arms' every lawful day at 6 a.m., and 10 o'clock on Sundays."

Burns. An old man at Burns' Centenary in 1859, described Burns, whom he had often seen, as "a weel-made man, with dark hair and chestnut eyes." Another old man told me, in Dumfries, in 1862, that he (as a boy) had seen Burns on a festive occasion. "Man!" said he, "the 'smile' never was aff his face!" And he spoke of "what an e'e he had!" And ended by saying, "He was a 'very dark' man, darker than folk nowadays think."—W. W. S.

A Cautious Scot

A Scotsman on a visit to London for a holiday noticed a bald-headed chemist standing at his shop door, and inquired if he had any hair restorer.

"Yes, sir," said the chemist. "Step inside, please. There's an article I can highly recommend. Testimonials from great men who have used it. It makes the hair grow in twenty-four hours."

"Aweel," said the Scot, "ye can gie the top o' your heid a rub wi't, an' I'll look back the morn an' see if ye are telling the truth."

With so thorough a preparation at hand as Miller's Worm Powders the mother who allows her children to suffer from the ravages of worms is unwise and culpably careless. A child subjected to the attacks of worms is always unhealthy and will be stunted in its growth. It is a merciful act to rid it of these destructive parasites, especially when it can be done without difficulty.

Do you remember in Dickens' story "Martin Chuzzlewit," the beefsteak pudding made by little Ruth Pinch for her brother Tom?

How she fluttered in and out in her dainty way collecting and preparing the ingredients, how excited she was over the proper making of the pudding, how distressed for fear it not turn out just right! This is all told in Dickens' inimitable manner. Nowadays we need not be so anxious about the outcome of our cooking experiments. If we just use a little Bovril in our beefsteak puddings, soups, sauces and made dishes of any kind, we shall produce a finely flavored, appetizing dish which is certain to please far more exacting critics than plain Tom Pinch or John Westcott.

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Young People

PLANNING DREAMS

Margaret Russell.

I don't like dreaming 'bout big bears
That eat me up;
And Papa's naughty when he brings
Home grapes and cakes and all those
things

That make me sick.
If I eat bread and butter now
To keep me well
I'll dream I go and get the gun
And shoot the bears so they will run
And leave me 'lone.

LEARNED IN ONE LESSON.

The importance of accuracy in statement is a fact to be appreciated in all walks of life. The editor of the Billville Bugle tried to impress this truth on the new reporter. "My boy," said he, "you need caution. You must learn not to state things as facts until they are proved to be facts, otherwise you are very likely to get us into libel suits. Do not say, 'The cashier stole the funds.' Say 'The cashier who is alleged to have stolen the funds.' That's all; and turn in a stickful about that Second Ward social last night."

Owing to an influx of visitors it was late in the afternoon when the editor of the Bugle caught a glimpse of the great family daily. Half-way down the social column his eye lighted on the following cautious paragraph:

"It is rumored that a card-party was given last evening to a number of reputed ladies of the Second Ward. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was the hostess, and the festivities are reported to have continued until ten-thirty in the evening. It is alleged that the affair was a social function given to the ladies of the Second Ward Cinch Club, and that with the exception of Mrs. James Bilwiliger, who says she comes from Leavit's Corner, none but members were present. The reputed hostess insists that coffee and wafers alone were served as refreshments. Mrs. Smith claims to be the wife of James Smith, the so-called 'Honest Shoe Man' of 315 East State Street."

Shortly afterwards a whirling mass, "claiming to be" a reporter, flew fifteen feet into the street, and landed with what the bystanders assert was a thud.

PLAYGROUND GAMES

Kaleidoscope

This game can be played either in the schoolroom or playground. It requires eight or more players. Four or more of the players stand in front of the rest, who are seated. Each player who is standing is given the name of some city, so that those who are seated may know what city each one represents. Those seated close their eyes, or better, turn about and look the other way. The ones standing then rearrange their line so that each player has a new position. Those seated now open their eyes and one at a time are asked to name what city each one represents. This will serve as a test of observation and memory. Instead of names and cities, the names of countries, lakes, rivers or other names in geography are used. Names in history, names of authors, titles of books, names of birds and of other objects in nature, study or other branches are also available. However, only one class of names should be used at a time.

My Lady's Toilet

The players are all seated except the Lady's Maid. She assigns to each the name of some article of wearing apparel suitable to take along on a journey. The maid says: "My Lady is going on a journey and she wants her purse." The purse rises, turns around twice and sits down. Each player does the same when the article she represents is named. When the maid says: "My Lady wants her trunk," then all must change places, the maid in the meantime trying to get a seat. The player who fails to get a seat becomes the

maid. If a player fails to rise and turn around when the article which she represents is named, she must change places with the maid. This is also the result if a player gets up at the wrong time.

Prince of Paris

This is played best in the schoolroom. Eight or more players are needed. A leader is chosen, who stands before the rest of the players and says: "The Prince of Paris has lost his hat. Did you find it, No. 3, sir?" No. 3 is to jump to his feet and say: "What sir?

I, sir." The leader answers, "Yes, sir! you, sir." No. 3 replies, "Not I, sir." Leader: "Who, then, sir?" No. 3 then answers, "No. 5 (or whatever of the numbers he wishes), sir?" The conversation then goes on as before. The leader tries to say, "The Prince of Paris has lost his hat" before the player, whose number is called can jump up and say, "What sir! I sir?" If he succeeds the player in question must change places with him. Anyone who fails to say "sir" in the proper place must change places with the leader.

The game may be varied by having the players stand in a line and applying the rule that when a miss is made the player who misses must go to the foot of the line. In playing the game this way there is no exchange of places

with the leader. The object of each one in the line is to be at the head when the game ends.

THE TOWN BARN BURNS.

About eight o'clock on an evening in haying time the church-bell began to clang noisily, and as all the town came out on its respective porches, little Jimmy Griggs sprinted up the road, shouting to every household, "It the taown barn! It's the taown barn!"

The town barn! Young and old, rich and poor, sick and well, every one within the corporate limits, and within hearing distance of Jimmy and the bell, turned out instantly. When it is only a man's house burning, his neigh-

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Fire Insurance Companies rate RU-BER-OID Roofing as "First-Class", and insure at the "base" or lowest rate buildings covered with it. RU-BER-OID will not catch fire from flying cinders or burning brands, and the one-

piece, air-tight, fire-resisting RU-BER-OID Roof helps to smother a fire starting within.

KA-LOR-OID (Colored RU-BER-OID) has the same fire-resisting qualities, and in its soft, permanent shades of Red and Green it makes most attractive roofs. 109

ROOFING

Beware Imitations

None Genuine Unless The RUBEROID MAN



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a cement of the highest possible quality, which insures the success of their concrete work. The secret of concrete's popularity in Canada lies in the fact that while we have been advertising the use of concrete, we have also been producing, by scientific methods, a cement so uniformly high in quality that the concrete made with it gives the complete satisfaction our advertisements promised. Concrete would not have been in such universal use today, had an inferior grade of cement been supplied. Insist upon getting Canada Cement. It is your best assurance of thoroughly satisfactory results from your concrete work. There is a Canada Cement dealer in your neighborhood.

WE INVITE EVERY THIN MAN AND WOMAN HERE

EVERY PERSON IN WINNIPEG AND VICINITY TO GET FAT
AT OUR EXPENSE



"Gee! Look at that pair of skinny scarecrows! Why don't they try Sargol!"

This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We will tell you why. We are going to give you a wonderful discovery that helps digest the food you eat, that hundreds of letters say puts good solid flesh on people who are thin and underweight.

How can we do this? We will tell you. We have found a wonderful concentrated treatment for increasing cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made; for putting in the blood the red corpuscles which every thin man and woman so sadly needs—a scientific assimilative agent to strengthen the nerves and put the digestive tract in such shape that every ounce of flesh making food may give its full amount of nourishment to the blood instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. Users tell of how this treatment has made indigestion and other stomach trouble quickly disappear while old dyspeptics, and many sufferers from weak nerves and lack of vitality declare in effect it has made them feel like a two-year-old. This new treatment, which has proved such a boon to thin people, is called SARGOL. Don't forget the name S-A-R-G-O-L. Nothing so good has ever been discovered before.

Women who never appeared stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness, men underweight or lacking in nerve force or energy have, by their own testimony, been able to enjoy the pleasures of life—been fitted to fight life's battles, as never for years, through the use of "Sargol."

If you want a beautiful and well rounded figure of symmetrical proportions of which you can feel justly proud—a body full of throbbing life and energy, write The Sargol Company, 5-G Herald Building, Binghamton, N.Y., today and we will send you, absolutely free, a 50c. box of Sargol to prove all we claim. Take one with every meal and see how quickly these marvelous little concentrated tablets commence their busy, useful work of upbuilding. Many users declare they have increased their weight at the rate of one pound a day.

But you say you want proof! Well, here you are. Here are extracts from the statements of those who have tried—who have been convinced and who will swear to the virtues of this wonderful preparation.

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says:

"I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and, what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life. My health is now fine. I don't have to take any medicine at all and never want to again."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh

130 pounds, so really this makes twenty-four pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before.

"My old friends who have been used to seeing me with a thin, long face, say that I am looking better than they have ever seen me before, and father and mother are so pleased to think I have got to look so well and weigh so heavy 'for me'."

CLAY JOHNSON says:

"Please send me another ten-day treatment. I am well pleased with Sargol. It has been the light of my life. I am getting back to my proper weight again. When I began to take Sargol I only weighed 138 pounds, and now, four weeks later, I am weighing 153 pounds and feeling fine. I don't have that stupid feeling every morning that I used to have. I feel good all the time. I want to put on about five pounds of flesh and that will be all I want."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work, as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 23 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel. All my clothes are getting too tight. My face has a good color and I never was so happy in my life."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:

"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. It has helped me greatly. I could hardly eat anything and was not able to sit up three days out of a week, with stomach trouble. I took only two boxes of Sargol and can eat anything and it don't hurt me and I have no more headaches. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

You may know some of these people or know somebody who knows them. We will send you their full address if you wish, so that you can find out all about Sargol and the wonders it has wrought.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! Write us at once and we will send you absolutely free a 50c package of these wonderful tablets. No matter what the cause of your thinness is from, give Sargol a chance to make you fat. We are absolutely confident it will put good healthy flesh on you but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Simply cut the coupon below and enclose 10c. in stamps to help cover the distribution expenses, and Uncle Sam's mail will bring you what you may some day say was one of the most valuable packages you ever received.

COME, EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE.

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c. package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that the 10c. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in stamps in letter today, with this coupon, and the full 50c. package will be sent to you by return of post. Address: The Sargol Company, 5-G Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly, and, **PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.**

CANCER

R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment cures external or internal cancer. Write to R. D. EVANS, Brandon, Manitoba, Canada

bors are relied on to help put the fire out, but every family in town pays taxes to build and keep up the town barn, and every one of them is going to see to it that not a piece of wood that can be saved is left to burn.

So it was in Pinckneyville that night in hay-time. Worst luck of all, the town hay had just been cured and hoisted in, and it was all in the loft of the barn.

The Griggs family, living nearest, was there first; but the fire, in the shed where the wagons stood, had hardly got fairly ablaze before the taxpayers were all there, rolling out the hose-cart and the ladder truck, pulling out the old hand-pump, and throwing hand extinguishers out of the window to save them from the fire.

"Get the hose, boys!" shouted Si Plummer; and suiting his own action to the word he grabbed a fifty-foot roll and ran for the nearest hydrant. Man after man came behind him, each with a section. At the hydrant Si tugged vainly at the cap which covered the pipe.

"Git a spanner!" he roared at every one.

"Git a spanner!" roared every one else back toward the barn.

"Can't ye turn it with your hands, Si?" asked old Billy Parsons.

"Naw. Think I'm an elephant? Try it yourself, you idiot! Git a spanner, somebody."

By this time a small boy had darted away for a spanner, and while he was gone Si and his critics argued vainly

"Si! Si!" went up the loud shout. "Come here and git this hydrant open!"

The squire wagged his beard. "No, 'n' he can't do it, either," he said.

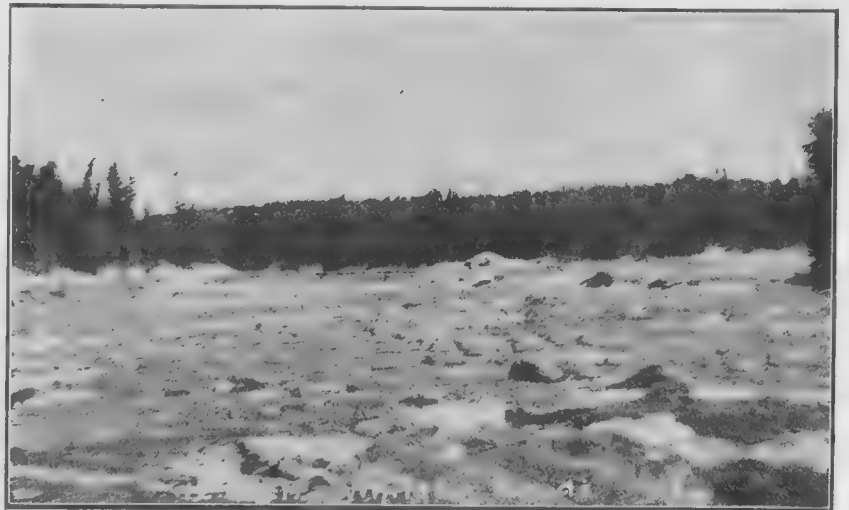
And then all of a sudden the light went out. A well-directed stream had put out the blaze in the shed and the barn was saved.

"N," yes," said the squire. "N" those fellers'd have spent more water'n they'd have saved barn if I hadn't stood up to 'em."

WALL-PAPERVILLE

This happened when Lucy was ill. She had got over the worst of the illness (measles), and was feeling very comfortable only queer still in her legs, so that she was quite willing to stay in bed and have fat prunes and chicken and wine jelly.

One night she stayed awake a good while, hearing the clock tick and the fire crackle, and watching the fitful gleams on walls and ceiling. A good many gleams fell on one particular place in the wallpaper, and Lucy saw things in it that she had never noticed before. The pink roses ran on a vine, and here and there the vines clustered together; and, as she looked hard at one of these clusters, there seemed to be a little gate in the middle of it—a green gate all covered with leaves and moss. Lucy put up her hand, and touched the gate and it swung open, and there seemed to be a place inside.



the general question of opening fireplugs with the right sort of a twist of the hands.

"Play away, hose! Turn on the water!" came a bellowing wail from the far distance, where a group of townsmen were standing in very hot proximity to the fire, holding a nozzle that grew hotter and hotter.

"Git a spanner!" roared Si, in reply. Just then one was thrust into his hands, and in a moment the plug was open, the hose coupled and the water turned on.

Half-way down the line there was a sudden commotion, a sizzle, and then a roar and a chorus of shrieks as a group of women and girls scattered from the neighborhood of the hose. Some had forgotten to couple a joint there.

"Turn her off, Si," and Si turned "her" off till the joint was made, and then sent the stream spurting straight into the blazing hay-loft.

The next line went on easier, and as the ladders were up by this time, the roof of the barn over the hay was drenched, the fire in the gable attacked and the hay reduced to sullen smoking. But the wagon-shed still blazed unchecked.

"Git more hose!" roared Si, now thoroughly installed as fire-marshal of the occasion. A dozen younger men ran to lay a lead and couple on. But at the hydrant stood Squire Terwilliger, as steadfast as a rock.

"No, ye don't, either!" he shouted, as they came up with hose and spanner. "There are two streams of water on to that barn now, and that's all there's going to be. Every drop of that water has to be paid for out of the taxes, and I aint's going to see any of it wasted." The squire was adamant.

"Dear me!" said Lucy. "I wish I could go in in there!"

All of a sudden she felt herself growing smaller and lighter. "Just like Alice in Wonderland," she said. "Only I haven't eaten a thing except prunes and toast since dinner."

When she tried to climb up the rose-vine, she found it quite easy. It made the roses shake all around the room; but clambered up steadily, and soon found herself inside the gate.

The place inside was a garden, full of trees and flowers, very strange ones. The trees were of a remarkably bright green, and looked like great blobs of color; and the flowers, although they were of the gayest possible colors, were queer and ragged, and grew in all kinds of awkward positions and shapes. Also the leaves and stems did not seem to belong to them, but were just stuck in higgledy-piggledy, as if they had got there by accident. The wind blew, and trees and flowers rustled in a most extraordinary way.

"What is the matter with this garden?" said Lucy. She touched a flower and it felt just like paper. "This is a queer garden!" she said. Then she looked about, and saw several houses. They were built of playing-cards, with the spots outside, and were very gay and pretty, but did not look substantial. Lucy knocked at the door of one house, and it was opened by a paper doll with a pink dress and a steady smile. "What is the name of this place?" asked Lucy.

"This is Wall-paperville," said the doll. "This is the Public Garden, and these houses belong to the aristocracy. 'Who are the aristocracy?' asked Lucy. "Everybody," said the doll.

Then she asked Lucy to come, and showed her into a parlor with neat paper furniture.

Lucy asked her about the singular trees and flowers; and the doll told her that they were painted by children, and that was why they were so queer. Then she asked Lucy if she would like to see some of the other ladies; and presently in came a troop of paper dolls, all gayly dressed, and all with waists smaller than their legs, for that is a point on which they pride themselves. Lucy noticed that some of them kept close to the wall, and sidled along gracefully, without coming forward.

"Why do they do that?" she asked. "Hush," said the doll. "It is very sad. They were made without any proper backs, merely plain cardboard. They are very sensitive about it, so we never notice it. It is strange to think that makers can be so inconsiderate."

Lucy felt uncomfortable; for she had sometimes painted her dolls only in front to save paint, and she never thought of their minding. Looking up, she saw one of her own dolls standing against the wall, gazing at her with reproachful eyes, although her mouth was smiling hard; for that was its nature. Lucy went up and whispered in her ear, "You shall have a back to-morrow, the very first thing!" Then she asked, "Where are your sisters?" and the doll, whose name was Gardenia, said that Lilybell's dresses were all torn and that Seraphina was in the hospital with a broken wrist.

"She is very delicate, you know," said Gardenia, "and the baby got hold of her yesterday."

"But how did she get here?" asked Lucy.

Lucy did not understand, but she asked meekly if she might visit the hospital and the doll who had opened the door for her offered to go, since Gardenia "was a little tired." So Gardenia stood against the wall, and looked very proper, while Lucy and the other doll (who was named Perrette) went into a room full of white paper boxes in which lay the sick dolls. Some of them had lost arms and legs, and some were suffering from a suffusion of paint in the face; but the most frequent complaint was a crack or break in the waist. They found Seraphina suffering a good deal, but looking very lovely, with one arm stretched out on the tissue-paper coverlet and the other curved in her own graceful way. She had been nearly broken in two, and now had a piece of strong cardboard gummed against the small (the very small) of her back.

"Poor darling!" said Lucy, affectionately. "Does it hurt very dreadfully?"

Yes, Seraphina said it did hurt; but she added, with a sweet smile, "It is the penalty one must pay for being extraordinarily delicate!"

"It is too bad!" said Lucy. "The next dolls I make shall have large waists, as large as mine!"

But at this both dolls cried out in horror.

"What!" they exclaimed. "Would you destroy our delicacy, our chief pride, the sign of our aristocracy?"

"But if you break in two!" said Lucy.

"We can always break gracefully," said Seraphina; "and it is unquestionably the most elegant thing a doll can do."

Just then a doll looked in and told Lucy her mother was looking for her, and she had better go home. She wished to stay longer; but she ran through the Public Garden and climbed down the rose-vine and plumped into bed again, and there was mamma standing by the bed holding a cup of broth and not looking the least bit surprised.

"You don't know where I have been said Lucy.

"Oh, yes; perhaps I do, said mamma. "Take your broth, my dear, and then you can go off again."

Lucy knew what mamma thought, and she wanted to explain, as soon as she had taken the broth, what had really happened; but just then mamma seemed to grow very large, and then very dim, and then she was not there at all, and then—it was breakfast time. —Laura E. Richards in Youth Companion.

A WISE OLD HORSE

The horse belonged to the late J. Lane, of Frescombe, Gloucestershire, England, and the anecdote was told by Rev. Thomas Jackson.

Mr. Lane, on going home one day, turned the horse into a field to graze.

A few days before this the horse had been shod, but had been "pinched" as the blacksmiths call it, in the shoeing of one foot; that is, the shoe was too tight so as to hurt the foot.

The next morning after Mr. Lane had turned the horse into the field to graze, he missed him. "What can have become of old Sol?" asked he. The name of the horse was Solomon. He was so named because he was wise.

When Mr. Lane asked where old Sol was, Tim, the stable boy, said: "I think some thief must have got him; for I cannot find Sol in the field or in the cow yard."

"What makes you think that a thief has got him?" asked Mr. Lane.

"Well, sir," said Tim, "the gate of the field has been lifted off the hinges, and left on the ground."

"That is no proof that a thief took the horse," said Mr. Lane. "I think that old Sol must have done that himself. I will tell you how we can find out. We will look at the gate, and, if there is a mark of Sol's teeth on it, we shall know he has let himself out."

So they went to the gate, and there, on the top rail, was the mark of a horse's teeth.

"Now, why should old Sol want to get out of this nice field, so full of grass and clover?" thought Mr. Lane.

"Perhaps," said Tim, "the blacksmith can tell us about him."

"I will drive over to the blacksmith's shop and see," said Mr. Lane.

So Mr. Lane drove over to the blacksmith's shop, which was a mile and a half off, and said to Mr. Clay, the blacksmith, "Have you seen anything of old Sol?"

"Why, to be sure," said Mr. Clay. "Old Sol came here today, and told me I had made a bad job of it in putting the shoe on his right forefoot."

"What do you mean, Mr. Clay?" asked Mr. Lane. "A horse cannot talk."

"O true, he did not say it in words; but he said it by act as plainly as I can say it. He came to the forge where I stood, and then held up his foot and looked at me, as if he would like to say, if he could, 'Mr. Clay, you are getting careless in your old age. Look at that shoe. See how it pinches my foot. Is that the way to shoe a decent old horse like me? Now, are you not ashamed of yourself? Ease that shoe at once. Take it off, and put it on in a better way.'"

"Can it be that old Sol said all that by his look?" asked Mr. Lane, laughing.

"All that and more," said Mr. Clay. "He stood still as a post while I took off the shoe. And then I put it on so it might not hurt him. And, when I had done it he gave a merry neigh, as if to say, 'Thank you, Mr. Clay,' and off he ran. And now if you'll go back to the field you will find him there eating his breakfast."

So Mr. Lane laughed, and bade Mr. Clay good morning, and back to the field he drove. And there he found Tim putting up the gate, and there in the field was old Sol eating grass, and as happy as could be. Was not Sol a wise old horse.—Child's World.

A little girl of seven was out having tea with a friend when a lady visitor called and took some notice of her.

"And have you any little sisters at home?" the lady asked.

"No," answered the child, and after a moment, added, thoughtfully, "but I have two brothers at home—and they have a sister—and I'm it."

A Purely Vegetable Pill.—The chief ingredients of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are mandrake and dandelion, sedative and purgative, but perfectly harmless in their action. They cleanse and purify and have a most healthful effect upon the secretions of the digestive organs. The dyspeptic and all who suffer from liver and kidney ailments will find in these pills the most effective medicine in concentrated form that has yet been offered to the suffering.



The Secret of Beauty

is a clear velvety skin and a youthful complexion. Beetham's La-rola is unequalled for imparting a youthful appearance to the skin. Before and after exposure to the weather, out-door exercise, etc., it is extremely beneficial and soothing. La-rola possesses a delicate rose perfume and is quite greaseless; get a bottle from your chemist to-day and ensure a pleasing and attractive complexion.

BEETHAM'S La-rola

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores
M. BEETHAM & SON,
CHELTENHAM, ENG.



An Encouraging Message

I have a message of hope and good cheer, of encouragement and inspiration to every suffering woman. I have endured the torture due to female troubles and the consequent despondency and mental agony almost to the point of despair, and I have been restored from this condition to a state of vigorous health, and to the happy, exhilarating frame of mind which accompanies physical well being. This change has been brought about wholly by the use of **ORANGE LILY**.

In addition I have had the privilege and pleasure of inducing multitudes of other suffering women to give **ORANGE LILY** a trial, and have received thousands of enthusiastic acknowledgments of the blessings it has brought to them. The following is a sample:

Truro, N. S., April 5, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Currah.—Your very kind letter was received yesterday. In reply to your question about my health, I am thankful to say that I am very well. As I have never given you a statement of my case you may be interested in it.

For several years I have suffered untold agony. This suffering was continuous, but I would have violent attacks every few weeks, each attack lasting several days. The first Sunday in November, I felt the pain increasing and so did not go to prayers. The rest of the family did go, and soon after the morning dawn pains seized me and I had to remain on the floor until their return. I was in great pain all night and was very sick for a whole week.

Then Mrs. L. came to see me and told me of your wonderful medicine. I got my husband to send for it right away, as I was too sick to write myself. (My doctor could do nothing for me.) I have used 5 boxes of **ORANGE LILY**, have had three months of good rest, and am now well, never better in my life. I have not had the old pains since. I often ask my husband if it is myself that is going around and doing my own work. I can scarcely believe it. It brings tears of joy to my eyes. I could shout it to all the world. I cannot speak enough in its praise.

Your friend, MRS. E. H. F.

Receiving, as I do, dozens of such reports each day, I feel impelled to make known to my suffering sisters the merits of **ORANGE LILY**. It differs from other so-called remedies in that it is not taken internally. It is strictly local treatment, and is applied directly to the affected organs. Its curative elements are absorbed into the congested tissues, expelling the stagnant foreign matter which has been irritating the membrane and oppressing the nerves, and a growing feeling of physical and mental relief is noticeable almost from the start. It is a positive, scientific remedy and even if you use no more than the Free Trial treatment you will be very materially benefited.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

I want every reader of this, who suffers in any way from painful monthly periods, irregularities, leucorrhoea, inflammation or congestion of the womb, pains in the back, etc., to send me their addresses, and I will forward at once, without charge, 10 days' treatment. If your case is not far advanced it may entirely cure you, and in any event it will do you much good. I am so earnest in making this statement, and so positive that it is true, that I trust every sufferer who reads this notice will take advantage of my offer and get cured at home, without a doctor's bill. Address, enclosing 3 stamps, **Mrs. FRANCES E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.**



Dr. T. A. Goodchild

EYE SPECIALIST

Late Chief Clinical Assistant

Royal Ophthalmic Hospital, London, Eng.

Steele Block

Hours: 10-12; 2-5

Phone Main 3247

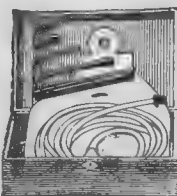
If it's made of

RUBBER

We Have It.

Write us and mention your wants.

UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO.
Box 2704. Montreal.



Temperance Talk

The Wine Cup has Drowned More Than the Sea

It was not on the field of battle,
It was not with a ship at sea,
But a fate far worse than either
That stole him away from me.
'Twas the death in the tempting wine-cup
That the reason and senses drown;
He drank the alluring poison,
And thus my boy went down.
Down from the heights of manhood
To the depths of disgrace and sin;
Down to a worthless being,
From the hope of what might have been,
For the brand of the beast besotted
He bartered his manhood's crown;
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure
My poor, weak boy went down.
'Tis only the same old story
That mothers so often tell.
With accents of infinite sadness,
Like the tones of a funeral bell;
But I never thought once, when I heard it,
I should learn all its meaning myself;
I thought he'd be true to his mother,
I thought he'd be true to himself.
But, alas! for my hopes, all delusion!
Alas! for his youthful pride!
Alas! who are safe when danger
Is open on every side?
Oh, can nothing destroy this great evil?
No bar in its pathway be thrown,
To save from the terrible maelstrom
The thousands of boys going down?
—The British Temperance Advocate.

Remove the Temptation

The saloon business is a detriment to the sobriety, the orderliness, the good morals, the domestic peace, the industrial well-being of the community. Even those who are in it for gain admit that it is a bad business. They know well that the city would be far better off if the liquor trade could be banished altogether. Its influence is invariably prejudicial to the public weal. It is not the way to banish it to license it. To vote a sanction is not the way to restrict its ravages. If prohibition does not entirely prohibit, it does hinder the sale and it does remove the temptation from many. It is a great aid in the warfare upon the vice of drunkenness or intemperance.—Fall River (Massachusetts) News.

A Football Captain's "Gospel of Fitness"

The "Yorkshire Evening Post" of February 24th chose for its "football talk" in that issue what it called "a big subject" in the person of "Billy" Batten, the Hunslet captain, who had, at the age of 19, attained every honour that was possible for a Northern Union footballer. Today, at the age of 22, he is regarded by good judges of the game as the finest three-quarter back in the Northern Union. Fear has no place in his composition. His every act on the football field is that of a bold determined player, who is striving with might and main to bring victory to his side. Those of his opponents in the field who have come under his special attention say that he has the grip of an octopus. It appears he works in the pit as well as plays football, and work in the mine is said to make many a grand forward, but hereafter Batten means to give up one or the other; he cannot stand the dust of the mine and being knocked about twice a week on the football field. "And yet," he was reminded, "you always seem one of the fittest players on the field. How do you manage to keep in such splendid condition?" "Well, you see," was his reply, "in the first place I am a teetotaler and non-smoker, and as I have always been an athlete, I keep up my training at all times. My football weight is 13 stone, but I do a lot of running on the track in the summer, and in the football season on two or three nights a week I get into my run-

ning things and run from Kinsley as far as the Four Lane Ends and back. I have done that many a time after ten or eleven o'clock at night, and the sight of me at that time of night, in my white running things, has given many a man a fright. Then my work in the pit, which is a running-about job—that of a 'corporal'—helps to keep me fit. But chiefly I attribute my fitness to keeping teetotal."

The Saloon as a Club Room

By G. W. Avery

One of the greatest drawbacks to the progress of the wage earners is their habitual use of the saloon as a club room. It is an expensive pleasure. It saps their physical strength, robs them of all the better qualities of manhood, leaving them weaker, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually.

The working classes bemoan the fact that they cannot afford club rooms and look with jealous eye on the fine club rooms maintained by professional and business men, whereas if they would take even a small percentage of the money they squander over the bar, they could have club rooms of their own: luxuriant beyond their wildest dreams.

The average wage earner will not sit down in a quiet reading room and read. The stillness is oppressive to him. What he wants is a place where he can smoke,



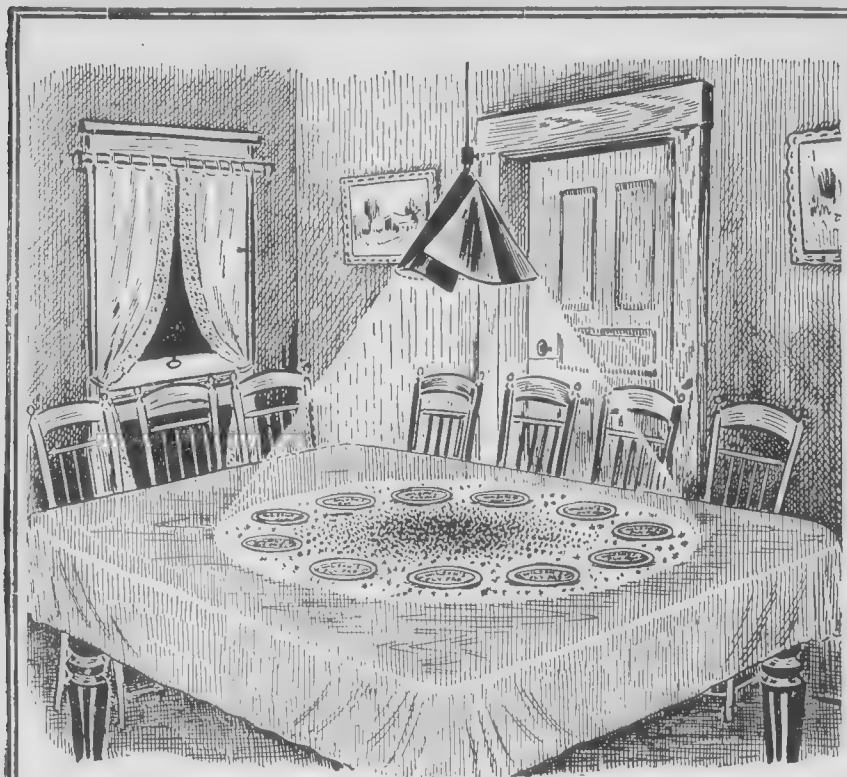
Roaming in the solitude of Manitoba Woods
Photo by H. Capel

read, write, play games, or discuss the latest news with his fellows. If the wage earners would make a reasonable effort; in any town where there is any considerable number of them, they could have splendid club rooms of their own.

With from seventy-five cents to one dollar a month a member such a club room can be supported. A paltry sum compared to what many of them spend over the bar. The environments of such a club would be so much better than the saloon. In such a club room the wage earner's ideas would broaden and deepen, by contact with his fellow men. He would grow stronger physically and mentally. He would be free from the temptation to drink or gamble. He could pay his monthly dues and have a snug sum saved to lay by for a rainy day.

For Patriotic Reasons

Effective in the fight against evils which menace national life is the patriotic argument. An appeal to personal pride of advantage, or to the benefit for section or state often is lost on the individual addressed. But there are few citizens whose ears are dull to the beseechment of those in authority for aid in times when the nation is in



The above shows how **Wilson's Fly Pads** will kill all the flies in your dining-room or store at night.

By adopting this plan you have neither flies nor fly killers about during the daytime.

Wilson's Fly Pads are sold by all **Druggists and Grocers.**

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.



I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.
I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure — you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head; back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex. I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickiness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address: MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 86 WINDSOR, Ont.

A GREAT SPECIFIC FOR WEAK MEN.

All men suffering from Varicocele, Weakening Drains, Nervous Debility, Depression, Brain Fag, Neurasthenia, Bladder Weakness, and all forms of Seminal Weakness or Premature Decline of the Vital Powers, etc., should test the unique Restorative properties of

VARICOLIUM ELIXIR,

the great Scientific Specific for these ailments. Varicolum will cure you quickly; it will cure you completely; it will cure you permanently. You do not have to wait for months, but experience improvement in a few days. Weakening drains gradually cease; the relaxed veins return to their normal healthy state, a restoration of the whole Nervous System takes place, a return of the Vital Powers with full capacity and fitness is assured. Send 5 cents in stamps for Advice Form and Booklet on "Creative Vital Force," which explains fully all about Varicolum Elixir. It is a work of special interest to men on Seminal Weakness, Varicocele, Loss of Energy, Kidney Disease, Bladder Weakness, Gleet, Discharges, Urinary Troubles, Debility, and Premature Decline of the Vital Powers. (Read Booklet for cases cured similar to yours.) ADVICE FREE.

Address: **BUCHANAN & CO.,** Specialists, 1, Grasmere Avenue, Tong Rd., Armley, Leeds, England



Suffered With Kidney Trouble For Ten Years.

Those who have never been troubled with kidney trouble do not know the suffering and misery which those afflicted undergo.

Weak, lame or aching back comes from the kidneys, and when the kidneys are out of order the whole system becomes deranged.

Doan's Kidney Pills go right to the seat of the trouble, and make their action regular and natural.

Miss Mary Daley, Pennfield Ridge, N.B., writes:—"I now take great pleasure in expressing myself for the benefit I have obtained from your wonderful medicine, Doan's Kidney Pills. Having been a sufferer with kidney trouble for the last ten years, and having spent hundreds of dollars in the so-called 'Quack' cures, from which I derived no benefit whatever, and after having been advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills, I at once purchased a box, and from the first obtained relief, and after having taken five boxes am now completely cured."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box, or three boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering specify "Doan's."



SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION LAND REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family of any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

\$3.50 Recipe Free For Weak Kidneys

Relieves Urinary and Kidney
Troubles, Backache, Straining,
Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head itches, the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath, sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this. Dr. A. F. Robinson, K2045 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

danger. In all the world's wars the rulers have had but to point out the menacing circumstances and volunteers have rushed to national defense. It is cause for world-wide rejoicing and it is a helpful sign of the times that so many of those in high places of authority have joined with preachers of righteousness and forces working for reformation in pointing out the danger to national life and prosperity in the sale and use of intoxicants, harmful drugs, the corruption at the ballot box and other perils.

In an address recently the Crown Prince of Sweden gave utterance to the following:

The temperance movement is one of the greatest of our time; a movement by which the people will gain self-reliance and self-control. The final aim is nothing else than the most complete possible liberation of our people from the destructive effects of the use of alcohol. That nation which is first to free itself from the injurious effects of alcohol will thereby attain a marked advantage over other nations in the amicable yet intensive struggle for existence.

Emperor Wilhelm, of Germany, has publicly urged abstinence as an essential to national efficiency and supremacy, declaring that in the next war victory will lie with that nation which uses the smallest amount of alcohol.

"The patriotic argument," asserts Dr. W. F. Crafts, secretary of the International Reform League, "has won the greatest of moral crusades, that of

good. He improves nothing. He helps no one. He is a sponge, a destroyer, an injury to the community which tolerates him.

The true character of the bar-room institution is realized by thoughtful men. It was forcibly described by Bishop Conaty, an eminent Catholic divine in the United States, who expressed his opinion in the following forcible terms:

The saloon exists for the saloon alone, and saloon politics have care for no public interest except inasmuch as it subserves the saloon. The government of a city or town has, for the liquor traffic only one object, and that is to grant license and allow it to use that license at will. What care the saloons about public interests, charities, schools, highways? Nothing, if only the liquor traffic is safeguarded from the "fanaticism" of temperance men.

It is the only establishment in a community which has not the public good as a reason for its existence. It preys upon the weakness of individuals. It thrives upon their badly regulated appetites. It sucks the life-blood from labor. It curses the homes of many. It beggars many a family. It makes helpless orphans whom the charity of the world has to house and clothe and feed. It fills the jails with drunkards and sends many a man to the scaffold, and arms the hand that is raised to rob and even murder.

Oh! but they say, "you interfere with our legal rights, and in the name of the law we protest." Law! The



One of the many beautiful scenes to be found in Nibigomi, the country of lakes.

China against opium, where the chief cry has been, not that opium injures individual health and happiness, and hurts business, and increases crime and poverty and taxes, but rather this: "That China may be strong."

France, also, Dr. Crafts points out, has adopted the argument of patriotism in putting up official posters warning the people because of the declining birth rate of that dying nation, against alcoholism, as the chief peril to be avoided.

The Bar-room

What the bar-room is and does is not always fully realized; neither is the cause of its existence. It ought to be borne in mind that no man operates a bar-room with any other purpose in the world than the making of money easily and rapidly.

To talk about a man licensed to sell liquor as one rendering any service to the public is simply nonsense. The institution is absolutely, and often heartlessly, selfish.

To a great extent this is also true of the bar-room's patrons. Men buy liquor for the sake of personal gratification, either of appetite, or of desire to be considered to be well-off or generous. Perhaps sometimes they act through fear of being considered narrow or stingy. Always the object is selfish, but the person under discussion just now is not the drink-buyer, but the drink-seller.

He is not a benefit to anybody but himself. He does nothing for anybody but himself. He produces nothing

saloon a defender of law and order! Yes, give the saloon its right under the law, its full and complete rights, and how long would the saloon exist? Where license is granted, how many live up to the law? Not one. Vested rights! Has the community no rights? Have not the people the right to see that no oligarchy rule and bring ruin in the prosecution of what it calls right?

Restriction or Prohibition

While much can be said in favor of the Local Option system, yet it has manifold disadvantages. Undoubtedly, if we are to be successful in stamping out the accursed drink, then we must not rest until the dreadful business is absolutely prohibited. Drink should be regarded with the same horror that we regard the plague. Who would think of merely restricting a virulent disease? Once let it be known that the country is menaced by the plague, and the whole community would unite in adopting the sternest measures to stamp out everything which might contribute to the spread of the pestilence. Now it must be admitted that of all evils which threaten the peace, health, happiness, prosperity and morality of the community, drink is the greatest. That there are many who will not admit that drink is such a diabolical curse is nothing to the point. Experience and statistics are against them, and they must be educated to see the magnitude of the evil of drink.

In order to secure public sympathy with the temperance movement we must educate all the people upon the



The
Original
and
Only
Genuine

BEWARE
of
Imitations
sold
on the
Merits
of
MINARD'S
LINIMENT

Artificial Limbs

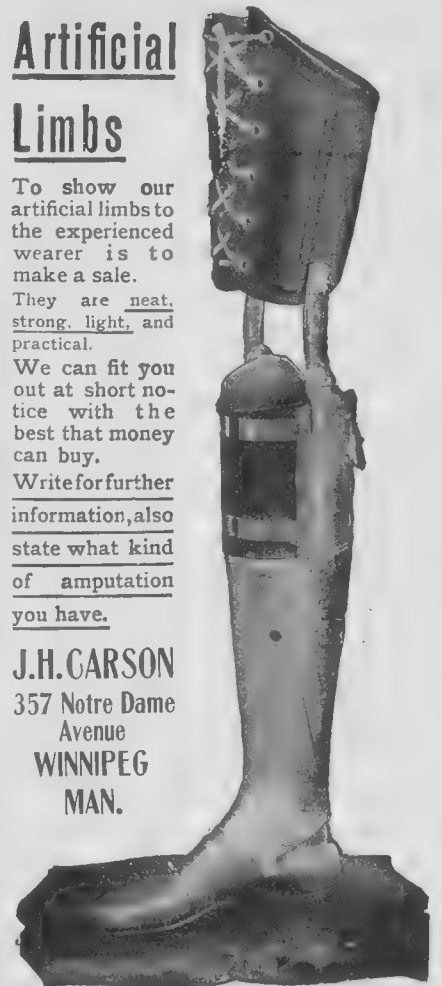
To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

J.H. CARSON
357 Notre Dame
Avenue
WINNIPEG
MAN.



Farmers Who Know

What it means to have GOOD
Boots wear the



The 'Quality' Boot
Built expressly to
meet every demand
of Canadian Farmers
and Country
Wearers by a
practical shoe-
maker.

Once a 'Fife' Wearer
always a 'Fife' Wearer.

PER PAIR \$4.75 CARR. PAID

MADE IN THE
OLD COUNTRY

The 'Fife' is honestly built from finest waterproof
Horsehair Leathers, and can be had with or without
hot nails as desired. Trial Order proves its worth.
Send size, or draw outline of foot, and Money Order
payable at Strathmiglo P.O., Scotland.
SEND FOR THE 'FIFE' FAMILY CATALOGUE. FREE.
A. T. Hogg, No. 108 Strathmiglo Fife, Scotland
The Pioneer and Leader of 'Boots by Post Trade'

Real Hair Grower Found at Last!

The Great English Discovery "Crystolis"
"Grows Hair in 30 Days."

\$1000.00 Reward if We Fail; Read Our Guarantee.
Try It at Our Risk. Mail Coupon Today



Beautiful Hair and lots of it—if you use Crystolis

Here's good news at last for men and women whose hair is falling, who are growing bald and gray, whose scalps are covered with dandruff that nothing seems to keep away and whose heads itch like mad.

Good news even for those who imagine themselves hopelessly and incurably bald or who suffer from hair or scalp trouble of any kind.

We have secured the sole American rights for the great English discovery, Crystolis, the new hair remedy that in Europe has been called the most wonderful discovery of the century, having been awarded Gold Medals at the big Paris and Brussels Expositions.

Already, since securing the American rights hundreds of men and women have written us to tell of phenomenal results obtained by its use. People who have been bald for years tell how they now glory in their beautiful hair. Others who have had dandruff all their lives say they have now a clean, healthy scalp and that hair stopped falling after a few applications of this wonderful new treatment.

We don't care whether you are bothered with falling hair, prematurely gray hair, matted hair or stringy hair; dandruff, itching

scalp, or any or all forms of hair trouble, we want you to try "CRYSTOLIS," at our risk.

We give you a binding guarantee without any "strings" or red tape, that it won't cost you a cent if we do not prove to you that "Crystolis" will do all we claim for it, and what's important, we have plenty of money to back our guarantee. We have deposited \$1,000 in our local bank as a special fund to be forfeited if we fail to comply with this contract. Cut out the coupon below and mail it today to Creslo Laboratories, 5V Street, Binghamton, N.Y.

FREE COUPON

The Creslo Laboratories, 5V Street,
Binghamton, N.Y.

I am a reader of The Western Home Monthly. Prove to me without cost how Crystolis stops falling hair, banishes dandruff and itching scalps and restores gray and faded hair to natural color. Write your name and address plainly and ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR LETTER

evils of moderate drinking, for if there were no moderate drinkers there would never be any drunkards. Every moderate drinker will not necessarily become a drunkard, but every drunkard was at one time only a moderate drinker.

What is really required is the TOTAL PROHIBITION of the iniquitous business throughout the entire country. But if we cannot succeed now in sweeping away the abominable thing, let us not slacken our labors one whit, but rather let our energies be stimulated to secure the entire abolition of the curse of the liquor traffic as early as possible.

There are thousands to-day who are alive to the evils of drink, and who have banished the accursed thing from their homes, treating it as they would the leprosy. But shall these thousands sit calmly by and permit their neighbors' lives to be blasted and their homes to be ruined and their families to be turned into the streets to starve while the brewer and publican wax fat on their insensate lust for the vicious fire-water? No! A thousand times NO. Let every man who knows what an accursed thing drink is (and who does not?) rise up and say with one voice:—

IT SHALL BE TOLERATED NO LONGER: GOVERNMENT MUST PROHIBIT THE SALE, MANUFACTURE AND IMPORTATION OF ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS.—The Signs of the Times.

think they may reduce my appetite for beer. I hope so," and he hurried away for fear the tell-tale listening in his wife's eyes would break him up. But he didn't take any beer with his lunch that day, nor on his way home, and that was the beginning of Jim Ford's choice between beer for himself and berries for the family.

Perhaps more wives and mothers can inaugurate a similar "division of goods."—National Advocate.

Prohibition States

	Gallons Per Capita
Alabama	.09
Georgia	1.55
Kansas	.00
Maine	5.45
Mississippi	.09
North Carolina	.01
North Dakota	1.35
Oklahoma	.00
Tennessee	3.62
Average	1.35 gallons per capita.

Local Option States

Arkansas	.27
Florida	1.08
Iowa	6.73
New Hampshire	5.45
South Carolina	.06
Texas	4.86
Virginia	3.01
Arizona	1.57
South Dakota	1.35



Fish plentiful, Red Deer Lake, East of Winnipeg

Beer and Berries

"Ain't it jest a leetle extravagant, M'ri, to have strawberries for breakfast in April?" and Jim Ford looked a bit apprehensively at his meek little wife.

"Oh, I don't know as 'tis!" replied the meek little wife with just a touch of something that was not meek in her voice. "The berries cost fifteen cents yesterday, 'n there's enough for you, Junior, the baby 'n' me—each a dishful. They make our plain bread-'n'-butter meal a little bit appetizing, 'n' they don't cost any more'n your three beers do that you 'down' all by yourself. You might share with us once in a while without being much of a crank. Yes, I will stay here for it, I guess," and Mrs. Ford looked Jim square in the eye, pleasantly, but with some determination apparent.

Jim fidgeted uneasily, but said nothing, for that phrase, "three beers," had caught his attention and held it. Jim wasn't a bad sort of a man, and he really loved his family; but with his moderate salary, high cost of living, and rather free-and-easy way with money, the family had been living rather narrowly, first one thing and then another being cut out of the menu; so he was a little startled when he saw the strawberries on the breakfast table so early in the season. He finished his breakfast, and after kissing his wife and babies good-bye said to her: "Get some more berries for to-morrow, M'ri, please; they're good for all of us, and especially for me, for 'm inclined to

New Mexico	1.57
Louisiana	10.14
Vermont	5.45
West Virginia	7.89
Idaho	13.73
Hawaii	2.39
Average	4.37 gallons per capita.

Saloon States

Alaska	22.10
California	16.65
Colorado	14.92
Connecticut	24.62
Delaware	26.56
District of Columbia	26.56
Illinois	39.13
Indiana	23.89
Kentucky	21.37
Maryland	26.56
Massachusetts	19.89
Michigan	17.63
Minnesota	23.58
Missouri	36.92
Montana	13.73
Nebraska	12.33
Nevada	17.65
New Jersey	39.87
New York	45.31
Ohio	29.45
Oregon	10.77
Pennsylvania	31.91
Rhode Island	24.62
Utah	13.73
Washington	22.10
Wisconsin	61.51
Wyoming	14.92
Average	25.23 gallons per capita.

Why suffer from corns when they can be painlessly rooted out by using Holloway's Corn Cure.

King George's Navy PLUG



10¢

KING GEORGE NAVY PLUG
CHEWING TOBACCO

IS IN A CLASS BY ITSELF!

It surpasses all others in quality and flavour because the process by which it is made differs from others.—It is deliciously sweet and non-irritating.

SOLD EVERYWHERE: 10c A PLUG

ROCK CITY TOBACCO Co., Manufacturers, QUEBEC

Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. A friend of the magazine, offering a kindly criticism, writes that the Correspondence column has at times an air of monotony, as one writer after another follows the same phraseology. We wish to warn our correspondents against this common error. A little independent thought will help mutual development, and readers of the Monthly will find valuable aid in the study of the many instructive articles by eminent men that appear from month to month.

Does Not Agree With True Blue

Dear Editor:—I have been an interested reader for several years of your splendid magazine, and now wish to write to contradict "True Blue," for I do not believe in the old saying "When poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window." It may seem to be true in some cases, but in those instances true love—the love that is uplifting, ennobling and would sacrifice anything for the ones beloved—never existed. "True Blue" must not forget another old saying that two heads are better than one, and I do not think that any girl really loves her fiancé if she will watch him toil on alone, with no one to help him and do those thousand things that would make life so much sweeter and happier for him, and also give her pleasure in doing them. Now this is my opinion of it, although I am often told that I am far astray. I am only yet in my teens, and it is put down for girlish fancies, but I sincerely hope I may never have to change my opinion. I would be pleased to hear from some of the young men of the Western province. You will find my address with the Editor. Will sign myself,

Hazel Eyes.

Fond of Arguments.

Dear Editor:—I am a subscriber and interested reader of your magazine, so thought I would join your correspondence club. I wonder whether or not the idea of arguments on interesting topics through letters would appeal to the other subscribers. I imagine such would be beneficial, and possibly as interesting as descriptions of personal appearance, habits and the like. Of course, such a topic would need to be of general interest and within the understanding of the majority. Fearing this letter will go to the waste paper basket I shall not make it any longer than to say I would be glad to correspond with any really lonely readers of either sex. Best wishes of happiness to all.

Palm Leaf.

Wants a Serial in the W.H.M.

Dear Editor:—I have been a reader and subscriber of your valuable paper for the past four years, and must say I would not like to be without it. My age and looks would not interest the majority, so will leave that out. It will be enough if I say that I have batched it now for four years, and am going to make this year the last. The reason I am writing to you more than another is to give you a suggestion for your paper which someone may have suggested before, if so all the better. Now why should you not have a serial in the Western Home Monthly? I would like to see it myself, and am sure many more would. There is nothing makes me pick up a paper quicker than another instalment of an interesting tale. Now if you will be kind enough to publish this letter, I think you will find many more readers who will echo my wish for a serial. I have just been reading "Sport's" letter in the March number, and she is kind enough to give

us bachelors a recipe for making biscuits. I would like to tell "Sport" that my brother and I lived on biscuits made by myself entirely in place of bread for three years, but could never make a biscuit that tasted right without any salt in it, though I hope she will not be angry with me and think me too much of a

Pick At Sport.

Wants Eastern Correspondence

Dear Editor:—I have been a reader of the Western Home Monthly, and have been much interested in the correspondence column. Although I am not a subscriber, I have decided to become one at once. This is a splendid magazine, and it helps to pass many a lonely hour. Well, I am a lonely farmer in the Great West country. I live four miles from the C.N.R. and a small town. I like living in the West fairly well. I came from the East three years ago, and would be glad to hear from some of the Eastern girls. All letters will be answered promptly. I will leave my address with the Editor, and sign myself

Lonely Druggist.



Head of Bighorn killed in the Canadian Rockies

No Place Like the West

Dear Editor:—It is with great pleasure that I open the pages of the Western Home Monthly every month, and there are so many good things contained therein, that the time passes quickly until the arrival of the next issue. I enjoy reading the letters in the correspondence column, although sometimes they grow monotonous, and then someone introduces a new subject, and all will be lively again, but it is certainly interesting to say the least. I think "Hank in the Homestead" has a fine way of putting things, but "Hank in the Homestead" don't be too hard on Plato; maybe he has not been "handed a lemon or been cut out." He may have good reason to speak so, and although there are some splendid manly fellows among our Western bachelors, remember also, sorry to say, there are some good-for-nothings, but they are to be found all over the world. There are good and bad in all classes all over, although most of the bachelors that I have chanced to meet are real good, honest, manly fellows, who seem to join work and pleasure and to be real happy too. And then there's that doctor again. O, I didn't think you would ever dare come back. I believe he does not really mean half he says, but he just enjoys getting everybody after him,

Corns of 1913

Call for Modern Treatment

It is time to stop the old-time treatments, "such as mother used to know."

Modern chemistry has found out how to terminate a corn.

Apply a little Blue-jay plaster, and the pain stops instantly.

Then a wonderful wax—the B & B wax—

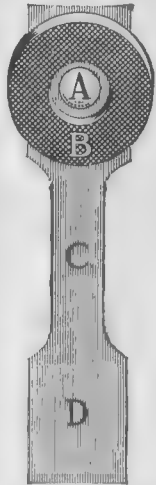
gently undermines the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn loosens and comes out, without any pain or soreness.

This way is so gentle, so final, so efficient that nothing else is ever used by folks who know this way.

Every month a million corns are now removed by Blue-jay.

Don't pamper corns—pare them, daub them or protect them.

The 1913 way is Blue-jay. And that ends the corn.



A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

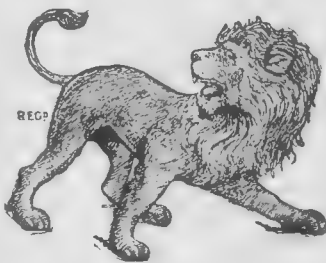
Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

(297) Bauer & Black, Chicago & New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

"HOW TO PRESERVE STRENGTH AND RETAIN THE POWERS."



If you have wrecked your Nerves by OVERWORK or WORRY, drained away your strength by bad habits or dissipation, or SAPPED your vital forces by EXCESSES

It is Time for You to Stop.

No man can afford to be reckless, force nature to undue effort, ruin his Constitution or violate the laws governing life. This invariably results in disaster or a Complete Nervous Breakdown and a

Giving Out of the Vital Forces

long before the average period. KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, and every man who would be warned in time, should take heed NOW. Send 10 cents for my Book, and you will find it the most profitable of all literature you now possess, and thousands who have read it acclaim it to be "worth its weight in gold."

Half-an-hour's reading and a determination to act up to it may save you from an otherwise never-ending misery and give you new life. It will teach you more in fifteen minutes than you will gain in years by experience.

It is a valuable, instructive and interesting treatise on Generative Weakness, and the Cause and Cure of Nervous Breakdown, Mental Exhaustion, Depression of Spirits, General Weakness, Waste of Vitality, Premature Decline and Loss of Power in Men.

The most popular and practical treatise published on the Laws governing Life, with special chapters on Generative Weakness, Flagging of the Powers and practical observations on Marriage.

Contains valuable remarks to Weak and Nervous Men on how to preserve the Health, regain Strength and restore the Powers when lost.

To the inexperienced, the married, or those contemplating marriage, no other work contains so much helpful or sensible advice, or will prove so interesting and instructive to those who desire to preserve their Strength, build up the whole Nervous System, restore the Powers to advanced age or fit themselves for Marriage. It will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

Address—CHARLES GORDON, No. 100, Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks., England
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FREE! FREE! TO LADIES



A Bottle of Blush of Roses

The regular price of the bottle of Blush of Roses I send free is 75c. In other words, it is a regular full-sized 75c bottle that I give to any lady absolutely free. The most perfect face preparation and complexion beautifier. Whiten the face as soon as applied, still its use cannot be detected. BLUSH OF ROSES is clear as water; no sediment to fill the pores. BLUSH OF ROSES will positively remove tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads, liver spots, moth-patches, erysipelas and salt-rheum. Remember this, no matter how dark or sallow your complexion may be, you will see it improving day by day until a clear, smooth and beautiful complexion is obtained. Gentlemen who admire a lady's fine, clear complexion are not adverse to having the same themselves. And why should they hesitate to use the BLUSH OF ROSES? It is clear as water, takes the shine from the face, removes all the impurities of the skin and leaves no sign like powder or paint. The only clear, pure and harmless face preparation made. Cures eczema and all skin diseases. Price 75c per bottle. Address Mrs. Frances E. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

Write For Free Trial Offer

Blush of Roses is Also For Sale by the

T. EATON CO. LTD., TORONTO and WINNIPEG

A Beautiful Bust

GUARANTEED in 30 days

I have helped thousands of women to obtain perfect development through a simple means by which any woman can easily enlarge her bust to the exact size and firmness desired.

FREE to Readers of The Western Home Monthly

Thousands of women are today the possessors of beautiful busts and perfect forms as the result of an accidental discovery made more than two years ago by Madame Margarett Merlain, whose fame has now spread to nearly every part of the world. While taking a new prescription for building up her health, Madame Merlain suddenly noticed that her bust was growing from almost nothing to a very large size; in fact, her bust measure increased six inches in 30 days.

Physicians and chemists to whom the matter was reported arranged to try the new treatment she had used on ten other women without busts. The results obtained within a few days truly aston-

had already tried several other remedies which had all been without the least results."

Madame Dixon, of Cannes, says:—"The great hollows in my neck, which were my despair, have completely disappeared. My bust has become firm and considerably larger, and I am now able to wear low-necked gowns without shame and humiliation."

Mrs. McGee, of Colwyn Bay, Wales, says:—"My breasts, which were a short time ago quite flat and undeveloped, are now, I am proud to say, round, and just as large and firm as I desire to have them. I also feel much brighter and better than before."

Madame Dietrich, of Leipzig, Germany, writes:—"I am entirely satisfied, and I never imagined that such results would be possible, because for several years I have been ill and was constantly following treatments of one kind or another. I have not only obtained a beautifully curved form and firm flesh, but my general health has been greatly improved."

Dr. Colonnay, of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, declares:—"No matter whether a woman be young or old, nor what her condition of health may be, I firmly believe that in the Venus-Carnis treatment she

has an infallible method for developing and beautifying her bust."

Dr. Domenico Scuncio, of Prata, Sannita, Italy, states:—"I beg to confirm my previous letters concerning the Venus-Carnis treatment, and I have pleasure in informing you that my patient has used this treatment and is very satisfied with the really marvellous results that she has obtained. I can, therefore, conscientiously state that this treatment is excellent, and that it can in no way be compared to others of its kind, claiming to give the same results."

There are hundreds of just such statements as the above on file in my office, as well as actual photographs taken one month apart, before and after the use of this remarkable treatment. You can come and see them for yourself, or, if inconvenient to call, I will gladly send you, absolutely free and under plain sealed cover, complete information regarding the exact means by which you can enlarge your own bust to the size and firmness you desire. All I ask is two 2-cent stamps to help cover cost of posting, and I positively guarantee you a beautiful bust in thirty days, no matter how flat or undeveloped you may be at present. What this treatment has done for others it is bound to do for you. Use the free coupon below today.



WHICH WOULD YOU BE?

Note the contrast between these two ladies—the one thin, angular and unattractive; the other perfectly developed, with beautifully curved arms, neck, shoulders and bust, and the centre of attraction. My discovery will do all this for you in 30 DAYS.

ished the sages of medicine and science, and in a few weeks each of the ten women had obtained a most marvellous enlargement of the bust. Next it was tried on 50 women without busts, and the same marvellous enlargement was obtained.

Madame Merlain is herself a living example of the great power of her remarkable discovery. By many she is considered to have the most beautiful bust and most perfect form of any woman in Europe. But, best of all, this wonderful discovery not only succeeded in her own case and in those where special tests were made, but it seems to have worked even more astonishing results in the cases of others, even after ordinary pills, massage, wooden cups and various advertised preparations had all been tried without the slightest results.

Miss Helen Marion Buckett, of 166, Cholmeley-road, Reading, writes:—"Since using the Venus-Carnis treatment my bust has developed in all four inches, an improvement for which I am extremely thankful."

Madame de Ziskrovsky, of Paris, says:—"My bust was flat and soft, and, thanks to your marvellous treatment, I now have a bust, firm and well developed, which is the admiration of all. I am all the more grateful to you, as I

FREE COUPON for obtaining a BEAUTIFUL BUST in 30 Days

Cut out this coupon and send today with your name and address, enclosing two 2-cent stamps to help cover postage expenses, to Margarett Merlain (Dept. 1038. G), Pembroke House, Oxford Street, London, W., England, and you will receive full information regarding the exact means for making your bust as large and firm as you desire, absolutely free, under plain, sealed cover.

Name
Street and Number
City Province

calling him down, so to speak. I believe if all the girls who write in these columns were to get after the doctor, and pull his hair, he wouldn't be sarcastic, or shall I say "sassy." But don't be alarmed, doctor, there isn't one here who would harm you. Your letters are very interesting. I must say I was amused, when I read where Patsy and Cookie wondered what girls living on the prairies do for schools, rinks and boys to skate with. I believe I am right in thinking that a good many people in the East are of the same opinion as Patsy and Cookie, but alas—girls, how very little you know of this great West. This is just the place where we do have schools, first class rinks, and boys to skate with more than first class. This is where you do see some life and good times. Its real easy to have a good time living in town and going to high school. I had lots of good times going to high school in the East, but it is nothing compared to the good times I have out here on the prairie. There is something so fascinating about it that when you are here a short time its hard to tear yourself away, and it is easy to be happy here, and the boys down East are not in it with the boys out here. They surely know what good times are, and most of them work hard too, so girls if you want to have real good times come out on the prairie and go to school and skate on a good rink with boys who know how to skate. Someone will think I am here to

girl's ambition has been completely crushed by dancing, and card-playing has brought many men to ruin and desolation. I also notice many times the girls do not express themselves as being able to cook, sew, wash, scrub or keep the house clean and tidy. These are qualifications that are far superior to the former, and will make them more successful in life, but, of course, everybody to his own fancy. Now, Mr. Editor, I do not want to take up too much of your valuable space, so will close with a recommendation of myself. I am past thirty-five summers, but feel young yet. I am a member of the M. church, don't dance, play cards, gamble, smoke, chew or indulge in any evil habits whatever, but try to live and do the right thing. I am five feet ten and a half inches tall, weigh 180 pounds, fair complexion, and came from Grey County, Ontario, to the Western provinces twenty-two years ago. So you see, I am a full-blooded Westerner and farmer. Now if any of the ladies care to drop a line to me, I will gladly answer any correspondence sent to me. You will find my address with the Editor.

A Presbyterian Methodist.

Girls, Help the Bachelors

Dear Editor:—I come for the first time to your fine paper. I have been a reader for a long time now, and find great comfort in it when I am alone



On the Trail, Athabasca River, G.T.P. Route.

criticize, but we see a good many opinions in these columns, and as it takes all kinds of people to make a world, there are not many who think the same, but I am sure there will be someone who will agree with me, for you know "Great minds think alike." If this escapes the waste paper basket I will try and send some recipes next time (for the bachelors). Hoping to hear from any of the members, and wishing the Western Home Monthly continued success, and leaving my address with the Editor, I am,

A Farmer's Girl.

Thinks Music, Dancing, Card-playing, etc., are Poor Qualifications

Dear Editor:—I have been a constant reader of your magazine for some time, and must say it is an encyclopedia from beginning to end. I do not see how you can print such a valuable paper for one dollar a year. I greatly enjoy reading your correspondence columns. There are very good thoughts expressed, which are worthy of notice, and also some very foolish ones. However, they are thoughts expressed by men and women with different minds, as I believe we cannot all think and see alike. Some of the fair sex express themselves as being fond of music, dancing, card-playing, and many other nonsensical things, and I presume that some of these things are poor qualifications for either men or women to have. As for dancing and card-playing, I have no use for them whatever. Many a

in the house. As I am a lonely bachelor, I would like some correspondence from the fair sex. I think that the girls could do a lot of good for a lonely bachelor, if they would just write them a few letters. It would be a great comfort to them. You girls do not know how lonely a man gets in the house with no one near him to speak to. Did you ever put yourself in a bachelor's place for a few moments and try it? I think if some of the girls would correspond with the bachelors they could do a great deal towards helping them to live a better life. A great many men when they are alone think they can do what they like on a Sunday, or any other day of the week. I think the most of this is because they get so lonely at times that they think nobody cares for them at all. So don't be backward in writing, girls. I have seen some men so lonely that when you meet them they would hardly speak to you. Afterwards they would begin to talk to you for a while and get all right, and would tell you that they were nearly dead from loneliness. Now girls, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Farmer.

The "Nurse's" Opinion of the "Doctor."

Dear Editor:—I am delighted to see the varied and interesting discussion in our correspondence club now. The card-playing and dancing items were worn threadbare, although, of course, it was nice to see the different opinions

NEXT TO CONSUMPTION THERE ARE MORE DEATHS From PNEUMONIA Than Any Other Lung Trouble.

Pneumonia is nothing more or less than what used to be called "Inflammation of the Lungs."

Consumption may be contracted from others, but as a rule pneumonia is caused by exposure to cold and wet, and if the cold is not attended to immediately serious results are liable to follow.

There is only one way to prevent pneumonia and that is to cure the cold on its first appearance.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will do this for you if you will only take it in time.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains all the essence and lung healing powers of the famous Norway Pine tree.

Mr. Hugh McLeod, Esterhazy, Sask., writes:—"My little boy took a very severe cold, and it developed into pneumonia. The doctor said he could not live. I got some of your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and he began to improve. Now he is a strong healthy child, and shows no sign of it ever coming back."

The price of this remedy is 25 and 50 cents per bottle. It is put up in a yellow wrapper; 3 pine trees the trade mark, and is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

\$3.50 Recipe FREE For Weak Men.

Send Name and Address Today—
You Can Have it Free and Be
Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop dragging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this but I send it entirely free.

Every Woman
is interested and should know about the wonderful
MARVEL Whirling Spray
The new Vaginal Syringe. Best
—Most convenient. It cleanses
instantly. Ask your
druggist for it.



If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO.,
Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

Dr. de Van's Female Pills
A reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at \$5 a box, or three for \$10. Mailed to any address. **The Seobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.**
Sold by the Ultra Druggists, Winnipeg.

concerning both. I have been in Canada for some years, and in following my profession of nursing, I have travelled a good bit in Alberta. I have already gained two correspondents by means of the club. I should like to hear from someone living in B.C. if they would write to me. I prefer farmers and ranchers, as I want to hear about the country in that part of the world. I am sorry for "A Confirmed Bachelor" who writes in the May issue. He has, evidently, doomed himself to lead the cold and selfish life. Some of his remarks, however, re marriage, are true, but I object to the idea of those who are happily married being selfish. Surely those who have most, have most to give. "The Doctor" writing in the April number has certainly a low ideal of womanhood, and it would have been more chivalrous to have kept his opinions to himself. I should not like to nurse for him. Hoping the correspondence column will continue to flourish.

—Yours sincerely,

"Nurse."

Try to Make Things Bright Wherever You Are

Dear Editor:—We have been silent and interested readers of your paper for some time and have come to the conclusion, since reading "Batty Liz" and "Silly Sal's" letters in the April number, that we will proceed to join your correspondence circle if permitted. We live in a most picturesque spot. The railroad runs by our door, on the banks of a beautiful creek, close to a nice town. We might also state that we are homesteaders, but far from lonely, as we try to make things alive wherever we are. As correspondence would fill in our leisure moments to good advantage we would be pleased to hear from the above-mentioned members, but as we are a little bashful, we should like to hear from them first. Our description is as follows:—We are both quite young and fair, with dark and golden hair. As for height, not very tall, but to be called short would not do at all. Leaving the Editor our address, we will trust you girls will do the rest.

Batty Bill and Silly Sam.

A New Subject For Discussion

Ont., April, 1913.

Dear Editor:—We have taken your excellent paper for a long time, and would very much hate to be without it. I have often thought of writing to your columns, but the waste paper basket loomed large. The correspondence column always comes in for a large share of attention, and also amusement sometimes, as the writers "not all to be sure" seem to look on it as a picture gallery. The subject of cards and dancing have been well threshed out, with lots of good points on both sides. Now it is time someone took up the pen on behalf of woman's suffrage, not that I myself am much in favor of the suffragettes; at least not with their methods, still it would be a good subject for the sake of variety. I have made a number of friends through this column, and hope these few lines will bring me more, especially from the West, as I am much interested in life in that part of the Dominion. I will answer all letters if at all possible. My address will be with the Editor. As I am very fond of reading, I will sign myself,

Book Lover.

Be Careful

British Columbia, April, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I have often read your charming magazine, and wish some of these dear girls who write would drop me a line. The girl of my choice must be tall and have a fair complexion. I enjoy a good dance, particularly if my partner is a nice girl. I don't smoke or chew tobacco, and drink only this pure mountain water. My best sport is hunting big game, bears especially. I will close with these lines:—

Be careful in speaking of a person's faults.

Pray don't forget your own. Remember those with "homes of glass." Should seldom throw a stone.

TWENTY YEARS.

Makes a great difference in most women. They are troubled with "nerves"—they suffer from backache, headache, sleeplessness, a sensation of irritability or twitching, hot flashes, dizzy spells, or many other symptoms of female weakness. The local disorder and inflammation should be treated with Dr. Pierce's Lotion Tablets and the irregularity and weakness of the female system corrected and strengthened with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The strain upon the young woman or the woman of middle age—upon the nerve and blood forming structures—may be too great for her strength. This is the time to take this restorative tonic and strength-giving nerve and regulator. For over forty years sold by druggists for woman's peculiar weaknesses and distressing ailments. The one remedy so perfect in composition and so good in curative effects as to warrant its makers in printing its every ingredient on its outside wrapper. The one remedy which absolutely contains neither alcohol nor injurious or habit-forming drugs.

Following letter selected at random from a large number of similar ones and cited merely to illustrate these remarks:

"In the winter of 1908, I became greatly run down and irregular," writes Mrs. HENRY SCOTT, of Swan Creek, Mich., Route 1, Box 49. "I slowly but surely grew worse, and, at last, resolved to apply to the doctors for help. The doctor said I had inflammation, enlargement and laceration. I was in bed eleven weeks and got no better. The doctor said I would have to have an operation, but to that I would not listen. My husband purchased two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I started to take this remedy I could not walk across the floor, but after I had taken three bottles I could feel myself gaining, so I dropped the doctor and took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Only for it I think I would have been dead—I really believe it saved my life. I feel better now than in twenty years."



Mrs. Scott.

How Do You Size Up as a Man?

TO MY READER.

Have you heard of the wonderful new drugless method for the self-restoration of lost strength. Use the free coupon and get full and explicit information, sealed in plain envelope, by return mail. Over 12,000 men wrote to me privately for this free information during February. Everything you need to know about this new self-restoration method is contained in my little pocket-size 86-page illustrated book, which the free coupon below entitles you to. This compendium, or treatise of over twenty thousand words covers its subjects thoroughly and contains complete private information of a special nature, which should be of vast interest and value to any man from the years of youth on through early manhood, married life, and to a ripe, healthy old age. This wonderful little book with its words of wisdom is ready for you.

Please write or call today.
SANDEN, Author.

Do you know my friend that a fine, strong, clear-eyed, strong-nerved man is the most powerful influence in the world? His faculties are all normal and evenly balanced; he loves life for itself; he conquers obstacles that the weakling would tremble at; he casts good cheer about him; he fascinates all men and all women who come within the sphere of his manly influence. Do you know that the true power of the so-called "Hypnotic Influence" is really nothing more than the strong personal magnetism of the man who exerts it? Therefore, if I restore your lost strength, reader, I give you the power of the giant. It makes no difference to me what caused your ailing condition, or how unstrung or debilitated you may be, whether young or elderly, short or tall if I can show you a sure and never failing way by which you yourself can restore yourself to complete strength (without drugs) then I can make you as well, vigorous and capable, as buoyant of spirit, as fascinating in manner as the biggest fullest-blooded fellow of your acquaintance.

I will here merely say that my method is a system of vitalization by means of an appliance of my own invention and which, under my pat-

ent rights, I call a **HEALTH BELT**. You place this **HEALTH BELT** around your waist upon going to bed and wear it nights until you are thoroughly restored to strength and health. The sensation it produces is a most pleasant one; merely a warm, soft gentle flow of a force which I call vitality. This new method often takes the the pain or weakness out of your back in a few hours' time, while you commence to feel better at once. Sixty to 90 days is sufficient to build up your nerves and body, so that you will probably look better, feel better than you have ever looked or felt before. Your friends will soon commence to secretly marvel at the change in your appearance, while you will unconsciously answer "Never felt better in my life," to their greetings.

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WAS SO NERVOUS COULD NOT EAT OR SLEEP.

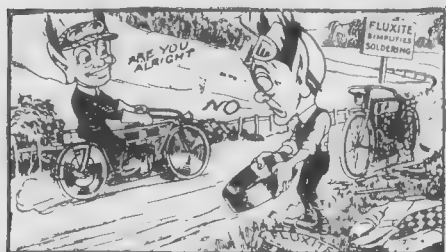
There are many people who become worn, weak and miserable because their nerves become so unstrung they cannot sleep, and wherever there are ones troubled in this way they will find that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will restore the deranged nerves to full life and activity.

They do this by their invigorating effect on the nerve centres, and will tone up the whole system to a perfect condition.

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The P. Scholl Mfg. Co.,
214 King St. W., Toronto

If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin.
'Tis better we should think of home,
And from that joint begin.

We have no right to judge a man,
Until he's fairly tried,
Should we not like his company
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—ah! who have not?
The old as well as young,
Perhaps we may, for ought we know
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan
And find it works quite well
I try my own defects to cure,
Before of others tell.
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know.
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all when we commence
To slander friend or foe.
Think of the harm that one may do
To those we little know.
Remember curses, sometimes, like
Our chickens, roost at home.
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.
Leaving my address with the Editor,
and wishing the paper and all its
readers every success, I will sign myself,
Windy.

Country is Lonely Without Friends

Dear Editor:—I, like many others, am living on a homestead far from a town or city, and as I have been used to the latter all my life I miss it a great deal, especially my friends. I like the country better than the city if there were young people and neighbors near.

How many of the readers read the article on "Managed Marriages" on page 66 of the April issue of the Western Home Monthly, written by Lady Gay? I think there should be free communion between a mother and her daughter. I am nineteen years old, and I want my mother to chaperon me everywhere I go. Of course, as I have been raised in the States (having come here three years ago perhaps that accounts for my ideas). I want to congratulate "29 Mitchel" on his good views on "True Friendship." "Snookums," I, for one, would like a fancy work corner too. I am fond of reading, and like nothing better than to take a copy of the Western Home Monthly, and go to a picnic where I have all afternoon to myself. I don't care for baseball and foot races like most of the girls out here do. I like horseback riding and love all gentle horses. As some of you speak of travelling I can say I have had all that sort of thing I want for the rest of my life. One of the prettiest spots I have ever seen is Stanley Park in Vancouver, B.C. They have a large variety of wild animals there and such lovely scenery. Perhaps our dear Editor will see some things interesting enough in this letter to have it printed. Wishing success to all,
For-got-ut.

Differs With Plato

Man., April, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I feel I must say a few words in opposition to what "Plato" says regarding the life of the farmer's wife. I do not agree with him at all, and I think if the women around here could get hold of him, they might do something to him that he wouldn't like. I cannot see that the life of the country woman is dull. If she is not lazy she will find something to take up her attention. Most women like to spend a little time in the garden with their flowers and vegetables, while others are delighted with a few fowls. What is more pleasing than a well kept garden, where one can go out any time in summer and pick a nice bouquet instead of going to the florists and buy them? Then there are no "keep off the grass" signs. Instead of seeing who can get the finest hat, or the best summer suit, the women often try to see who can have the best kept garden, or who can bake the best bread. They certainly can make better bread than the city bakeries. Talk about your theatres and picture shows, they are

not in it with a country garden party or picnic. Then the noise in the city is enough to set one crazy, and one can hardly go round a street corner without having the dust fill his eyes. I think the Western bachelors are a jolly lot, and who can blame them if they do make a try after a second girl, should the first one turn them down. I'm not married yet, and do not batch it, but I think most of the bachelors could give a young lady a good home. Girls, you had better take the advice of the old maid who once said, "Now young girls, take my advice, don't let a young man ask you twice, for if you do you may never get spliced." I agree with the "Doctor" in regard to money coming ahead of love in the home, and spoiling the happiness of the family. The article on "Managed Marriages" in the April issue is very true, as I have seen many cases such as it refers to. I will not give my opinion on dancing and card-playing, as I like an hour or so at either one. I like letter writing, but am not in love with anyone yet. I'm too poor to get married, but there is no telling what I might do if the right one came along. Being an old Ontario boy, I like to read all the letters in the Western Home Monthly from that part. How would "C. C. C." or "Correspondence Cosy Corner" or "Cosy Corner Club" do for a name for our circle? Well I've said enough, so with best wishes, I'll sign myself,
My Dear Gaston.

"Fault Finding and Its Harm"

Ont., April, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I now come to your valuable paper to introduce a new topic if you will allow me, on "Fault Finding and Its Harm." Many men would get a very false notion of his standing among his friends if it were possible to know what is said of him behind his back. One day he would go about in a glow of self esteem, and the next he would be lowered down under a miserable sense of misapprehension and disgust. It would not be impossible for him to put this and that together, and strike an average. Never employ yourself to discover the faults of others. Look to your own. You had better find out one of your own than ten of your neighbour's. Whenever you catch yourself in a fault-finding remark, say some approving one in the same breath, and you will soon break yourselves off the habit. Since the best of us have too many infirmities to answer for, we ought not to be too severe on those of others! and, therefore, if our brother is in trouble, we ought to help him without inquiring over seriously what produced it. Have you a right to take any little story that you can pick up God should take all the things that are about a man and use it in such a way as to injure him or give him pain? If true of us, and make a scourge of them, and whip us with it, we would be the most miserable creatures alive. What a world of gossips would be prevented if it were only remembered that a person who tells you the fault of others, intends to tell others of your faults.

Everyone have their faults. Some are a little more prominent than others, but the hidden ones are there just the same, and are often the most dangerous. Well, I am afraid I have already made this too lengthy, and I will close by saying that I am not perfect myself.

Dorothy.

Too Strict.

Ont., May, 1913.

Dear Editor:—In the Western Home Monthly, page 31 of the May number, I noticed a piece entitled "Who is to blame." I would like to write a few lines in regard to this question, Mr. Editor, if you will allow me. I am a young girl, twenty years of age. I have a good mother, but I believe she is far too strict. My home is on a farm, in a very nicely settled country. We are termed as well-to-do people, I have everything my mother thinks I need. I am never allowed to accept any invitations from any gentleman friend, no matter how good their character may be. I am never allowed to accept any invitations to a dance or to the theatre, if I do I must deceive

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JAMES DOBSON.

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functions become sluggish,
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Phosphonal restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. Phosphonal will make you a new man. Price \$3 a box, or two for \$5. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

Sold by the Ultra Druggists, Winnipeg.

my mother by telling her evil untruths—which I very much dislike to do. If I wish to meet my gentlemen it must be at some hour when "good people" should be asleep in their beds. Now, don't you think it is hard on any moral young girl, who cannot enjoy enough freedom in her home, that she can bring a young man in to meet her parents honestly and openly, but have to meet him herself at an hour when her parents believe her asleep in her bed—this is deceiving too. A young girl who is kept down tight, as the saying goes, will be like a bird locked in a cage and when released will fly on and on, happy in its freedom, until it comes to the end of its happiness. Who is to blame? Now, I do not blame all parents for their children's downfall, but I blame them for the start in many cases. Give a girl a little freedom in her home, let her choose a companion and she will not need to deceive her parents by slinking away like a thief to enjoy herself like other girls. Surely amusements cannot have brought all the fallen ones to their fate. Surely going to a theatre, or occasionally a dance cannot be the cause of many girls and men leading immoral lives! Our parents were all young once, but seem to forget it. Now, I love my parents and try to obey them. I do not deserve to be kept tight. Who is to blame? I would like this question answered, and will sign myself.

A Young Sufferer.

A Beggar

Anhungered I stood by the wayside
And begged of the passerby,
But the pilgrim, too, was anhungered,
Yea, starving as well as I.

So he listened not to my pleading
But begged an alms for himself,
He begged for food and for shelter,
For raiment he begged and for pelf.

Then following down the highway,
Still louder I called for food,
But the others were bitterly pleading
And my 'plaining did me no good.

And of all my sorrowful wailing
The multitude heard not a word,
While their suffering seemed so tremen-
dous
That pity within me was stirred.

I ceased my turbulent clamor,
And listened to others moan,
To the piercing cry of rebellion
And the smothered, hopeless groan.

So, I who was erstwhile a beggar,
Found others poorer than I,
And ceased by useless complaining
As I heard a more piteous cry.

When I opened my sack in compassion,
What I thought so paltry before,
In the sight of a multitude starving,
Seemed good and abundant store.

As I called aloud on the highway--
"Oh, friends! will ye come and be
fed?"
They eagerly crowded around me
And devoured my crusts of bread.

My voice as it offered them succor,
Reached far down the highway clear,
And the ears that heard not my begging,
Heard my offer of bread—and drew near.

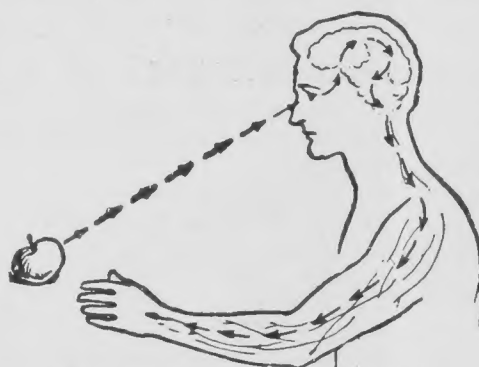
So joyously now I go singing--
Not wailing I go—as before,
No more on the highway go begging,
And I pity myself no more.

"In a parlour there were three—
Estelle, a parlour lamp, and he.
Two's company without a doubt,
And so the parlour lamp went out."

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, the best remedy of the kind that can be had.

Some Mysteries of the Nervous System Explained

THERE are two sets of nerves in the human body—those which have to do with external objects, and control seeing, hearing, feeling, moving, etc., and the involuntary nerves, which control the action of the vital organs, as the heart, lungs, stomach and bowels.



NO. 1—VOLUNTARY NERVES.

Illustration No. 1 shows how at sight of an apple the message is carried by the optical nerve to the brain, which receives, thinks and decides on some form of action, and sends out its command through the nerves which lead to the hand.

Simple as it may seem to see and pick up an apple, this act cannot be carried out if there is anything wrong with any of the nerves involved.

Injury to or weakness of the optical nerve means defective sight; disease of the brain or nerves may mean paralysis of the nerves which control the movement of the arms or fingers.

The brain is the source of all nervous energy, for here it is that blood is converted into nerve force, and for this purpose fully one-fifth of all the blood in the human body is consumed. This explains the necessity of looking to the condition of the blood at the first sign of nervous trouble, and shows how it is that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great blood-builder, is so remarkably successful in curing diseases of the nerves.

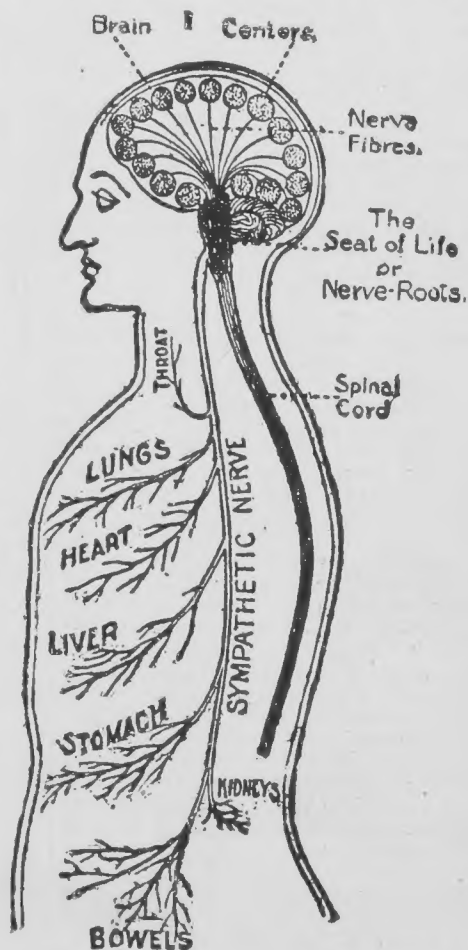
Now, when we turn to the great sympathetic nervous system, Illustration No. 2, by which are operated the vital organs of the body, we find conditions somewhat different. For who, by taking thought, can cause his heart to beat or his stomach to digest food?

To be more definite, consider the stomach, which is a regular network of nerves. Some of these report to the brain sensations of hunger, others keep up the peculiar churning motion, and again others control the flow of the all-essential gastric juices by which digestion is brought about.

From this you can readily understand that when nerve force is consumed by excessive mental strain, worry, intense emotion or disease, the supply to the stomach becomes limited, and nervous indigestion is the result, and similarly other organs are deranged and weakened when the nervous system becomes exhausted.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

cures nervous exhaustion and resulting derangements by supplying to the brain an abundance of pure, rich blood, the material from which alone nerve force can be manufactured. Because exhaustion of the nerves leads slowly and surely to locomotor ataxia, paralysis, and even insanity, it is most important that effective treatment, such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, be employed just as soon as warning symptoms appear. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Every box of the genuine bears portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.



NO. 2—SYMPATHETIC NERVES.



The spoils of the chase. Rocky Mountain Sheep shot along G.T.P. Route

Wants Correspondents

Dear Editor:—We have been reading your valuable paper for some time past, and are especially delighted with the correspondence column. We are two girls from Ontario, and would like some of the Westerners to correspond with us. Now get busy, boys. Our address is with the Editor. Wishing your paper every success, we remain,

Bluebell and Daisy.

No Chances

Mr. Tracy had received many invitations from Mr. Sweet to run down to the country for a few days, and finally availed himself of the privilege.

After dinner the two men were sitting on the veranda, smoking and talking.

"Your wife is a brilliantly handsome woman, Sweet," said Mr. Tracy, enthusiastically, "I should think you'd be jealous of her."

"Well, you see, Tracy," said the host, "I am, but I never invite any one down here that any sane woman would take a fancy to."

The Sweet Swift Years

They are slipping away—these sweet, swift years,

Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in the rapid flow,
We watch them one by one as they go
Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as a weaver's thread

Or an arrow's flying gleam;
As soft as the languorous breezes bid,
That lift the willow's long golden lid,
And ripple the glassy stream.

As long as the breath of the thistle-down,

As fond as the lover's dream;
As pure as the flush in the sea shell's throat

As sweet as the wood-bird's wooing note

So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass
Down the dim-lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,

As beautiful and as fair.

There are a few years left to love,
Shall we waste them in idle strife;
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet
By the dusty ways of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah, let

No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,

But never an angry word.

A Cure for Gossip

Mrs. J. W. Wheeler

A woman whom we call Mrs. John once took a decided stand in the matter of gossip. After the death of her husband's mother she came to live at the old home where John had been "born and raised," where he knew everybody and everybody knew him. Her husband warned her "not to get into hot water," that they were good people and meant well but that they were inveterate gossips.

Soon, very soon, her boy came to her with a shocked expression and the information that "Cousin A—once had stolen a sheep," we will call that the offense. "Sam's mother said so, wasn't it awful?" Telling the boy there might be some mistake but in any case he was not to mention it again, she resolved to explode once and for all times her anti-gossip bomb.

She sought out Sam's mother and spoke somewhat in this wise: "My boy came to me much excited over what you told before him about Cousin A—. It may be perfectly true, but what I want to say is this, that I have come to live among my husband's people, that I want to be friends with you all and I want my children to be friends with your children. If any of the family or old neighbors have sowed a crop of wild oats, fifty or one hundred years ago, I cannot see how the knowledge of it can help or interest us, but I can see how it can be a positive harm. I do not want my boy and girl to be in a position to refer to that poor defunct sheep when they are 'mad' with Cousin A—'s boys and girls. If any of us are burdened with family secrets of an unpleasant character we will be tempted to take sides. That would be a pity, as, no doubt, there are hard feelings enough now without adding to them. Neither do I want to be informed, and what may be more to the point do I want my children to be informed, that their father was 'sweet upon So-and-So.' He may have been desperately in love with half a dozen who lived in this town, and we are sure to meet some of them, and for myself I intend to be sublimely unconscious of all such ancient history. I want to be friends with you all, and I hope you will take what I say in a kindly spirit and also pass it on to others. I will not listen to gossip, or allow my children to listen. I will keep them in their own yard at all times outside of school hours, if necessary, but I hope it will not be, but that you all will co-operate with me in this."

The result? Yes, a decided frost at first, but as John's wife was a valuable addition to the community, a gifted woman and a charming hostess, they thawed out in the course of time. She selected her guests regardless of the fact that Mrs. A—had not spoken to Mrs. B— for years, and she and John had many a private chuckle over the misfits of their little parties. It was a small Hague, with the good results minus the tedious proceedings, for some feuds were broken, old friendships were patched up, and after a time there resulted a much pleasanter feeling in the neighborhood than had existed for many years. "I'm so glad you moved here," said more than one of John's friends, "we needed a missionary among us, only we did not

The Return Visit

"There seems to be one thing wrong about your slumming Edith," said Mr. Canfield, as his wife finished the story of her afternoon spent in the tenements. "None of the people you visit return your calls."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Canfield, who did not quite like her husband's jokes about her philanthropies.

"Why 'of course'?" asked Mr. Canfield, "Isn't that the custom in polite society? Why should not the cards of Mrs. Michael O'Tool and Madame Macaroni and Mrs. Owskeywowskey rest with the bunch you cherish and sigh over when you count up your social duties? I am sure those women are less absurd and

implied? You might ask the minister about that."

"No," said she, "I don't want to ask any one but you. Would you be willing I should ask Mrs. Grenovski—you did not get the name quite correct—to come and spend the day here?"

"Why, yes, and the old man and the kids, too. I probably shall be busy, but—"

"No, you shall not be busy. I will see to that. They shall be invited on Decoration day. He will have a holiday, and so will you. And we will bestow our flowers on them."

"All right, Edith. I'm no quitter. I'll see it through."

They came, the whole family, the dresses starched stiff and the faces scrubbed till they shone. The narrow-chested tailor and his thin, pale wife were shy, but not uncouth. The children were painfully polite. The dinner occupied them, with little time for conversation, till five-year-old Alexis sank back with a sigh, and said "Gee, but I'm full!" which greatly distressed his mother, but pleased Mr. Canfield. And after the meal the whole juvenile portion of the family formed a procession, and marching round the table in a way that showed industrious drilling, solemnly saluted first Mrs. Canfield, and then, at the other end of the table, her husband, shaking hands with each, and saying, "Tank you for de dinner, an' all!"

It was the funniest, sincerest little comedy ever invented, and the memory of it delighted Mr. Canfield for many a day.

But it did more than that. Mr. Canfield secured for the tailor a position that paid a little better wage, and, what was more, gave him light air. And he made a suggestion concerning his wife which proved fruitful.

"You know," said he to Mrs. Canfield, "I believe half the matter with that woman is her teeth. I noticed when she ate, and I don't see how she can live and nourish a baby with so little opportunity to chew her food. And didn't you say she suffered from neuralgia besides? Now if that club of yours wants to do something worth while, buy her a set of teeth. Don't you have an artificial teeth fund, with all the rest? Well, you can create one. I'll give five toward it, and I'll see Doctor Deming, and he will make the teeth at cost."

The thing was done, and it proved a success. The next visit of the Grenovskis showed more of color in the cheeks of both father and mother. And the procession, which formed at the gate in the regular and rehearsed order, passed Mr. Canfield, who happened to stand nearer, and saluted first Mrs. Canfield, and then in regular order her husband saying "Tank you for de teet, an' all!"

Burden-Bearers

Helen M Richardson

Weep not when sorrow burdens with its pain;
Go forth and take earth's toilers by the hand.
Forget the joy your soul had hoped to gain,
And help a friend his cross to understand.

The woes of life press heavily alone
On those who walk apart and nurse their grief.
They who can suffer and still make no moan
Find in that self-control most sure relief.

Burdens are many and the one who finds
Room on his shoulder for a brother's load,
And with true courage and a brave smile binds
It closely to him spite of sting or goad.

Ah, who shall dare to say that in the race
He wins not, be his station high or low?
'Tis aye the burden bearer sets the pace;
'Tis God who judges where the prize shall go.

Household Suggestions--Western Home Monthly Recipes

Carefully selected recipes will be published each month. Our readers are requested to cut these out and paste in scrap book for future reference.

TOMATO SALAD

Pour off juice of 1 can of tomatoes; mix with remaining tomato pulp $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch, 1 teaspoonful mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful pepper, 2 eggs, well beaten, and boil; when boiling add juice of tomatoes. Serve cold.

CHEESE AND RICE FRITTERS

1 cupful boiled rice,	$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful grated cheese
grains distinct	2 tablespoonfuls milk or melted
1 egg (beaten light)	butter
1 teaspoonful baking	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt
powder	2 tablespoonfuls pastry flour

Lard and butter mixed to fry in.

WALNUT CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful butter	$1\frac{3}{4}$ cupfuls flour
1 cupful sugar	$2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls baking powder
3 eggs (yolks)	3 eggs (whites)
$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful milk	$\frac{3}{4}$ cupful walnut meats
	(broken in pieces)

Mix ingredients in order given. Bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven. Cover with white icing, crease in squares and put $\frac{1}{2}$ walnut on each square.

UNFERMENTED WINE

Fifteen pounds Concord grapes, 5 lbs. granulated sugar. After removing the grapes from stems, wash them and cover with water, say $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; boil until the stones are separated; drain first through colander, then through a jelly bag; add the sugar to the juice and bring to the boil. Cork bottles carefully and seal with paraffin wax.

ICING

2 tablespoonfuls butter	1 cupful icing sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful cocoa	$\frac{1}{4}$ cupful thin cream

Boil about 5 minutes, add pinch salt, then beat until creamed; flavor with vanilla.

Cheer Up

Cheer Up! If there is sunshine in the heart it makes but little difference how much the heavens weep.

Cheer Up! The way to chase the clouds from one's own heart is to try to lighten the burden that rests upon the heart of another.

Cheer Up! If, in the midst of perplexity, one does not know just what to do, it is said to be a sign that the Lord doesn't wish one to do anything.

Cheer Up! Be sure of this; there is a turn in the longest lane and a summit to the highest hill.

know it." Can you doubt that John's wife felt repaid for her unpleasant interview with "Sam's mother" and her temporary unpopularity?

very much more interesting than some people now on your calling list. And besides, if there is any religion in this thing, I think that would be what religiously might be called the square deal. This thing of going down to see Mrs. Owskeywowskey and asking her if her husband drinks, and what she puts into the soup, and not letting her come here and ask you the same, does not strike me as reciprocity?"

Mrs. Canfield thought a little, and then said, "George, I can't tell half the time when you get to joking about my charities whether you are just a little bit serious or not. Are you, now, just a little bit in earnest?"

"Certainly!" replied her husband. "Very much more than a little bit. If the thing is worth doing, it is worth doing on the square. How does that verse in the Bible read, 'And ye visited me'? Isn't there a verse that says that? Well, how about paying the calls? Isn't that sort of



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